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MEMOIRS

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John Hall Engraver to his Majesty sculp.t

MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

From an Original Painting.

Published as the Act directs, 1 Feb. 1789, by C. Forster, N.o 41 Poultry.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

IMPRISONMENT and DEATH

OF

MARY Queen of SCOTS.

THOUGH the misfortunes of this unhappy lady cannot be ſaid to have begun from the loſs of the laſt fatal battle ſhe fought in Scotland, yet that overthrow gave a riſe to a new train of calamities that ended only with her life. Her own irreſolution, and her diſtruſt of the counſellors about her, what courſe ſhe ſhould take to ſkreen herſelf from the inſults of the victorious rebels, threw her into the very gulf of miſery. And, as if it had not been enough for Fortune to make uſe of her ſubjects as the inſtruments of her ruin; ſhe was herſelf made an actor in concert with them, towards compleating it. Some in vain perſuaded her to ſtay at Dundrenon, till the faithful part of her ſubjects ſhould rally to her relief. Some adviſed her inſtant retreat to France, a kingdom that had been the conſtant ſanctuary of oppreſs'd princes. But this unhappy queen could not ſubmit to the thought of go-

ing as a fugitive to that kingdom, whoſe crown ſhe had once worn with ſuch a luſtre. Her mind was wholly bent upon England, tho' the Archbiſhop of St. Andrew's by the moſt faithful remonſtrances laid open to her the danger of it: Tho' he ſet forth, in the hiſtory of her predeceſſors, how many of them had been betray'd by throwing themſelves on the protection of England. Notwithſtanding all his arguments and diſſuaſives, notwithſtanding the good old prelate, when ſhe was paſſing a ſmall river which divided the two kingdoms, ſtept into the water, and would have reſtrain'd her horſe by the bridle; ſhe obſtinately held on her courſe for England; where, inſtead of a gueſt, ſhe became a priſoner; and inſtead of expected protection and aſſiſtance, the meaſures of ſome politicians ſo far prevailed againſt her, that ſhe was looked on as a criminal, rather than one that was worthy of an aſylum. The old heathen axiom may very aptly be applied to her caſe, "Quos Jupiter vult perdere dementat prius;" That Providence firſt bewilders the minds of thoſe, whoſe deſtruction is determined.

It will be agreeable, no doubt, to the readers that have a tear to ſhed for this diſaſtrous princeſs, to derive her ſtory back to its beginning, and ſhew, from what an extract, and thro' what a ſeries of fortunes, ſhe deſcended to ſo calamitous a period: We will therefore take a brief view of her life, from her birth to her impriſonment: In the true hiſtory of which there is ſomething ſo remarkable, that a plain narrative of it will appear no leſs ſurprizing, than the fictions of a modern romance.

Mary Stewart (for ſuch was her name) was born at Edinburgh, upon the eighth of December, 1542; and was the daughter of James the fifth of that name, King of Scotland, by Mary of Guiſe, the widow of Lewis, Duke of Longueville. Her father died in ten days after her birth, of grief for the loſs of a battle fought againſt the Engliſh, in which the flower of his nobility were ſlain. The wars with England,

England, and the inteſtine diviſions in Scotland, had well nigh reduced the queen dowager to ſacrifice the then eſtabliſhed religion, and the young princeſs her daughter, to Henry the Eighth of England; who pretended a view of having her married to prince Edward his ſon. But to ward the double blow, the dowager put the infant princeſs under the protection of Henry II. of France, from whom ſhe had received ſupplies of troops and money ſince the death of her royal conſort. Princeſs Mary was juſt ſix years old when ſhe arrived in France; but even at that early period of life, it was eaſy to diſcover from the dawn what her meridian would be. Her education was in every degree ſuitable to her high birth; but her improvements were ſo far beyond the expectations from her age, that, at twelve years old, ſhe underſtood and ſpoke to perfection, the Latin, French, Italian, and Scotch languages, and wrote poems, of her own compoſition, in every one of them. Nor was the brightneſs and ſymmetry of her form in any wiſe beneath the ſtrength and vivacity of her genius. Her beauty was above deſcription; all eye-witneſſes agreeing that it was impoſſible to ſee, or even imagine, a face and ſhape ſo perfect under the ſun. The hearts of beholders, at her firſt approach, were as ſoon ſenſible of her beauties, as their eyes: So that no man ever ſaw her, without falling a victim to the influence of her charms.

At her age of fifteen ſhe was eſpouſed to Francis, the Dauphin, afterwards King of France by the name of Francis the Second. Not long after her marriage Queen Mary of England died; and tho' Queen Elizabeth took poſſeſſion of the throne, Mary Stewart of Scotland claiming a right as the neareſt lawful heir to the deceas'd Queen, being grandchild of Margaret her father's eldeſt ſiſter, aſſum'd the title and arms of England as her inheritance: which was the firſt ground of Queen Elizabeth's jealouſy towards her. But the actual poſſeſſion of the crown of France, which in a few months devolv'd on the brow of her

huſband, extinguiſh'd all preſent thoughts of thoſe claims. Her royal huſband dying within a year and half after their marriage, Catherine de Medicis, the queen-mother, was too jealous of the charming young widow's beauty to permit her continuance in France; ſo notified to her uncles, the Guiſes, to prepare for their neice's return to Scotland.

So ſoon as matters were diſpoſed for her reception in Scotland, ſhe took her compliments of leave of the French court, and with an aching heart began her route for Calais. The violence of her affliction, for being obliged to quit that kingdom, did not end in a few ſhort-liv'd tears; but ſeem'd to have an effect upon the peace of her mind. In her paſſage by ſea ſo dreadful a tempeſt aroſe, that it ſwallow'd down in her view a veſſel, which carried part of her furniture. Queen Elizabeth too, who had invited our young dowager to take her route thro' England, by the influence of ſome deſigning ſtateſmen that fear'd the diſadvantages of her affection for her ſiſter-queen, was prevail'd on to change that invitation into a deſign of making her a priſoner: And when the Queen of Scots was adviſed to decline that offer, we are told, that a certain number of ſhips, perhaps without the privity of their royal miſtreſs, were fitted out to intercept her by force. But ſo thick a fog favouring her paſſage thro' the Britiſh ſeas, that one perſon could hardly ſee another upon deck, ſhe eſcap'd the ſurprizal of the Engliſh ſquadron.

Upon her arrival in Scotland (tho' ſhe was receiv'd with all the pomp and magnificence the country would allow) ſhe quickly diſcovered the difference of the climate and ſoil, which ſhe had unwillingly quitted, from that wherein ſhe now was: And what added to her vexation upon this unpleaſant change, was, when the next morning ſhe deſign'd, as uſual, to have maſs ſaid by one of her chaplains; juſt as he had put on his ornaments, and the altar was prepared, the populace broke in, demoliſh'd the altar, and would have murther'd

ther'd the prieſt, had he not taken ſanctuary at his miſtreſs's feet.

The eclat of her charms drew many foreign princes to tender their addreſſes to her, as, the Prince of Spain, the Arch-duke of Auſtria, the King of Sweden, the Duke of Ferrara, and the Prince of Condé: nor was ſhe leſs ſollicited by the youthful ſons of her aſpiring ſubjects at home. Amongſt theſe, the Earl of Arran, of the Hamilton family, and the Lord John Gordon, ſon to the Earl of Huntley, made the ſtrongeſt efforts. But neither of them meeting encouragement anſwerable to their hopes, they reſolve to change the ſubmiſſive method they had practiſed into open force. The Earl of Arran had a caſtle about a day's journey from Edinburgh: And as the Queen went uſually out every day to take the air, he had poſted horſes at proper diſtances, pre-acquainted his friends of a ſcheme for ſurprizing the Queen, and given all other neceſſary directions for bearing her off by force to this caſtle. This deſign, however, timely enough for prevention, reached the ears of James Stewart the Queen's natural brother. He, who affected the utmoſt zeal for his ſiſter's ſervice, upon diſcovering that an unuſual number of men on horſeback were marching through the country, ſtopt the Queen from going abroad that day, when the conſpiracy was laid for intercepting her. From thenceforth, under colour of having ſav'd his ſiſter from a rape, he aſſum'd an authority almoſt tyrannical over her; diſpoſed of every thing at pleaſure; and ſuffer'd her not to move one ſtep without receiving his approbation. Her very guards were at his devotion; ſo that they ſeem'd given rather that her perſon might be in his power, than that they ſhould defend her againſt the aſſaults of her enemies. Beſides, upon the merits of his ſervices, to make himſelf the ſtronger, and the more reſpected, he had extorted from the Queen a grant of the Earldom of Murray: and he work'd with the utmoſt aſſiduity, to countermine any pretenſions made to his ſiſter in marriage; flattering himſelf in

the event, that he, or his heirs, might ſucceed to the Scotch crown: To which end he had propoſed that the Queen ſhould declare her will, and have it confirmed by the States, that the Stewarts, without diſtinction of legitimacy, ſhould ſucceed to the crown preferable to the Hamiltons.

It is but indirectly a part of this princeſs's ſtory, what conſpiracies the Hamiltons and Huntleys form'd againſt this Murray; or what handle the impious Earl of Murray made in being inſtrumental in diſappointing their pernicious plottings: We'll content ourſelves to ſkip over ſome interval of time, and take notice, that the Earl of Murray, who was raiſed to his great authority by the intereſt of the reformed party, thought he could not better acknowledge his obligations, than by a zealous perſecution of the Roman Catholicks. Though the exerciſe of that perſuaſion had been forbid by Act of Parliament, maſs was ſaid in many places through the kingdom of Scotland. Murray procures a proclamation with a penalty to forbid its celebration; and impriſon'd the archbiſhop of St. Andrew's for continuing to uſe it. The Queen, who foreſaw that her ruin muſt quickly follow that of the altar, concludes her only means to avoid both would be to marry ſome powerful prince, whoſe alliance might protect her againſt thoſe that uſurp'd her authority. Her choice in this point was not ſo eaſy; Her intereſt was to be preſerv'd with France; her friendſhip with England was not to be forfeited; and the good of her own ſubjects laid ſome degree of conſtraint upon her. While ſeveral foreign powers were intereſting themſelves differently according to their ſeveral intereſts, in the election of an huſband for her, the Lord Darnley, a moſt perſonable and handſome gentleman, ſon to the Earl of Lenox, is ſent to the Scotch court; and Queen Elizabeth aſſures Queen Mary of her ſucceſſion to the crown of England, upon the event of her marrying that young nobleman. Queen Mary allows of Darnley's addreſſes, finding a neceſſity upon her of marrying, and that without rendering

dering Queen Elizabeth her enemy: And when her own factious nobility at home, and ſome politick oppoſitions from the court of England (ſo bold are miniſtries ſometimes to countermine the wills of their maſters) join'd to put a bar to that match, ſhe creates him Duke of Albany and Earl of Roſs; and becauſe malicious reports were ſpread by his rivals of the Queen's particular favours to him, ſhe celebrates her marriage with him on the twenty-ſixth of July, 1565.

The Earls of Hamilton and Murray now throw off the maſk, and, ſhewing all their diſpleaſure, put themſelves at the head of forces and take the field. Henry Lord Darnley, who the day after his marriage was acknowledg'd king, levies forces alſo, and marches againſt the rebels. The rebels, tho' much ſuperior in number, declin'd the engagement, and after many retreats retir'd into England. The King and Queen thereby deliver'd from the alarms of an inteſtine war, give a looſe to love, and conjugal endearments. Darnley was ſo fully poſſeſs'd with the thoughts of enjoying the fineſt woman under the ſun, that he left no room for reflecting, that he was only the Queen's huſband, and that ſhe ſtill ſway'd the ſceptre as independently as ever. But when the fervour of affection began to abate in him, he then began to complain of the want of regal power. He thinks himſelf injur'd, and indifference follows on his ſide: She thinks herſelf injur'd, and looks upon him guilty of ingratitude. Theſe ſentiments on each ſide created a miſunderſtanding, that at length turn'd into an open breach.

The Earl of Morton, who was an inſtrument of the rebel Lords that had retir'd into England, employ'd every opportunity to foment and widen theſe diviſions. He inſinuates to the Queen the baſeneſs of her huſband, in keeping miſtreſſes before her eyes, when ſhe had rais'd him to ſo high a pitch of grandeur: adding ſeveral accuſations upon the King, to irritate her beyond the hopes of reconcilement. The Queen

had a Piedmonteze, named David Rizio, who was her prime miniſter, a man of profound knowledge in publick affairs, and therefore promoted by her to the office of her ſecretary. Morton inſinuates to the King, that his Queen had a more than ordinary friendſhip for this ſecretary. The young King leaps into the ſnare of jealouſy; the death of Rizio is immediately agreed upon, and he is barbarouſly ſtabb'd by ſeveral Lords in armour, in the very preſence of the Queen, and hanging upon her robe for protection.

Here may be ſaid to begin the diſtreſſes of the royal Mary: the maſſacre of this her favourite ſervant is followed with the baniſhing all the officers of her houſhold; and eighty ſoldiers are placed as a guard upon her in her apartments, even at her chamber door. The barbarous conſpirators puſh their pernicious conſultations yet farther with the exaſperated King. They tell him the Queen ought to be diſpatch'd too at any rate; that it was neceſſary it ſhould be publiſh'd thro' Europe, that they had ſurprized her in the very act of adultery with Rizio: which would be a plauſible pretext for appeaſing the fury of the people, if they ſhould make a ſtir on account of her death; and for preventing the reſentments of the Catholick princes, who might think themſelves obliged to revenge ſo heinous a parricide.

But as Providence would then have it, from a ſtep taken by Murray, the King grew ſuſpicious of his own ſafety, and relinquiſh'd the proſecution of ſuch dangerous counſels. He paid a viſit to the Queen, who courageouſly upbraiding him with his ingratitude and raſhneſs, he at length was ſtruck with ſuch remorſe, that what with the force of her words, and the grace of afflicted beauty, he threw himſelf at her feet, and remain'd for ſome time ſpeechleſs by his floods of tears. His love, that had been ſtifled by traitorous ſuſpicions, is awaken'd in an inſtant; and he conſiders himſelf with horror as the deſign'd executioner of a perſon, by much dearer to him than his life. He opens to her the whole detail of the conſpiracy; how

many

many of the prime nobility were to loſe their heads; how ſhe herſelf was to be murther'd, and her maids of honour drown'd, that they might not ſurvive to confront calumnies againſt her: and, after theſe diſcoveries, he concluded with the moſt ſolemn proteſtations of abandoning their cabals, and from that moment of ſharing in the ſame fate with her. This confeſſion and his penitence were ſo moving to the Queen, that ſhe felt an inward joy ſtrong and ſincere as his remorſe: Love came in to their aſſiſtance on each ſide, and all their thoughts were now turn'd on their mutual ſafety.

The King, afreſh enamour'd, and reconciled to his adorable conſort, play'd ſo ſubtle a game with the conſpirators, that the Queen's guard was remov'd, and he alone was truſted with the cuſtody of her. This done, ſhe diſpatch'd an expreſs to a nobleman, with orders to aſſemble two hundred horſemen of his friends, and to appear at the gates of the city by midnight. The hour appointed being come, the King and Queen paſs'd thro' a private gate of the palace; and the Queen, tho' then very big with child, mounted on horſeback behind a gentleman. Animated by their preſſing dangers, they put their horſes to the gallop, and made ſo good way, that early the next morning they reach'd Dunbar, which is twenty-four miles from Edinburgh.

The rage of the conſpirators cannot be expreſs'd, upon the King's having deceiv'd them, and wrought the Queen's eſcape. The Earls of Huntley and Bothwell who had already got together near 9000 men in arms againſt her, were now forced to fly for their own ſafety. Some of them ſought a ſhelter in England; and others in the more northern parts of Scotland. But ſo ſoon as the Queen could return again to Edinburgh, and matters were quieted, ſhe was obliged by the reformed party, whoſe protector was Murray, to recal both him and Bothwell, who were admitted into an entire confidence: nay they were treated with the greateſt reſpect by all ranks, as perſons that had reſ-

cued the King and Queen from the hands of their enemies.

The Queen, mean while, being deliver'd of a ſon, (to whom the King of France was godfather, and Queen Elizabeth godmother) it gave occaſion for ſuch a change, that the malecontents for ſome time were kept in due bounds: beſides, the King and Queen, now more firmly united, broke the neck of their pernicious deſigns. But Murray's ambitious nature could not permit things to reſt long in ſuch a tranquility. He, who knew he was hated by the King, was reſolved to turn that hatred to account by cultivating the ſtronger intereſt with the Queen. He behaved with arrogance purpoſely towards the King, whenever the Queen was not in preſence; which provok'd the King ſo far, that he at laſt plainly told her, their peace depended on that traitor's deſtruction. She mercifully conjur'd him not to think of ſuch a thing: but the King being work'd up to believe her tenderneſs only was in oppoſition to him, leaves the Queen at Edinburgh in diſguſt, and retires to Glaſgow to meditate revenge.

This was what Murray would have wiſh'd: He now combines with Bothwell, who enters into a ſcheme for diſpatching the King: But the malice of their ſcheme was, it muſt be done in ſuch a manner, that the Queen may be drawn into the ſuſpicion of the murther. The King was taken ill at Glaſgow, and the Queen was treacherouſly adviſed, under pretence of a better air, to procure his removal to the provoſt's at Edinburgh; but the reaſons were, in truth, that but few of the King's friends could be harbour'd in the provoſt's houſe, which was ſmall; and that he being remov'd thither, in appearance by the Queen's deſire, it might ſeem to no other purpoſe than to have him diſpatch'd there. The innocent lady in the mean time attended him with the deareſt tenderneſs, and adminiſtred all his medicines with her own hand. Bothwell and Murray had ſecretly procur'd ſome barrels of powder to be laid under the King's bed-chamber;

and

and after twelve o'clock one night, when the Queen parted from him, they with five or ſix more ruffians ruſhed into the King's chamber; ſtrangled him and a ſingle gentleman that attended on him; and, retreating by a private way into the ci y, ſoon after, by a train laid, ſet fire to the powder, and blew up the provoſt's houſe. The Queen awak'd, frighted at the noiſe; and none dar'd immediately to acquaint her with the terrible news; which ſo ſoon as ſhe knew, her ſwoonings, her tears, and agonies of ſorrow, ſufficiently clear'd her from the aſperſions of being an acceſſory.

The news once rumour'd, every one talk'd of it according to his own opinion; but the malecontents induſtriouſly whiſper'd that the Queen and Bothwell had contriv'd the murther. She, innocent of their infernal artifices, order'd the provoſt to make the ſtricteſt inquiſition into the actors of this black deed; but he, already pre-engag'd in the counſels of the conſpirators, was rather a confederate to ſtifle evidence, than ſift into the bottom of it. Libels publickly paſted up, in the city, accus'd the Queen and Bothwell with being accomplices. The Queen, who thought Bothwell innocent as herſelf, had him deliver'd up into the hands of juſtice: but the conſpirators, who meant nothing leſs than that the Earl ſhould be convicted, choſe ſuch commiſſioners, that the proſecution was in a manner ſtopped, and Bothwell declared innocent.

Murray now cunningly, on ſome urgent occaſion, intreats the Queen's permiſſion to go to France, where he was to concert a new ſcene of miſchief. He gives her his parting advice, that as the weakneſs of her two former matches had expos'd her to contempt, and misfortune, ſhe ought to pitch on ſome nobleman of her own kingdom; promiſing at the ſame time that the intereſt of all his party ſhould readily fall in with her choice.

After the Earl's departure, the Queen is ſtrongly ſollicited on the head of marrying by his faction; and Bothwell is the perſon propoſed to her, as one

brave, accompliſh'd, and belov'd by the people. Bothwell grows aſſiduous about the Queen's perſon, and gives aſſurances of inviolable fidelity. The Queen grew perplex'd; ſhe could not bring herſelf to think of taking a man to her bed who had been ſuſpected of her late huſband's murder, nor could ſhe tell how to defend herſelf againſt the importunities of thoſe, whoſe counſel it was neceſſary for her to follow. Who can form an idea of a lovely princeſs, of two and twenty years of age, ſurrounded with traitors and malecontents, and not pity the cruel neceſſity ſhe was under of acting as they imperiouſly directed? From the moment of her leaving France, her life had been one continued ſeries of misfortunes; in which ſhe had only the liberty of chuſing which ſhe would fall into.

The propos'd match was ſtill more vehemently preſs'd upon her, and the poor Queen almoſt at her wit's end to evade the accompliſhment of it. She thinks to gain ſome time, by creating Bothwell Earl of Orkney; but the faction conſtruing this as the firſt ſtep of his aſcent to the throne, procure a contract of marriage to be drawn up, to which the chief of the nobility were wrought to ſet their hands in approbation. The Queen, on her part, alledges a neceſſity of her receiving an anſwer from the Guiſes her uncles, whoſe advice ſhe had entreated, before ſhe could hurry up an affair of that importance. Bothwell perceiv'd from the Queen's affected delays, he muſt take other meaſures. One day, as ſhe was returning from Sterling, whither ſhe went to ſee the prince her ſon; Bothwell, accompanied by a great number of horſemen, ſeizes on her, and carries her to Dunbar. This inſolence provok'd the Queen to the higheſt pitch of rage; when Bothwell, artfully waiting the decline of her paſſion, throws himſelf at her feet, and conjures her to pardon him for the only conduct that was left him; when neither tears, nor entreaties, the intereſt of his friends, nor the concurrence of the nobility, could prevail with her in his favour. He added, that

that if ſhe fear'd any future violence from him, he begged ſhe would that moment eaſe herſelf of it by taking away his life, which he then offer'd her the means to do, by drawing his dagger, and preſenting her with the handle. The Queen's indignation was inſenſibly diſarm'd by this behaviour, and the proteſtation he pour'd forth of making her abſolute in a kingdom, wherein her power had been controul'd by factious ſubjects. Nor was ſhe a little ſurprized, when he pull'd out the contract for their marriage, ſigned by thoſe very nobles whom ſhe expected to have armed in her defence, and to puniſh his inſolence. Not knowing what to do in this extremity, ſhe tells him ſhe would not refuſe what the States deſir'd; but inſiſts to be ſet at liberty, if it were only for his ſake, that her compliance may not look like compulſion. Bothwell willingly conſents, and that ſhe ſhould return to Edinburgh; but the change of place did not make a change in her condition. The guard, ſet over her, were ſo influenced, that ſhe ſaw herſelf a priſoner in the capital city of her kingdom. The banns for her marriage with Bothwell were immediately publiſh'd at low maſs, and the nuptials celebrated without any magnificence, for even the French ambaſſador refuſed to be preſent at the ſolemnity.

The joys of theſe compulſive nuptials were but ſhort; for new treacheries were now practiſed on the Queen. Bothwell was again by libels accuſed of having murther'd the King, of ſeizing the Queen, and of an intention to make away with the young prince, as he had done with his father. Arms were hereupon taken up to reſcue the Queen from his tyranny: Bothwell, back'd by the Queen's authorirty, took the field with a number ſuperior to the rebels. A battle was declin'd by the former, who ſaid they meant no hurt to the Queen, but only to the murtherer of their King. They humbly beſeech'd the Queen not to protect ſo infamous a villain; and, producing ſome papers in proof of his guilt, they ſo ſhock'd her gentle ſoul with horror, that ſhe declin'd his bed; and, unable

able to bear the ſight of him, forbid him her preſence till he could clear himſelf: a command that he ſullenly obey'd, and withdrew from her camp.

He was no ſooner gone, than royal Mary was involved in freſh afflictions, from the effects of her own gentle temper. She would not be brought to fall upon the rebels, though ſhe was ſtrong enough entirely to have ſubdued them; but diſbanding her own faithful troops, went over to their army, where ſhe was ſeized on, and treated like a priſoner of war. They led her in a kind of triumph to Edinburgh, detain'd her there one night without ſuffering her ladies of honour to attend her, and the next morning, mounting her on an ugly ill-favour'd horſe, conducted her to the caſtle of Loch-levin, then in the hands of the Earl of Murray's mother. The poor Queen was ſure of meeting with indignities enough from the rancour of this woman, who look'd upon her as a queen to the injury of her natural ſon Murray. The caſtle where ſhe was now priſoner, was ſituated in the middle of a lake ſix miles round; by which ſhe was debarr'd from ſeeing any body but whom her jailors pleas'd, and even the French ambaſſador was refuſed admittance to her. So heavy and ſo frequent were the diſaſters of a queen, who had not only worn the firſt crown in Europe, but was alſo the heir of three kingdoms. And ſo little were the faction mollified by her afflictions, that ſome were ſo cruel as to propoſe having her ſtrangled at her bed-poſts, and to lay it on her own deſpair and guilt of conſcience.

But ſhe was ſtill reſerv'd by providence for other viciſſitudes, other trials. An inſtrument was prepared to oblige her to reſign her crown to the prince her ſon, under Murray's regency: The Lord Lindſay, the moſt brutal of his time, was ſent to her with this paper; who entring her chamber, without any reſpect paid as to his ſovereign, told her rudely, if ſhe did not ſign that paper, he would ſign it for her with her heart's blood. No ſooner had they made her thus renounce her own claim to royalty, and formally crown'd her young

ſon

ſon King; but inſinuations were ſpread to deprive him too of his right to the ſceptre; his legitimacy was inſolently call'd in queſtion, and it was given out that he was not the ſon of the Lord Darnley, but of David Rizio. Thus the black mouth of calumny branded the poor defenceleſs Queen with the odium of adultery, and her ſon with that of baſtardy.

But here once again let us turn our eyes to a working of fortune, which ſeem'd to preſent a new dawn of proſperity; and which in the influence of her beauty was more powerful than the malice of the inveterate faction. George Douglas, the youngeſt of Murray's mother's ſons, who liv'd in the caſtle where the Queen was confin'd, by frequent viſits paid her, found ſuch an impreſſion on himſelf from thoſe charms which could not be ſafely gazed on; that he began to revolve in his mind, if there were not a poſſibility of ſetting her at liberty. He won over her guards by bribes to countenance his deſign: he brought over to his ſide his nephew William Douglas, a youth of about ſixteen years of age; and, appointing betwixt themſelves the day for her deliverance, they gave notice to the Hamiltons to be ready with 400 horſe at a little diſtance from the lake. William Douglas with admirable dexterity ſtole the keys of the apartment where the Queen was lodg'd; his uncle George made faſt the doors behind them; ſo calling the guard to their aſſiſtance, they went out at a little gate which led towards the lake; got the Queen and her attendants into a boat, that lay ready; and, accompanying her themſelves, got ſafe to the other ſide, before their eſcape took alarm in the caſtle. And their hurry and precipitation was ſo great, that one of the maids of honour, who was accidentally left behind, was forced to throw herſelf out of a window; yet receiv'd not the leaſt bruiſe, or hurt, though it was a very great height from the ground.

This unhappy Queen, and her little company, now once again at liberty, and join'd by her expected friends on horſeback, were by them conducted to Hamilton,

Hamilton, about four leagues from Glaſgow, where Murray then was. An immediate council was call'd on her further proceeding; but as ſhe had never the good fortune to be without a traitor about her, her route was immediately ſignified to Murray, who attack'd her forces at the place appointed. Her vanguard made a ſtout reſiſtance, and had all her party behaved with equal reſolution, ſhe muſt have gain'd a complete victory. But the royaliſts, oppreſs'd with numbers, were almoſt all cut to pieces; forty-ſeven noblemen of the houſe of Hamilton loſt their lives in her defence: and thoſe who were taken alive were bound, and fetter'd like criminals, and treated with the utmoſt indignities. The Queen no ſooner perceiv'd the battle was loſt, than ſhe withdrew herſelf with expedition towards the borders of her kingdom next to England, without making any ſtop till ſhe came to Dunderon. This was the battle, and place, ſo fatal; from which, as was at firſt obſerv'd, ſhe took her reſolutions for throwing herſelf on the protection of England; and from which that new ſeries of her calamities is to be dated, which found their period only in her death.

It was in the year 1568, and the twenty-ſixth year of her age, when this lovely but unhappy princeſs came a fugitive to the Engliſh dominions. Never was any lady of ſo exalted a rank equally overwhelm'd with her diſtreſſes. If we look narrowly into her diſaſtrous circumſtances, we ſhall find her at once defending her honour againſt Scotland, diſputing her life againſt England, and begging her daily bread from France: ſubjects diſgracing their ſovereign with the blackeſt calumnies an enraged malice could invent; a couſin influenced to purſue the deſtruction of her neareſt relation; a rich kingdom, by the diſaſters of the times, hardly affording ſubſiſtance to her, on whom they formerly had, with ſo much chearfulneſs, beſtow'd their crown.

Queen Mary, upon her entering on the borders of England, diſpatches a meſſenger to Queen Elizabeth

beth with the pledge of friendſhip betwixt them, a diamond which ſhe formerly had received from her, and implores her aid and protection: and Elizabeth return'd anſwer, that ſhe ſhould expect from her in the moſt abundant manner all loving and friendly offices. But this comfortable meſſage was ſoon ſeconded with ſome cooling limitations: Elizabeth promiſes her defence according to the equity of her cauſe; and denies her acceſs to her preſence, commanding her to be conducted to Carliſle, for that ſhe was held guilty of many crimes.

This reception we may judge was terrible to a princeſs, whoſe ſpirit was little able to brook reproof; and who knew herſelf guilty of no other crime than ill fortune. She was in a little time afterwards removed to Boulton under a guard, the pretence being that this was for the ſecurity of her perſon, from any attempts of her ſubjects againſt her life.

The Queen of Scots, perceiving that ſhe was under a degree of reſtraint, requeſts by letter of Queen Elizabeth, that ſhe may in her preſence be allow'd to unfold her injuries, and anſwer the crimes objected: that ſhe may be admitted to have conference with her, or permitted to depart out of England, to which ſhe had come voluntarily, upon a reliance of Queen Elizabeth's promiſes and profeſſions. We are told, Elizabeth commiſerated her caſe; but was obliged to be guided by her counſellors what ſhe muſt do in it. The concluſion of their opinion was, that ſhe muſt be detained as a priſoner by right of war; and not be diſmiſſed till ſhe had made ſatisfaction for aſſuming a title to England, and for the death of the Lord Darnley her huſband. The Queen of Scots acquieſced in her innocence being put to the teſt, only beg'd that the Engliſh Queen would be her judge in perſon, and not refer the hearing to a commiſſion; repreſenting, that as a queen ſhe could not appear a ſupplicant to an inferior; and that the wickedneſs of her adverſaries was ſo great, that they would be at any expence to corrupt her judges.

It

It is to be obſerved (which I thought proper to remark here) that all the writers who touch on the ſtory of this unfortunate princeſs, are ſo ſanguine in their compaſſion towards her, that they ſeem, as by report, to be prepoſſeſſed by her beauty. For this reaſon, her calamities are every where exaggerated, and reproaches of cruelty boldly thrown on the memory of Queen Elizabeth. But it would become hiſtorians to ſtudy ſome temper in their writings, and be more tender in the characters they give of princes. There is a ſanctity in a crown, that ſhould protect its wearers from the cenſures of every licentious pen. And, beſides, the perſons that comment ſo freely on the actions of kings, are generally uniform'd of the ſprings and motives of thoſe actions; nor can truly diſtinguiſh what is the voluntary act of the throne, and what the compelled one, from the policy of its miniſters. It is an indication of partiality or ill judgment to ſet every circumſtance in the moſt glaring light of diſadvantage; and build compaſſion towards one object by raiſing deteſtation againſt another. There are in hiſtory, as in painting, ſome things that ought to be thrown into ſhade; or the colours of them, at leaſt, ſhould be ſo ſoften'd, as not to ſhock the eye or ſpirit of the readers. I ſhall endeavour, in the enſuing account, to conduct myſelf by this rule, and to touch the misfortunes of this unhappy princeſs, as if I really felt them; without expreſſing any odium, or warmth of reſentment, againſt the cauſes or agents in them.

Tho' royal Mary was a long time flatter'd with Queen Elizabeth being her judge in perſon, ſhe at laſt found herſelf diſappointed in that hope. Murray was ſummon'd from Scotland, and other deputies appointed, to make good the charge againſt her; by whom Buchanan was choſen as their advocate, who had been ſaved from the faggot by the Queen of Scots, when he was at the point of being burnt for hereſy. The arraigned Queen had likewiſe her advocates, and the Duke of Norfolk and ſome others were nominated commiſſioners on the part of Queen Elizabeth.

While

While this unhappy lady was ſeemingly at the ſtake, ſomething more than her impending trial was really at the bottom. As her marriage with Bothwell was conſtrued a force upon her, ſhe was conſidered as a royal dowager; aud the earl of Leiceſter began to form deſires in his mind, of becoming her conſort. Queen Elizabeth, who was the moſt politick woman of her time, and who was not without reaſons to be jealous of her ſiſter-queen, open'd this paſſion of Leiceſter's, as a ſecret, to Norfolk; preſuming, perhaps, as the duke hated the other, and was ſuſpicious of his power, that the fear of ſeeing him married to the Queen of Scots, and conſequently of becoming heir to the crown of England, would induce Norfolk to find the royal priſoner guilty. But the wiſdom and policy of Queen Elizabeth herein found themſelves baffled. Norfolk had view'd the charming Queen of Scots with eyes of affection; and the nobleneſs of his paſſion got the ſtart of all mean intereſts of the courtier in him. He thought himſelf by honour, as well as love, obliged to do her all the ſervice he could in this affair: and ſhew'd ſuch a zeal and warmth in her defence, againſt the ill-ſupported aſperſions of her accuſers, that Queen Elizabeth ſeem'd ſomething alarm'd at the warmth of his integrity, and could not forbear declaring openly, that the Queen of Scots would never want an advocate as long as Norfolk lived.

The brain of Murray, that never was idle to plots of miſchief, work'd both with Leiceſter and Norfolk, to promote the marriage of the latter with Queen Mary; that ſhe might at once loſe an advocate of ſuch weight and ſtrength in the Engliſh court, and be brought into ſuſpicion with Queen Elizabeth, of joining in a deſign, by his aid, of being reſtored to her dominions. The enamour'd Norfolk, who flatter'd himſelf Murray was ſincere in his ſervices, ſwallow'd the bait of his profter'd aſſiſtance with unſuſpecting pleaſure. All his thoughts and wiſhes were turn'd on the enchanting Queen; and all his glory and hope to become the partner of her bed, and an inſtrument in her liberty.

Murray,

Murray in the mean time, who was always double in his proceedings, took care to inform the Engliſh court of Norfolk's views, on the Queen of Scots; and to repreſent his paſſion for her in the moſt ſuſpicious light it would admit of: ſo that Queen Elizabeth, ſeeing the duke of Norfolk one day at her palace in Weſtminſter, gave him a hint that his deſigns were not unknown to her; and adviſed him, that he ſhould take care what pillow he reſted his head on. This was all the notice ſhe at preſent took of the affair, but ſhe afterwards ſent for Norfolk on purpoſe, and reproach'd him for his preſumption in undertaking any thing of that nature without her knowledge; concluding with threats, that ſhe was almoſt inclin'd to deliver him into the hands of juſtice for holding a correſpondence with a known enemy to the crown of England. The duke, tho' much ſurpriz'd at the Queen's reſentment, (for he had been cajoled by Leiceſter and Murray with an opinion of her conſent to the match) anſwer'd her with ſome haughtineſs, That he had never thought a marriage with the Queen of Scots ſo far beyond his hopes; that his revenues were not ſo very inferior to hers; that he had never entertain'd a thought that way, but upon Murray and Leiceſter aſſuring him of her Majeſty's conſent; and that ſince ſhe was ſo averſe to it, he would think of it no more. Theſe laſt words of the duke ſeemingly pacified Queen Elizabeth, who, nevertheleſs, commanded him on his allegiance to deſiſt.

But whatever anger the Engliſh Queen might expreſs on the firſt diſcovery of this affair, it was ſuſpected by ſome about her, that her ſoul inwardly rejoiced at it; becauſe it furniſhed a pretence for refuſing both the French and Spaniſh ambaſſadors, who made great ſolicitations for the liberty of the Queen of Scots. Not that Queen Elizabeth could be ſuppoſed to take pleaſure in the confinement of the fair Scot, but that ſhe might be apprehenſive of the conſequences of her releaſement. Therefore, as time ſlid on, and matters were quieted, her policy was in a greater ſtreight

ſtreight than ever ſhe had found it before. She neither knew how to detain her ſiſter-queen longer in priſon, with any colour, nor how to take away her life without the imputation of cruelty and injuſtice; nor durſt ſhe ſet her at liberty, leſt ſhe ſhould aim at revenging herſelf for the paſt hardſhips ſhe had ſuſtain'd. At length a medium was hit on by thoſe ſervile courtiers that obſerved her perplexity, which was to deliver Mary up into the hands of Murray, to do with her as he pleaſed. This was agreed on, and the earl was ſetting out, with as great a number of forces as he could get together, to receive her as was appointed, upon the borders of Scotland. But here again the hand of Providence interpoſed to diſappoint the ſchemes of human counſel. As Murray, triumphant in proſperous villainy, was beginning his journey, and paſſing through Linlithgow, his party, in his opinion, being now ſo ſtrong, and ſo firmly united together, that nothing could break it; a gentleman of the ſurname of Hamilton, (all of whom had met with the utmoſt ſeverities from the regent and his party, as they were favourers o the diſtreſt Queen's intereſt) approaching him, fired a piſtol at him, and lodged a brace of balls in his breaſt, at a time when he was ſurrounded with a vaſt number of nobility and gentry. Murray fell back on the ſpot; and the lucky aſſaſſin, ſo ſoon as the fact was committed, making the beſt of his way to the ſea coaſt, eſcaped to France without being taken; tho' above an hundred horſemen of Murray's party purſued him with all the vigour imaginable.

The death of this traitor-regent very much alarm'd the Scottiſh Queen's working enemies in the Engliſh court, they finding by it all their projects diſconcerted. But the ſchemes that were thus unravell'd were ſoon after knit up again and repair'd by the imprudence of the duke of Norfolk. The party in Scotland, which ſtill adhered to their Queen's intereſt, were only ſupported by ſuch remittances as ſhe could ſend them; and with ſuch ſeverity was ſhe watched, by ſome invidious directions from her ill friends at court, as

obliged

obliged her to find out the privateſt methods of conveying that money to her friends hands. Norfolk undertook this commiſſion, which, 'twas conceived, he might execute with the greater eaſe, by his being lieutenant of the counties bordering upon Scotland. The duke remitted it to a merchant in Salisbury, but the officers of the cuſtoms finding a cheſt ſealed, and ſuſpecting it by the weight to be filled with gold, exerted the privilege of their office, and ſent it directly to the lords of the council. Norfolk, being diſcover'd to be acceſſory to this remittance, is clapped up priſoner in the Tower, and charged with high-treaſon. He, hoping to excuſe himſelf from any offence towards Queen Elizabeth, freely confeſſed that he had long entertain'd a correſpondence with Queen Mary, but that his correſpondence was only on the ſubject of love; without ever propoſing or hearkening to any attempt contrary to the court of England's intereſt. For proof of this he appeal'd to the Queen of Scots letters to him, which were kept in a place he deſcribed, where he was uſed to ſecure his papers of conſequence. Meſſengers accordingly were ſent to ſearch, and the letters were found, and with them a great many other things more than the duke remember'd; as cyphers with their keys, and many letters from abroad, which the duke had commanded his unfaithful ſecretary to burn. Upon this he was brought to his trial, and confeſs'd the main of his indictment, with this reſerve, that a plot was only laid for the Queen of Scots deliverance, in order to his marriage with her afterwards, without the leaſt deſign of attempting any thing againſt Queen Elizabeth or her crown. He was condemned upon his trial, and tho' he was allow'd above three months time to ſettle his conſcience, and to prepare for death, when he was brought to the ſcaffold, 'tis ſaid, he betray'd ſo much want of that true courage which a man of reſolution always ſhews upon ſuch occaſions, that it was no wonder if any deſign which depended moſtly upon him did miſcarry.

This

This branch of a conſpiracy being lopp'd off, it was judged expedient next to cut down the body of the tree. Queen Elizabeth was now ſtrenuouſly urged, and baited, to proceed againſt the Qeeen of Scots as a criminal. But Mary aſſerted her own innocence with that firmneſs and reſolution which appears ſo natural to thoſe who are born to wear diadems. She alledged, ſhe had done nothing but what ſhe might lawfully do: that, being born a Queen, ſhe could not, without the greateſt injuſtice, be detained a priſoner; and therefore it was juſtifiable in her to attempt her freedom by any method ſhe could find out.

Queen Elizabeth, notwithſtanding the applications that were puſh'd upon her to comply to the laſt ſeverities, contented herſelf with only doubling the reſtraint of her royal captive; to redeem her from which, ſome idle efforts were afterwards ineffectually ſet on foot. The fair mourner, however, all this while was guiltleſs of theſe attempts in her favour; and lived under ſuch apprehenſions for the prince her ſon, whoſe ſtate and condition ſhe could never get a true account of, as made her often neglect the means of ſaving herſelf: for ſhe feared, if ſhe had eſcaped, it would be laid to his charge, and he thereby might ſuffer for it: ſo much did her motherly tenderneſs prevail over the regards of perſonal ſafety.

While ſhe thus acquieſced under the oppreſſion of a wearisome impriſonment, out of a paſſionate feeling for her child, ſhe was reduced to the moſt deplorable condition, that, not to mention a ſovereign, the meaneſt perſon on earth could be brought to. Her enemies in the Engliſh court had corrupted her whole ſet of ſervants, even to her ſecretary; and ſo made her guilty, that they might have a ſhadow of an excuſe to make her miſerable. For by this corruption of her ſecretary, whenever their malice extended to retrench her of any part of her liberty, a letter, writ by the ſecretary, dropped into their hands, diſcovering always ſome deſign for effectuating his miſtreſs's eſcape at that time; by which artifices the Engliſh council, and foreign

reign ambaſſadors, being impoſed upon, Queen Elizabeth was induced to believe ſhe might authorize the hardſhips ſhe made her royal captive ſuffer. Nay, upon every turn and new diſpoſition of affairs abroad, freſh ſuſpicions were awaked in the breaſt of the jealous Elizabeth; and the poor queen of Scots felt the effects of them in the augmented ſeverity of her confinement. Tho' the worſt-natured people that could be pick'd out were choſen for her jailors; yet the ſweetneſs and charms of this unfortunate princeſs ſo mollified and corrected their rough diſpoſitions, that Queen Elizabeth was influenced to ſuſpect their fidelity, becauſe they appear'd to commiſerate their priſoner's condition. For this reaſon her priſons and jailors were often changed; and at laſt ſhe is remov'd to Fotheringay, which more reſembled a dungeon than a caſtle; and put under the guard of Sir Amias Pawlet, who very well paid his court to Queen Elizabeth by over-vigilance, harſhneſs, and barbarity to his priſoner. And here it was that, if it be true as ſome have ſaid, Leiceſter ſent out aſſaſſins to make her away; but that Sir Drue Drury, who was her other keeper, deteſted the villany, and would grant them no acceſs.

Notwithſtanding all the efforts uſed by her invidious adverſaries to make her appear a criminal, and to poiſon her in the opinion of the people, as a foe to the peace of England, ſuch a ſenſe of Queen Mary's injuries lived in the hearts and memories of men, that there was ſtill ſomething going forward to bring about her deliverance. But, alas! ſo many ſteps as were made in her favour, ſerved only to accelerate her deſtruction. It is not to be wonder'd, if, upon the detection of theſe conſpiracies, ſome fell ſacrifices to the reſentments of the Engliſh court. But tho' Queen Elizabeth, by a few examples of ſeverity, leſſen'd the number of her enemies, ſhe could not diminiſh her fears. Ten thouſand corroding jealouſies, and inſinuations from her over-buſy courtiers, both day and night perplexed her; and rendered her, if poſſible, more anxious, more uneaſy,

eaſy, than her priſoner. Sometimes ſhe reſolves to ſacrifice the Queen of Scots life to her own quiet. At other times ſhe fancies ſhe ſees all the chriſtian princes arming to revenge her death. Even when ſhe was moſt reſolved on the ſide of ſeverity, ſhe was doubtful in what manner her determinations ſhould be executed. A formal trial and condemnation was utterly impracticable. She concluded it not ſufficient to have judges who might pay a blind obedience to her fears; or to have corrupted her priſoner's ſecretary, to render her guilty of ſuch crimes as were likely to give a plauſible colour to the world, and an excuſe for her execution. And tho' ſome of the baſe dependents on her favour impudently adviſed poiſon, and others an aſſaſſin; which monſtrous propoſals when rejected, they as inſolently gave out, that the Queen thought the firſt method too unſecure, and the latter too odious in the eyes of Europe, 'tis certain ſhe receiv'd theſe counſels with a proper deteſtation: nor would conſent to eaſe herſelf of her fears by laying a load on her conſcience. But time at laſt work'd to furniſh this colour ſo much wanted for taking off the object of her jealouſies; and to make the people of England think it expedient, that the Queen of Scots ſhould not live any longer.

A dangerous conſpiracy was ſet on foot, and Anthony Babington, a gentleman of Derbyſhire, link'd with ſome other hot-brain'd young papiſts, ſwore themſelves on the ſacrament to kill Queen Elizabeth. It happen'd this Babington had been acquainted with the biſhop of Glaſgow, the Queen of Scots ambaſſador in France, and was by the biſhop recommended to his royal miſtreſs as a perſon worthy of her eſteem: ſo that frequent letters, as 'twas ſuggeſted, paſſed between them in unknown characters. As conſpirators are generally attended with ſome unfaithful partners, ſo in this all conſultations were day by day reveal'd to the ſecretary Walſingham, and the letters produced that were alledged to have paſſed between Babington and the Queen of Scots.

Not to dwell on the proceſs and particular circumſtances of the conſpiracy, which are enlarged on in our Engliſh hiſtories, let it ſuffice to take notice, that the conſpirators were detected, proclaimed traitors all over England, and Babington and his accomplices ſoon after taken, and arraign'd for their treaſon.

But tho' this affair made a great noiſe all over England, and was the common diſcourſe of every body, ſo cloſely was the Queen of Scots watch'd, and the people who came to viſit her ſo narrowly obſerved, that ſhe was a perfect ſtranger to the plot. She had been allow'd to go abroad to take the air; and one day, to her great ſurprize, ſhe was not carried back to her priſon at Fotheringay, but was led about for ſome days as if by way of diverſion, to the noblemen's houſes in the neighbourhood. On her return to her confinement, ſhe was ſtill more aſtoniſhed, to find her coffers broken up, her papers and money ſeized and carried off; and at laſt, to hear an order from the council of England read to her, giving commiſſion to ſome judges appointed for trying her. Undaunted, however, at theſe proceedings, Queen Mary ſtood upon her innocency, and upon her exemption from anſwering, as an abſolute prince: eſpecially, ſhe declared againſt being tried by the laws of England, of which, one, ſhe ſaid, had been lately made of purpoſe for her deſtruction. But all theſe pleas availed her nothing; ſhe was told plainly by the chancellor and treaſurer, that if ſhe refuſed to anſwer to ſuch crimes as ſhould be objected, they would proceed againſt her as in the caſe of refuſing to plead. Finding it in vain to ſtand out, ſhe at laſt conſented to anſwer, and the commiſſioners came together in the preſence-chamber. A chair of ſtate, under a canopy, was ſet for the Queen of England; and over againſt it another chair for the Queen of Scots. The chancellor inform'd her, thoſe were the commiſſioners appointed to hear what anſwer ſhe could make to crimes laid to her charge; and that nothing would be cauſe of more joy to the Queen, than to hear that ſhe had proved herſelf innocent. Her

accuſation

accuſation was, that ſhe was privy to the treaſons of Babington and his accomplices; and had conſented to the invaſion of England and the deſtruction of the Queen. When they had gone thro' her accuſation, ſhe, in her defence, denied the having ever ſeen or received any letter from Babington; and peremptorily ſtood upon this, that ſhe had never conſented to any attempt againſt the Queen's perſon; tho' ſhe confeſs'd ſhe had ſollicited the aid of foreign princes to procure her own enlargement from priſon. Notwithſtanding her defence, the commiſſioners pronounced ſentence againſt her: and a few days after a parliament meeting at Weſtminſter, the peers unanimouſly exhibit a petition, that for the preſervation of religion, and the ſafety of the Queen, the ſentence paſſed againſt Mary Queen of Scots might according to law be preſently promulged. Still ſo ſhocked was Queen Elizabeth at the thoughts of ſentencing her ſiſter-queen, tho' approved a delinquent to her throne by the judges, that ſhe took twelve days to conſider of her anſwer; and having deeply weigh'd the matter in her mind, ſhe entreated the parliament to bethink themſelves of ſome wholeſome remedy by which the life of the Queen of Scots might be ſpared, and their ſecurity alſo provided for. The houſes reply, that the Queen's life could not be in ſafety, while the Queen of Scots lived; and therefore urged her Majeſty to have the ſentence put in execution.

The care of the public ſafety was ſufficient to determine the reſolutions of one, who was ſo true a parent of her people as Queen Elizabeth; and to make the private regards of tenderneſs and compaſſion give way to the more preſſing intereſts of the republic. In a ſhort time after this, the great marſhal of England is ſent down to Fotheringay, and being introduced to the Queen of Scots, he tells her, in the preſence of her maids of honour, that Queen Elizabeth, having found her guilty of all the facts laid to her charge, had condemned her to death. The Queen, calm and unterrified, thank'd God who would that day relieve her from ſo many

afflictions and miſeries with which ſhe had been overcharged for a long time; and then entertained the Engliſh who were preſent, with as much tranquillity as if ſhe had received the moſt agreeable news. She freely pardon'd Queen Elizabeth, ſhe ſaid, for being wrought to condemn her to die: and took God to witneſs, that ſhe never had deſigned any attempt againſt her life, or the intereſt of England.

She requeſted ſhe might have ſome Catholic prieſt to adminiſter the ſacrament to her, but was denied; which ſome deemed not inhuman only, but tyrannical and heatheniſh. But we are to conſider, ſhe was now under the hands of her enemies, too diſtant to apply for any favours to the Queen; nor, perhaps, could ſhe have got her requeſts communicated, had ſhe been nearer to her royal perſon: ſo jealous were her induſtrious adverſaries, that Queen Elizabeth might relent and recal her ſentence; and ſo zealous were they to prevent the poſſibility of ſuch a change! As it was notified to her that ſhe was to die on the next morning, ſhe begged the favour of the earl-marſhal, and the other Engliſh, to leave her to herſelf till then; after which ſhe ſhut herſelf up in her oratory, and ſpent a conſiderable time in private prayer. Coming into her chamber again, ſhe began to comfort her maids and other comeſticks, who were drown'd in their tears. She call'd for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter to Henry III. of France, to acquaint him that after twenty years impriſonment ſhe had been ſentenced to die; and not allow'd a prieſt, nor to have her body carried into France, where ſhe had once been Queen. She likewiſe wrote a long letter to Queen Elizabeth, in which ſhe entreated her to let her domeſticks enjoy that little ſhe had to diſpoſe of. Having finiſh'd her letters, ſhe went into her wardrobe, and divided all her cloaths and jewels among her ſervants. She then gave orders that ſupper ſhould be haſtened, at which ſhe eat, as ſhe was wont, ſoberly and ſparingly; and perceiving her men and women to weep and lament, ſhe drank to them, and comforted them, bidding them rather

rather rejoice, that ſhe was now to depart out of a world of miſery. After ſupper ſhe look'd over her will, and, at her wonted hour, diſmiſſing her men-attendants, went to bed. She was once of a mind to have paſſed the whole night in prayer, but thinking it would make her heavy the next day, ſhe ſubmitted to a few hours reſt.

The fatal morning being now come, and the ſheriff attending to demand her, ſhe array'd herſelf in the moſt ſumptuous habit ſhe had; that, as ſhe herſelf ſaid, ſhe might appear with the greateſt decency at ſo ſolemn a feaſt. Her phyſician having begged her to take a little bread and a glaſs of wine, ſhe took it, and then addreſs'd herſelf to prayer. The Marſhal, with many attendants, coming to her chamber door, ſhe no ſooner ſaw them, than ſhe declared her readineſs to go along with them. It was with very great importunity ſhe obtained that her maids might be preſent at the execution, the lords commiſſioned to be on the ſcaffold, dreading that their tears and cries might augment the horror of ſo tragical a ſcene. Four of her men-ſervants, after ſtrong entreaties, were allow'd to attend her laſt moments. When ſhe was brought to the ſcaffold, and began to undreſs, the executioner was approaching to aſſiſt her; but ſhe mildly telling him there was no occaſion, call'd for one of her maids to perform that laſt piece of ſervice. When ſhe had finiſh'd her devotions, and reſigned herſelf to the block, the executioner perform'd his office ſo aukwardly, that with the firſt blow he only wounded her in the skull, and did not ſeparate her head till the third ſtroke. In a moment after, he rifled her to have the cloaths, which, as has been already remarked, were very ſumptuous; for her body, tho' the officers of her houſhold begged it of the earl-marſhal, with the greateſt earneſtneſs, that they might perform the honours of a decent interment, yet they were refuſed it by him. This refuſal, join'd to the circumſtance, that her beauty continued for ſome time after her death as brilliant as ever, made him ſuſpected, how truly

we dare not venture to affirm, guilty of a crime too horrid to be imagined.

She was interred, almoſt without ceremony, in a neighbouring temple, which had formerly been a church. Her ſervants having fixed an epitaph over her grave, it was very ſoon after taken off, becauſe it gave her a juſt praiſe, and painted out to the life the barbarity of thoſe who were the promoters of her untimely death. Sir Richard Baker, in his hiſtory of England, has in the following manner ended the ſtory of this unhappy princeſs; and, I think, I cannot better conclude my account of her than in his words: "This end had Mary Queen of Scots, in "the ſix and fortieth year of her age, and of her im-"priſonment in England the eighteenth: a lady ſo "compleat in all excellent parts of body and mind, "that it muſt needs have made her a happy woman, "if ſhe had not been a queen: and, perhaps, a happy "Queen too, if ſhe had not been heir to the crown of "England: for why did all her endeavours want "ſucceſs, but only from the fear of that ſucceſſion? "and no innocency of hers could be a defence, where "the fury of jealouſy made the aſſault."

The Danger of aſſuming the Appearance of Evil.

MY mother has been dead ſo long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds at my own diſpoſal. I have often been told, that I am handſome; and I have ſome reaſons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity, or conferring happineſs.

I was

I was ſoon addreſſed by many lovers, from among whom I ſelected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whoſe paternal eſtate was ſomething more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was univerſally admired as a man of ſenſe; and to confeſs the truth, not much leſs as a man of pleaſure. His character appeared to riſe in proportion as it was thought to endanger thoſe about him: he derived new dignity, not only from the ſilence of the men, but the bluſhes of the ladies; and thoſe whoſe wit or virtue did not ſuffer by the admiſſion of ſuch a gueſt, were honoured as perſons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conqueſts: his company therefore was courted by all whom their fears did not reſtrain; the reſt conſidered him as moving in a ſphere above them, and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myſelf captivated with his manner and converſation; I hoped that upon underſtanding I ſhould be able to ingraft virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends, and after a few months courtſhip I became his wife.

During a ſhort time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; preſent pleaſures were heightened by the anticipation of future; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the ſcenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious deſcription of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time ſhould take from deſire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we ſhould only exchange the tumultuous extaſy of love, for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendſhip, which every year would increaſe by new reciprocations of kindneſs, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleaſing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole ſtudy of my life to unite my pleaſures with thoſe of Hilario, to re-

gulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity that was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I peceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome; my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to chearfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety; and tho', as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and care.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less sollicious to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals: thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill nature; against the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From

From ſuch maxims, and ſuch examples, I therefore derived ſome hope. I wiſhed earneſtly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouze his ſenſibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confuſion, melt him with tenderneſs, and double his obligations by generoſity.

The opportunity for which I had ſo often wiſhed, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a maſquerade; and I immediately conceived a deſign to diſcover his dreſs, and follow him to the theatre; to ſingle him out, make ſome advances, and if poſſible bring on an aſſignation, where in the ardour of his firſt addreſs I might ſtrike him with aſtoniſhment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the ſoft diſtreſs of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with theſe images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto ſuſtained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of chearfulneſs over my diſtreſs, would not ſuffer me to employ an aſſiſtant in the project I had undertaken; becauſe this could not be done without revealing my ſuſpicions, and confiding my peace to the breaſt of another by whoſe malice or caprice it might be deſtroyed, and to whom I ſhould, therefore, be brought into the moſt ſlaviſh ſubjection, without inſuring the ſecrecy of which my dependance would be the price. I therefore reſolved, at whatever riſque of diſappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouſe where his habit was to be hired, and diſcover that which he ſhould chuſe myſelf.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myſelf up in an undreſs, and ſat alone in my room till I ſaw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as ſoon as he had turned into St. James's ſtreet, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach

at the end of the ſtreet, I got haſtily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at ſome diſtance, and to ſtop when it ſtopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour ſpent in the moſt tormenting ſuſpence and anxiety, it ſtopped at the end of Taviſtock-ſtreet. I looked haſtily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and ſaw Hilario alight at the diſtance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouſe, of which I could eaſily diſtinguiſh the ſign. I waited till he came out, and as ſoon as the chariot was out of ſight, I diſcharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouſe that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myſelf. I ſaw many lying upon the counter, which I ſuppoſed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about theſe, therefore, I was very inquiſitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkiſh dreſs, which one of the ſervants took up to put away. When I ſaw he was about to remove it, I asked haſtily whether it was hired, and learned with unſpeakable ſatisfaction, that it had been choſen by the gentleman who was juſt gone. Thus far I ſucceeded to the utmoſt of my hopes, not only by diſcovering Hilario's dreſs, but by his choice of one ſo very remarkable; for if he had choſen a domino, my ſcheme would have been rendered impracticable, becauſe in a domino I could not certainly have diſtinguiſhed him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the ſhop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was juſt filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dreſs did not attract much notice, nor promiſe much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly ſuffered to depart, upon ſlightly leaving word that I would call again.

When I got into the ſtreet, I conſidered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dreſs, or ſend for that which he had hired for himſelf: I therefore took another

another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a ſhop near the Hay-market, where I. had before purchaſed a capuchin and ſome other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in ſo publick a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and ſuch was the joy and expectation which my ſucceſs inſpired, that I had forgot I had ſucceeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedneſs.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I ſuffered the utmoſt inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could ſcarce believe that it did not by ſome accident go too ſlow, and was continually liſtening to diſcover whether it had not ſtopped; but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the firſt that entered, yet it was not long before I ſingled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at ſchool, learned a way of expreſſing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have ſince diſcovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtſhip, had once obſerved me uſing it to a lady who had been my ſchool-fellow, and would never let me reſt till I had taught it him. In this manner I ſaw my Turk converſing with a Nun, from whom he ſuddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and diſappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accoſt him; and therefore, as he paſſed by me, I pulled him gently by the ſleve, and ſpelt with my fingers the words 'I underſtand' At firſt I was afraid of being diſcovered by ſhewing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually ſecure me from being diſcovered by my voice, which I conſidered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleaſed; and after a very ſhort converſation, which he ſeemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an aſſignation was made, in conſequence of which

we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine, whether pleaſure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confuſion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would addreſs him, and exulted in the ſuperiority which I ſhould acquire by this oppoſition of his character to mine.

He was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand, led me haſtily up ſtairs. As ſoon as we entered the room he ſhut the door, and taking off his maſk, run to me with the utmoſt impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but, at this moment, I diſcovered with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment and terror, that the perſon with whom I was alone in a brothel was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remembered to have ſeen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this ſight, ſo unexpected and ſo dreadful, I ſhrieked aloud, and threw myſelf from him into an eaſy chair that ſtood by the bedſide. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, haſtily tore away my maſk to give me air. At the firſt view of my face, he ſtarted back, and gazed at me with the ſame wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increaſed; for Hilario, who had ſucceeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of diſtreſs, or knowing it to be mine, ruſhed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next ſtep, ſtood fixed in the ſame ſtupor of aſtoniſhment which had ſeized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me, and dragging me to the candle, gazed ſtedfaſtly in my face with a look ſo frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had diſtorted with a ſmile; his lips quivered, and he told me, in a voice ſcarce articulate, that, "though I might well

"be

" be frighted at having ſtumbled upon an acquaint-
" ance whom I doubted whether I could truſt, yet I
" ſhould not have ſcreamed ſo loud." After this inſult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could aſſume; and bowing obſequiouſly to Caprinus, told him, " he would leave me to his care." Caprinus had not ſufficient preſence of mind to reply; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burſt into tears, but was ſtill unable to ſpeak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he ſincerely participated my diſtreſs: Caprinus, however, ſoon appeared to be chiefly ſollicitous to improve what, with reſpect to himſelf, he began to think a fortunate miſtake. He had no conception, that I intended an aſſignation with my huſband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had miſtaken the perſon for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented my diſtreſs and diſappointment, therefore, he preſſed my hand with great ardor, wiſhed that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his deſign upon the wife of his friend, declared himſelf a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To ſuch an addreſs in ſuch circumſtances, what could I reply? Grief had diſarmed my reſentment, and the pride of ſuſpected virtue had forſaken me. I expreſſed myſelf not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly diſengaging myſelf from him, I adjured him to tell me, " how he had procured his habit, and whether
" it had not been hired by Hilario." He ſeemed to be ſtruck with the queſtion, and the manner in which I urged it: " I hired it," ſaid he, " myſelf, at a
" warehouſe in Taviſtock Street; but when I came to
" demand it, I was told it had been the ſubject of
" much confuſion and diſpute. When I made my
" agreement, the maſter was abſent; and the ſervant
" neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he
" afterwards, in the abſence of the ſervant, made the
" ſame

" ſame agreement with another; but I know not with " whom; and it was with great difficulty that he was " brought to relinquiſh his claim, after he had been " convinced of the miſtake."

I now clearly diſcovered the ſnare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impoſſible to eſcape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my deſign, or whether he was indeed touched at my diſtreſs, which all his attempts to alleviate increaſed, I know not; but he deſiſted from further proteſtations and importunity, and at my earneſt requeſt procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguiſh, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my houſe in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I ſhould add to the dignity of an untainted reputation, the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned diſappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumſtances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having juſtified the jealouſy which I ſought to remove, and forfeited the eſteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With theſe thoughts I once more entered my dreſſing room, which was on the ſame floor with my chamber, and in leſs than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early in the morning I ſent a ſealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidante, even of my woman: it contained only a preſſing intreaty to be heard, and a ſolemn aſſeveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impoſſible to prove. He ſent me a verbal anſwer, that I might come to him; to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal; not to accuſe him whom I knew to be guilty, but to juſtify myſelf whom I knew to be innocent; and at this moment, I would have given the world

world to have been reſtored to that ſtate, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation; which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, haſted to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been diſappointed. He heard me with calmneſs and attention, till I related the particular of the habit: this threw him into a new fit of jealouſy, and ſtarting from his ſeat, "What," ſaid he, "have you paid for this intelli-"gence? Of whom could you learn it, but the "wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when "he found you were diſappointed of another, ſol-"licit for himſelf?" Here he pauſed for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was ſilent: my inviolable regard for truth was miſtaken for the confuſion of guilt, and equally prevented my juſtification. His paſſion returned with greater violence. "I "know," ſaid he, "that Caprinus related this inci-"dent, only that you might be enabled to impoſe "upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a par-"ticipation of the favours which you laviſhed upon "others: but I am not thus to be deceived by the con-"currence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to "the infamy which you have brought upon my name." With this injurous reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouſe, where the teſtimony of perſons, wholly diſintereſted, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which dreſs he had choſen. To this requeſt he replied, by aſking me, in a peremptory tone, "Whether Caprinus "had not told me where the habit was hired?" As I was ſtruck with the ſuddenneſs and the deſign of the queſtion, I had not fortitude to confeſs a truth which yet I diſdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the ſucceſsful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a ſneer of inſupportable contempt and deriſion, that "he, who had ſo kindly directed me to

"find

" find my witneſſes, was too able a ſollicitor, not to " acquaint them what teſtimony they were to give."

Expoſtulation was now at an end, and I diſdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was ſtill to hide my wretchedneſs in my boſom; and if poſſible, preſerve that character abroad, which I had loſt at home. But this I ſoon found to be a vain attempt: it was immediately whiſpered, as a ſecret, that " Hilario, who had " long ſuſpected me of a criminal correſpondence, had " at length traced me from the maſquerade to a bag- " nio, and ſurpriſed me with a fellow." It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and thoſe who appeared to be moſt my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice diſtinctions and minute circumſtances, could only ſay, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not ſo guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whiſper, and a nod; and if I ſtayed at home, I ſaw no face but my ſervant's. Thoſe whoſe levity I had ſilently cenſured by declining to practiſe it, now revenged themſelves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as to refuſe going to a ball. But this was not the worſt: every libertine, whoſe fortune authoriſed the inſolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameleſs ſcrawls, and feared not to ſolicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I ſhould accept their propoſal by directing to A. B, who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not ſcruple to run my huſband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himſelf authoriſed to treat me with every ſpecies of cruelty but blows, at the ſame time that his houſe was a perpetual ſcene of lewdneſs and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and inſult ſoon became intolerable;

tolerable: I therefore applied to a diſtant relation, who ſo far intereſted himſelf in my behalf as to obtain me a ſeparate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obſcurity.

Thoſe who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miſeries of guilt, except the reproach of conſcience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and aſſuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, thoſe who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with leſs ſhew of injurious ſeverity, nor yet with leſs juſtice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed, indeed, I cannot determine; but where innocence is poſſible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, becauſe "with whatſoever judgment men judge, they ſhall be judged;" a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profeſs to receive it upon Divine authority, would impoſe ſilence upon the cenſorious, and extort candour from the ſelfiſh. And I hope that the ladies, who read my ſtory, will never hear but with indignation, that the underſtanding of a libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor ſhared without ruin.

Wiſdom and Knowledge recommended to the Fair ſex, a True Story.

ABOUT twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a poſt that brought him in a yearly revenue, ſufficient to live very handſomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high

high for one that could expect no other fortune than ſuch a one as her father could raiſe out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was ſcarce ſufficient for their ordinary expences. Miſs Betty had always the beſt ſort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with thoſe above her rank; ſo that it was no wonder ſhe grew proud and haughty towards thoſe ſhe looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about miſs's age, that could ſpeak French, had read ſeveral books at her leiſure hours, and was a perfect miſtreſs of her needle and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the ſame time a pretty, modeſt, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miſs an hour or two every day, to talk French with her and teach her to work; but Miſs always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with ſcorn.

About the ſame time ſeveral young fellows made their addreſſes to Miſs Betſy, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with ſo much vanity and ſelf-conceit. Among the reſt was a plain ſober young man, who loved her almoſt to diſtraction. His paſſion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who uſed to be often diſcourſing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary converſation. As his circumſtances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Miſs Betſy rejected him with diſdain; inſomuch that the young man, as is uſual among thoſe who are croſſed in love, put himſelf aboard the fleet, with a reſolution to ſeek his fortune, and forget his miſtreſs. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in ſeveral captures, he brought home with him an eſtate of about twelve thouſand pounds.

Mean while days and years went on, Miſs lived high, and learnt but little, moſt of her time being employed in reading plays and practiſing to dance, in which ſhe arrived at great perfection. When of a ſudden, at a change of miniſtry, her father loſt his place,

and

and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very deſolate condition; but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could; and I muſt own, I immediately ſuſpected their pride would not ſuffer them to be ſeen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for ſome years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was aſking at a houſe for a gentleman I had ſome buſineſs with, to be led into a parlour by a handſome young woman, who I preſently fancied was that very daughter I had ſo long ſought in vain. My ſuſpicion increaſed, when I obſerved her to bluſh at the ſight of me, and to avoid, as much as poſſible, looking upon, or ſpeaking to me: Madam, ſaid I, are not you Mrs. ſuch-a-one? At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and ſhe would fain have retired without giving me an anſwer; but I ſtopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to ſpeak to, I reſolved not to loſe this opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. I could not well diſcern by her dreſs, which was genteel, though not fine, whether ſhe was the miſtreſs of the houſe, or only a ſervant: but ſuppoſing her to be the firſt, I am glad, Madam, ſaid I, after having long enquired after you, to have ſo happily met with you, and to find you miſtreſs of ſo fine a place. Theſe words were like to have ſpoiled all, and threw her into ſuch a diſorder, that it was ſome time before ſhe could recover herſelf; but as ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you are miſtaken; I am but a ſervant. Her voice fell in theſe laſt words, and ſhe burſt again into tears. I was ſorry to have occaſioned in her ſo much grief and confuſion, and ſaid what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, ſaid ſhe, my condition is much better than I deſerve. I have the kindeſt and beſt of women for my miſtreſs. She is wife to the gentleman you come to ſpeak withal.

You

You know her very well, and have often ſeen her with me. To make my ſtory ſhort, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a ſervant to the barber's daughter, whom ſhe had formerly treated ſo diſdainfully. The gentleman at whoſe houſe I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being maſter of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his ſatisfaction as he could deſire. He treats her with all the friendſhip and reſpect poſſible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deſerve; and it was with a great deal of pleaſure I heard her maid dwell ſo long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and ſhe lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's ſpirit could not bear the thoughts of aſking relief of any of her own, or huſband's acquaintance; ſo they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially diſcovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died ſhortly after, who, while ſhe lived, was better pleaſed to ſee her daughter a beggar, than a ſervant; but being freed by her death, ſhe was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where ſhe now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a ſervant.

I went home full of this ſtrange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole ſtory of his angel, not queſtioning but he would feel on this occaſion, the uſual pleaſures of a reſenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his miſtreſs. As I was recounting to him at large theſe ſeveral particulars, I obſerved that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breaſt heaved as though it would have burſted, which I took at firſt to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I ſaw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a ſmile at the end of my ſtory, and we parted.

About

About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

'Dear SIR,

'I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing me 'news of my angel. I have ſince married her, and 'think the low circumſtances ſhe was reduced to a piece 'of good luck to both of us, ſince it has quite removed 'that little pride and vanity, which was the only part 'of her character that I diſliked, and given me an op-'portunity of ſhewing her the conſtant and ſincere af-'fection which I profeſſed to her in the time of her 'proſperity.'

Yours, R. T.

The MEDICINE, a TALE for the Ladies.

MISS Molly, a fam'd toaſt, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then ſhe had a tongue!
From morn to night th'eternal larum rung,
Which often loſt thoſe hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual time, then wed the dame;
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Exceſs of fondneſs did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence ſome petty diſcords would ariſe,
As 'You're a fool' — and, 'You are mighty wiſe!'

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than ſweet;
When ſhe began—for hat and ſword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiſs,—cry, b'ye dear Moll,
Supper and friends expect me at the Roſe.
And, what ſir John, you'll get your uſual doſe!

Go,

Go, ſtink and ſmoke, and guzzle naſty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine.

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a freſh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful ſtorm to come,
But arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durſt venture home.

My lady with her tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! in a ſweet pickle made!
And this, ſir John, is every day the trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with ſpleen, and ſtranger to delight;
'Till morn ſends ſtagg'ring home a drunken beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my heart as well as reſt.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obſtrep'rous ſpouſe,
What, can't you find one bed about the houſe?
Will that perpetual clack lie never ſtill?
That rival to the ſoftneſs of a mill!
Some couch and diſtant room muſt be my choice,
Where I may ſleep uncurs'd with wife and noiſe.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With ſnarling meals, and each a ſep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft ſhe would complain,
Beg his advice, and ſcarce from tears refrain.
Old Wiſewood ſmok'd the matter as it was,
Chear up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the cauſe.

A wond'rous ſpring within my garden flows,
Of ſov'reign virtue, chiefly to compoſe
Domeſtic jars, and matrimonial ſtrife,
The beſt elixir t'appeaſe man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his ſullen airs Sir John ſhould come,

Three

Three ſpoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum:
Smile and look pleas'd, when he ſhall rage and ſcold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this ſympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But deareſt niece, keep this grand ſecret cloſe,
Or every prattling huſſy 'll beg a doſe.

A water-bottle's brought for her relief,
Not Nants could ſooner eaſe the lady's grief:
Her buſy thoughts are on the tryal bent,
And, female like, impatient for the event!

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domeſtic war;
Ent'ring, he cries,—hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty's your lady dead?
Madam, aſide, an ample mouthful takes,
Curtſies, looks kind, but not a word ſhe ſpeaks:
Wond'ring, he ſtar'd, ſcarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, how now, Moll, what's the crochet now?
She ſmiles and anſwers only with a bow.
Then claſping her about——why let me die!
Theſe night-clothes, Moll, become thee mightily!
With that he ſigh'd, her hand began to preſs,
And Betty calls, her lady to undreſs.
Nay, kiſs me, Molly—for I'm much inclin'd:
Her lace ſhe cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days theſe fond endearments paſt,
The reconciling bottle fails at laſt;
'Twas us'd and gone,—then midnight ſtorms aroſe,
And looks and words the union diſcompoſe;
Her coach is order'd, and poſt-haſte ſhe flies,
To beg her uncle for ſome freſh ſupplies,
Tranſported does the ſtrange effects relate,
Her knight's converſion and her happy ſtate!

Why,

Why, niece, ſays he,----I prithee apprehend
The water's water.---Be thyſelf thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldeſt huſband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be ſilent and complying.----You'll ſoon find,
Sir John without a med'cine, will be kind.

INGRATITUDE puniſhed.

An EASTERN TALE.

A DERVISE, venerable by his age, fell ill in the houſe of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the ſuburbs of Balſora. He was ſo touched with the care and zeal with which ſhe had aſſiſted him, that at his departure he ſaid to her, I have remarked that you have wherewith to ſubſiſt alone, but that you have not ſubſiſtence enough to ſhare it with your only ſon, the young Abdallah: If you will truſt him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge, in his perſon, the obligations I have to you for your care of me. The good woman received his propoſal with joy; and the derviſe departed with the young man, adverti ſing her, that they muſt perform a journey which would laſt near two years. As they travelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent inſtructions, cured him of a dangerous diſeaſe with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the ſame care of him, as if he had been his own ſon. Abdallah a hundred times teſtified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always anſwered, 'My ſon, it is by actions that gra-'titude is proved; we ſhall ſee, in a proper time 'and place, whether you are ſo grateful as you pre-'tend.'

One day as they continued their travels, they found themſelves in a ſolitary place, and the derviſe ſaid to Abdallah, 'My ſon, we are now at the end of our 'journey; I ſhall employ my prayers to obtain from

'heaven,

'heaven, that the earth may open and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to deſcend into a place, where thou wilt find one of the greateſt treaſures that the earth incloſes in her bowels. Haſt thou courage to deſcend into this ſubterranean vault?' continued he. Abdallah ſwore to him, he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the derviſe lighted a ſmall fire, into which he caſt a perfume; he read and prayed for ſome moments, after which the earth opened, and the derviſe ſaid to him,——'Thou mayeſt now enter, my dear Abdallah; remember that it is in thy power to do me a great ſervice, and that this is, perhaps, the only opportunity thou canſt ever have of teſtifying to me, that thou art not ungrateful: do not let thyſelf be dazzled by all the riches that thou wilt find there; think only of ſeizing upon an iron candleſtick with twelve branches, which thou wilt find cloſe to a door; that is abſolutely neceſſary to me; come up immediately and bring it to me.' Abdallah promiſed every thing, and deſcended boldly into the vault. But, forgetting what had been expreſly recommended to him, whilſt he was filling his veſt and his boſom with the gold and jewels which this ſubterranean vault incloſed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had entered cloſed of itſelf. He had, however, preſence of mind enough to ſeize upon the iron candleſtick, which the derviſe had ſo ſtrongly recommended to him; and though the ſituation he was in, was very terrible, he did not abandon himſelf to deſpair; and thinking only in what manner he ſhould get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended, that the vault had cloſed only becauſe he had not followed the order of the derviſe; recalled to his memory the care and goodneſs he had loaded him with; reproached himſelf with ingratitude, and finiſhed his meditation by humbling himſelf before God. At length, after much pain and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow paſſage which let him out of this obſcure cave; though it was not

till he had followed it a conſiderable way, that he perceived a ſmall opening, covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the ſun. He looked on all ſides, to ſee if he could perceive the derviſe, but in vain; he deſigned to deliver him the iron candleſtick he ſo much wiſhed for, and formed a deſign of quitting him, being rich enough, with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his aſſiſtance.

Not perceiving the derviſe, nor remembering any of the places through which he had paſſed, he went on as fortune directed him, and was extremely aſtoniſhed to find himſelf oppoſite to his mother's houſe, which he imagined he was at a great diſtance from. She immediately enquired after the holy derviſe. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to ſatisfy his unreaſonable deſires; he afterwards ſhewed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the ſight of them, that the derviſe only deſigned to make a trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make uſe of the happineſs which fortune had preſented to them; adding, that doubtleſs ſuch was the intention of the holy derviſe. Whilſt they contemplated upon theſe treaſures with avidity; whilſt they were dazzled with the luſtre of them, and formed a thouſand projects in conſequence of them, they all vaniſhed away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah ſincerely reproached himſelf with his ingratitude and diſobedience; and, perceiving that the iron candleſtick had reſiſted the enchantment, or rather the juſt puniſhment which thoſe deſerve who do not execute what they promiſe, he ſaid, proſtrating himſelf, "— What has happened to me is juſt; I have loſt "what I had no deſign to reſtore, and the candleſtick, "which I intended to deliver to the derviſe, remains "with me: it is a proof, that it rightly belongs to "him, and that the reſt was unjuſtly acquired." As he finiſhed theſe words, he placed the candleſtick in the midſt of their little houſe.

When

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed a light in this candleſtick. Immediately they ſaw a derviſe appear, who turned round for an hour, and diſappeared, after having thrown them an aſpre. This candleſtick had twelve branches. Abdallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had ſeen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them; he did ſo, and twelve derviſes appeared that inſtant; they turned round alſo for an hour, and each of them threw an aſpre, as they diſappeared. He repeated every day the ſame ceremony, which had always the ſame ſucceſs; but he never could make it ſucceed more than once in twenty-four hours. This trifling ſum was enough to make his mother and himſelf ſubſiſt tolerably: there was a time when they would have deſired no more to be happy; but it was not conſiderable enough to change their fortune: it is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the idea of riches. The ſight of what he believed he ſhould poſſeſs; the projects he had formed for the employment of it; all theſe things had left ſuch profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, ſeeing the ſmall advantage he drew from the candleſtick, he reſolved to carry it back to the derviſe, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treaſure he had ſeen, or at leaſt find again the riches which had vaniſhed from their ſight, by reſtoring to him a thing for which he had teſtified ſo earneſt a deſire. He was ſo fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for Magrebi, carrying with him his candleſtick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furniſhed himſelf with what was neceſſary on the road, without being obliged to implore the aſſiſtance and compaſſion of the faithful. When he arrived at Magrebi, his firſt care was to enquire in what houſe, or in what convent Abounadar lodged; he was ſo well known, that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found

fifty porters, who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in their hands: the court of this palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a prince could not expose to view greater magnificence. Abdallah, struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those, to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this is not the habitation of a dervise, it is that of a king. He was in this embarrassment, when a man approached him, and said to him, 'Abdallah, thou art welcome; my master, Abounadar, has long expected thee.' He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavilion, where the dervise was seated. Abdallah, struck with the riches he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet, but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him. 'Thou art but an ungrateful wretch, said he to him; dost thou imagine that thou canst impose upon me? I am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts; and, if thou hadst known the value of this candlestick, thou never wouldst have brought it to me: I will make thee sensible of its true use.' Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches; and, when the twelve dervises had turned for some time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins, diamonds, and other precious stones. 'This, said he, is the proper use to be made of this marvellous candlestick. As to me I never desired it, but to place it in my cabinet, as a talisman composed by a sage whom I revere, and am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me; and, to prove to thee, added he, that curiosity was the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my magazines, open them and you shall judge of my riches; thou shalt tell me, whether the most insatiable miser would not be satisfied with them.' Abdallah obeyed

him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, ſo full of all manner of riches, that he could not diſtinguiſh what merited his admiration moſt; they all deſerved and produced his deſires. The regret of having reſtored the candleſtick, and that of not having found out the uſe of it, pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar ſeemed not to perceive it; on the contrary, he loaded him with careſſes, kept him ſome days in his houſe, and commanded him to be treated as himſelf. When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed for his departure, he ſaid to him, "Abdallah, my ſon, "I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art "corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude; how-"ever, I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having "undertaken ſo long a journey with a view of bringing "me the thing I had deſired; thou mayeſt depart, I "ſhall detain thee no longer. Thou ſhalt find to-mor-"row, at the gate of my palace, one of my horſes to "carry thee; I make thee a preſent of it, as well as "of a ſlave who ſhall conduct thee to thy houſe; and "two camels loaded with gold and jewels, which "thou ſhalt chuſe thyſelf out of my treaſures." Abdallah ſaid to him all that a heart ſenſible to avarice could expreſs, when its paſſion was ſatisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was ſtill agitated, without being able to think of any thing but the candleſtick, and what it had produced. "I had it, ſaid he, ſo long "in my power; Abounadar, without me, had never "been the poſſeſſor of it: What riſks did I not run in "the ſubterranean vault? Why does he now poſſeſs "this treaſure of treaſures? becauſe I had the probity, "or rather the folly, to bring it back to him: he profits "by my labours, and the danger I have incurred in "ſo long a journey. And what does he give me in "return? Two camels loaded with gold and jewels; in "one moment the candleſtick will furniſh him with "ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is un-

"grateful: What wrong shall I do him in taking this "candlestick? None certainly; for he is rich: and "what do I possess? These ideas determined him at "length, to make all possible attempts to seize upon "the candlestick." The thing was not difficult, Abounadar having trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed; he seized upon it, hid it at the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his camels. He had no other eagerness now than for his departure; and, after having hastily bid adieu to the generous Abounadar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days journey from Balsora, he sold his slave; resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's, whom he would scarce look upon: so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of the camels and the candlestick in the most private room of the house; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick: the twelve dervises appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the talisman: but he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he struck them, had the cane in his left-hand. Abdallah, by a natural motion, made use of his right; and the dervises, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, the slave, and the candlestick.

Thus was Abdallah punished by poverty, and almost by death, for his unmeasurable ambition, which, perhaps,

perhaps, might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, ſince he had not ſo much as the reſource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.

A MODERN CHARACTER.

I AM the ſon of a younger brother of a good family, who at his diſeaſe left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton ſchool, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the univerſity, where I learnt —— not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profeſſion, I removed myſelf to town, and lived for ſome time as moſt young gentlemen do, by ſpending four times my income. But it was my happineſs, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whoſe fortune was juſt ſufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to ſquare my wiſhes to my circumſtances. In this endeavour I ſucceeded ſo well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I poſſeſſed, and now and then a ſigh when a coach and ſix happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly affirm, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boaſted of, and in conſequence of it, we were frequently driven to great ſtreights and difficulties, I experienced more real ſatisfaction in this humble ſituation, than I have ever done ſince in more enviable circumſtances. We were ſometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleaſure of diſcharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to:

and though the narrowneſs of our circumſtances ſubjected us to many cares and anxieties, it ſerved to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was ſomewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourſelves, and drew health from our neceſſities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been ſpoilt by nurſing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwiſe employed. His mother was naturally of a ſickly conſtitution, but the affairs of her family, as they engroſſed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to thoſe who have nothing elſe to think of, are almoſt inſupportable, were leſs terrible to us, than to perſons in eaſier circumſtances: for it is a certain truth, however your readers may pleaſe to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happieſt ſituation, in the midſt of eaſe, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itſelf, loſing the immediate enjoyment of thoſe invaluable bleſſings, by the painful ſuggeſtion that they are too great for continuance.

Theſe are the reflections that I have made ſince: for I do not attempt to deny that I ſighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a diſtant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happieſt man living. My income was now increaſed to ſix hundred a year; and I hoped with a little œconomy to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in leſs eaſy circumſtances had not touched me ſo nearly, was now conſtantly in my thoughts, and ſoured all my enjoyment. The conſciouſneſs too of having ſuch an eſtate to leave to my boy, made me ſo anxious to preſerve him, that inſtead of ſuffering him to run at pleaſure where he pleaſed, and to grow hardy by exerciſe, I almoſt deſtroyed

ſtroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, becauſe we were in circumſtances to have it kept by others: but as air and exerciſe were neceſſary for our healths, we reſolved to abridge ourſelves in ſome unneceſſary articles, and to ſet up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foreſee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our viſits, it greatly increaſed our acquaintance, and ſubjected us to the neceſſity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all thoſe which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we poſſeſſed; inſomuch that we found ourſelves in a very ſhort time more neceſſitous than ever. Pride would not ſuffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unſuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was ſoon forced to mortgage, and at laſt to ſell, the beſt part of my eſtate; and as it was utterly impoſſible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviſeable to remove of a ſudden, to ſell our coach in town, and to look out for a new ſituation, at a great diſtance from our accquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to abſolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two ſons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I ſucceeded to an eſtate of ſeven thouſand pounds a year.

And now, I ſhall undoubtedly be called a very happy man: and ſo indeed I was. I ſet about the regulation of my family with the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction. The ſplendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of ſervants that attended me, the elegance of my houſe and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpreſſible delight, ſo long as they were novelties: but no ſooner were

they become habitual to me, than I loſt all manner of reliſh for them; I diſcovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wiſh for I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled with ſatiety, a perpetual crowd of viſitors robbed me of all domeſtick enjoyment, my ſervants plagued me, and my ſteward cheated me.

But the curſe of greatneſs did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myſelf. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous oppoſer of all miniſterial meaſures; and as his eſtate was the largeſt of any gentleman's in the county, he ſupported an intereſt in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myſelf on that ſide: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; inſomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almoſt every thing I have undertaken. To deſert the cauſe I have embarked in would diſgrace me; and to go greater lengths in it will almoſt undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual ſtate of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am curſed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleaſed to tell me) contrary to their conſcience.

My wife and I had once pleaſed ourſelves with the thought of being uſeful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and induſtrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourſelves; and the agents we entruſt are either pocketing our bounty, or beſtowing it on the undeſerving. At night when we retire to reſt, we are venting our complaints on the miſeries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace, which was only the companion of our humbleſt ſituation.

This, Sir, is my hiſtory; and it may ſerve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, ſickneſs

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and abſolute want are out of the queſtion, no external change of circumſtances can make a man more laſtingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the univerſal diſſatisfaction of mankind is principally to be aſcribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aſpires to greatneſs, in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himſelf into a furnace to avoid the ſhivering of an ague.

The only ſatisfaction I can enjoy in my preſent ſituation is, that it has not pleaſed Heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

The BASKET-MAKER.

A Peruvian TALE.

IN the midſt of that vaſt ocean commonly called the South Sea, lie the iſlands of Solomon. In the center of theſe, lies one not only diſtant from the reſt, which are immenſely ſcattered round it; but alſo larger beyond proportion. An anceſtor of the prince who now reigns abſolutely in this central iſland, has, through a long deſcent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's iſles on the whole, by the effect of that wiſdom wherewith he poliſhed the manners of his people.

A deſcendant of one of the great men of this happy iſland, becoming a gentleman to ſo improved a degree as to deſpiſe the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing, but how to ſupport and diſtinguiſh his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a diſpoſition abandoned to pleaſure. He had a houſe on the ſea-ſide, where he ſpent great part of his time in hunting and fiſhing: but found himſelf at a loſs in purſuit of theſe important diverſions, by means of a long ſlip of marſh-land,

overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his houſe and the ſea. Reſolving at length, that it became not a man of his quality to ſubmit to reſtraints in his pleaſures, for the eaſe and conveniency of an obſtinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honeſt poor baſket-maker, and whoſe livelihood depended on his working up the flags of thoſe reeds, in a manner peculiar to himſelf, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his ſervants to burn down the barrier.

The baſket-maker, who ſaw himſelf undone, complained of the oppreſſion in terms more ſuited to his ſenſe of the injury, than the reſpect due to the rank of the offender: and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injuſtice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of inſult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it: for, going to the capital, with the maks of his hard uſage upon him, he threw himſelf at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppreſſor's appearance; who, confeſſing the charge, proceeded to juſtify his behaviour, by the poor man's unmindfulneſs of the ſubmiſſion due from the vulgar, to gentlemen of rank and diſtinction.

But pray, replied the king, what diſtinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my anceſtors, he was raiſed from among thoſe vulgar you ſpeak of with ſuch contempt, in reward of an inſtance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his maſter? Yet his diſtinction was nobler than yours: It was the diſtinction of ſoul, not of birth; the ſuperiority of worth, not of fortune! I am ſorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is baſe enough to be ignorant that eaſe and diſtinction of fortune were beſtowed on him but to this end, that, being at reſt from all cares of providing for himſelf, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the publick advantage of others.

Here the king, diſcontinuing his ſpeech, fixed an eye

eye of indignation on a ſullen reſentment of mien which he obſerved in the haughty offender, who muttered out his diſlike of the encouragement this way of thinking muſt give to the commonalty, who, he ſaid, were to be conſidered as perſons of no conſequence, in compariſon of men who were born to be honoured. Where reflection is wanting, replied the king with a ſmile of diſdain, men muſt find their defects in the pain of their ſufferings. Yanhumo, added he, turning to a captain of his gallies, ſtrip the injured and the injurer; and conveying them to one of the moſt barbarous and remoteſt of the iſlands, ſet them on ſhore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed was a marſh, under cover of whoſe flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himſelf, and give the ſlip to a companion whom he thought it a diſgrace to be found with. But the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the ſavages, a conſiderable body of them came down, and diſcovered in the morning the two ſtrangers in their hiding-place. Setting up a diſmal yell they ſurrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer with a kind of clubs, ſeemed determined to diſpatch them without ſenſe of hoſpitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to diſcover, that the ſuperiority of his blood was imaginary: for, between a conſciouſneſs of ſhame and cold, under the nakedneſs he had never been uſed to; a fear of the event, from the fierceneſs of the ſavages approach; and the want of an idea whereby to ſoften or divert their aſperity, he fell behind the poor ſharer of his calamity; and, with an unſinewed, apprehenſive, unmanly, ſneakingneſs of mien, gave up the poſt of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a diſgrace to conſider as a companion.

The baſket-maker on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedneſs habitual; to whom a life of pain and mortification repreſented death as not dreadful; and whoſe remembrance of his ſkill in arts of which theſe ſavages were ignorant,

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gave him hopes of becoming ſafe, from demonſtrating that he could be uſeful, moved with bolder and more open freedom; and, having plucked a handful of the flags, ſat down without emotion and making ſigns that he would ſhew them ſomething worthy their attention, fell to work with ſmiles and noddings; while the ſavages drew near, and gazed in expectation of the conſequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanſhip; and riſing with reſpect and fearfulneſs, approached the ſavage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whoſe figure, under this new ornament, ſo charmed and ſtruck his followers, that they threw down all their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author of ſo prized a favour.

There was not one but ſhewed the marks of his impatience, to be made as fine as his captain; ſo the poor baſket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the ſavages, obſerving one quite idle, while the other was ſo buſy in their ſervice, took up arms in the behalf of natural juſtice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpoſe.

The baſket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his ſufferings: ſo he aroſe and reſcued his oppreſſor, by making ſigns that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be uſefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his ſupply, as faſt as he ſhould want them.

This propoſition luckily fell in with a deſire the ſavages expreſſed to keep themſelves at leiſure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progreſs of a work they took ſuch pleaſure in. They left the gentleman, therefore, to his duty in the baſket-maker's ſervice; and conſidered him, from that time forward, as one who was, and ought to be, treated as inferior to their benafactor.

Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the iſland came in droves for coronets: and, ſetting the gentleman to work, to gather boughs and poles, made a fine

a fine hut to lodge the baſket-maker: and brought down daily from the country, ſuch proviſions as they lived upon themſelves; taking care to offer the imagined ſervant nothing, till his maſter had done eating.

Three months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and juſt turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; inſomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one night, he thus confeſſed his ſentiments in favour of the baſket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to diſtinguiſh between accident and excellence. When I ſhould have meaſured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives is empty and imaginary: and I perceive, too late, that only things of uſe are naturally honourable. I am aſhamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity: but if the Gods ſhould pleaſe to call me to a repoſſeſſion of my rank and happineſs, I would divide all with you in atonement of my juſtly puniſhed arrogance.

He promiſed, and performed his promiſe; for the king, ſoon after, ſent the captain who had landed them, with preſents to the ſavages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues, to this day, a cuſtom in that iſland, to degrade all gentlemen, who cannot give a better reaſon for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing. And the word for this due puniſhment is, *Send him to the Baſket-maker's.*

MODERN WIT, a TALE.

I AM a young fellow of between two and three and twenty, who having paſſed ſome years at college with no bad character, and am ſuppoſed to have not very much miſapplied my time there. Some buſineſs of the family brought me up a few days ago to town, and I had flattered my imagination that, according

ing to the reputation I find myſelf poſſeſſed of in the univerſity, I ſhould have been able to make ſome figure among my acquaintance here; but I find a man of learning, or knowledge, is not the faſhionable character at this time in town; nothing goes down I ſee, but a man of wit.

I don't pretend to be without my ſhare of ambition to appear conſiderabl. in company; but I had formed ſuch a terrible notion of wit from the writing of the people who have been poſſeſſed of moſt of it, that I fairly deſpaired of ſucceeding in any attempt upon it. While the moſt accompliſhed authors in the world had declared they did not know how to tell any body what it was, I had no great proſpect of falling into a caſual acquaintance with it. But, alas! Sir, I now begin to perceive I was quite deceived; the wit of one age and country, I find, is not the wit of another: the wit of Terence is, at this time, read by twenty people, who wonder at the Romans for allowing that he had any, for one who feels it; and, on my conſcience, I think the wit of the preſent period is no better than what was twenty years ago called lying.

I enquired among ſome ſmart young fellows of my acquaintance, the very people who had told me, that nothing was regarded at this time but wit, what were the principle reſorts of the people who were moſt famous for it: George's coffee-houſe was mentioned to me as of the number of the capital ones; and I made it one of my firſt buſineſs to viſit it.

By great good fortune I ſtumbled upon a man of my acquaintance there, whom I had dined with the day before at an uncle's with whom I live while in town. This gentleman, as I am ſince informed, is one of the greateſt wits of the age; though I really took him, at that time, to be as dull a fellow as I had ever converſed with. He accoſted me with great good-nature, 'Mr. Thomſon, your humble! How does 'the old Prig do?' and twenty other detached ſentences of a like kind made up his converſation. He aſked me if I would ſit, and entered into diſcourſe with me about indifferent

indifferent things: I watched for wit in every ſentence that he pronounced; but whether it was my fault or his I can't tell, I watched every ſentence in vain.

We had not ſat long before a little party joined us, and, in a few minutes, our number ſwelled to at leaſt a dozen, by the addition of ſome ſtragglers from different corners of the room. I was now all attention: I made no doubt but I had fallen into the very centre of what I was in ſearch of; but I don't know how it was, I could diſtinguiſh nothing but an unintelligible jargon among them, in which the words *hedge*, *hollow*, *cut*, and ſome more monoſyllables of a like kind, were uſed in a ſenſe in which I by no means underſtood them. I heard of *ſinking hundreds*, of *taking in for thouſands*, and a quantity of other equally unintelligible phraſes; all which I ſwallowed with great voraciouſneſs, though I did not find myſelf in a condition to digeſt any of them.

My great attention to every thing that was ſaid, was remarked, and the meaning of it was miſunderſtood; the eyes of all the company was upon me as an interloper, who was liſtening to things I had no concern with; and one of them, after a very ſignificant *O! ho!* to a companion, broke in upon the converſation, by ſaying, "But why the plague could not they take the man's money without murdering him!"—"Murder a pack of raſcals," replies another, "ſuch butchering's worſe than murder fifty times.—Why is he not dead?" exclaims a third with vaſt earneſtneſs.—"No!" replied the perſon, who had occaſioned the queſtion, very ſedately, "I left him juſt now at Cæſar Hawkins's, the ſurgeon's; he was alive then, but, in my opinion, a man would wiſh to die rather than live in ſuch a ſituation."—"His noſe is quite off, I think," cries another.—"Yes," replies the perſon, who ſeemed to have the freſheſt intelligence, "one of Hawkins's young men brought it in, a chairman had picked it up in the ſtreet."

This diſcourſe was continued on all hands, and a very warm debate was riſing as to the poſſibility or impoſſibility

impoſſibility of replacing the noſe, in which Talicotius's way of forming this part of the face was mentioned, juſt as I got up, on hearing from ſome perſons not concerned in the diſpute, the name of Thomſon, and the ſtreet my uncle lived in, too punctually repeated to give me leave to doubt of its being this worthy relation who had met with the accident.

I flew to the houſe of the ſurgeon, and not readily getting admittance there, to my uncle's. I found him very well in health, and roaſting ſome oyſters for his ſupper. I did not ſtay to tell him the occaſion of my calling in, but hurried back to the place where I had received my intelligence. I perceived a ſmother'd laugh at the table, as I entered the room; and going up to aſk a farther explanation, my very good friend, who had been the occaſion of my falling into the company, got up, and with a great deal of concern in his face. "Bleſs my heart and ſoul," ſays he, "Jemmy! I'll be hanged if you have not been home about this matter: why, it is not your uncle; 'tis one Thomſon of King's County in the Weſt of Ireland."

He was making way, as he ſpoke this, for my ſitting down among the company again; but a gentleman, who had ſeen me at a friend's, and who accidentally ſat at the next table, pulled me by the ſleeve, and taking me to the other end of the room, told me, "Young Gentleman! you don't know theſe people: they are wits: they have humbugg'd you, and they want to laugh at you for it."

I pardonded them the offence, for the ſake of the inſtruction I had gained by it: I left the room full of ſatisfaction of the diſcovery I had made of what wit was; and ſet about making myſelf conſiderable from that inſtant, by exerting it upon all my acquaintance.

The firſt hum I played off was upon our cook-maid, who being married, and her huſband in the Weſt Indied, I told her, he was juſt come to England, and had ſent for her to the dog and Jew's-harp at Ratcliff-croſs; this ſucceeded very happily, and coſt us no more than the ſpoiling our dinner: after this I ſent a chairman with

with a meſſage to an imaginary perſon two miles off, from a coffee-houſe I never ſaw before, and which I took care to leave before he returned: I made an old woman, who was going to church, turn back to a deep puddle, and kept her half the time of the ſervice, groping up to the elbows for a ſixpence which I pretended to have dropped there: after this, I directed a country fellow, who was carrying the furniture of ſome neighbour's apartment upon his back to Pye-corner near Smithfield, into Eaſt-Smithfield, by Tower-hill: and the ſucceeding afternoon, I gave a bad ſixpence to a blind beggar, and took five-pence halfpenny out of his hat for change.

Thus far I ſucceeded to my utmoſt expectations: but as theſe were but attempts in low life, to aſſure myſelf of my ſucceſs among the polite, I now grew ambitious of making a figure, as a wit, among people who would be able to do me the proper honour.

A gentleman dined with my uncle one day, and would not be prevailed with to ſtay tea, becauſe he had a draught upon a banker in the city, and was afraid he ſhould be behind the hour, and the ſhop ſhut before he got thither: "Meſſ.*** and ***'s ſhop ſhut, Sir," replied I, with a ſtare! "yes, I believe it will indeed: why you don't know, I ſuppoſe, that they were declared bankrupts in the Gazette laſt night!" My uncle was aſtoniſhed! my aunt exclaimed, "Ay, ay, ſee what your coaches and ſix, and your country houſes come to!" I hummed the whole family; and our viſitor ſtaid to ſup with us, with a concern and uneaſineſs at the loſs of his money that added not a litle to my triumph.

A lady was talking very ſeriouſly, the day afterwards, to my aunt, on the ſubject of her daughter's marrying a young gentleman of whom ſhe had heard a very favourable character, at a viſit ſhe had juſt been making: you would never have forgot it, Sir, if you had ſeen how the lady was thunderſtruck, at my telling her I knew the gentleman perfectly well, and that he had a wife and two children at Cambridge.

I left theſe old women ſoon afterwards, to take a walk in the Mall: I joined ſome young fellows on the ſtrength of knowing one of the party; and, on their ſaying ſome very civil things of a young lady that paſſed by us, I told them very ſagaciouſly they did not know half her perfections. A young gentleman who was next me ſeemed extremely pleaſed with what I had ſaid, and told me, he was ſurprized he had not known that I was of her acquaintance. "Why, I think," replied I, looking very grave, "I may claim that honour; for I ſlept in her arms laſt night." "Sir," rejoins he, with great earneſtneſs, "why that lady is my ſiſter!" "I know it very well," replied I, with all the compoſure in the world, "and I thought you had known the other." Would any one imagine the anſwer to this hum was a blow that knocked me down? I was conveyed home in a chair, and am now under the care of a ſurgeon for the bruiſe: during the time I have kept my room on this occaſion, I have received a challenge from the gentleman whom I married at Cambridge; and have notice of a law-ſuit being commenced againſt me by the bankers, who lay their damages at fifty thouſand pounds.

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HISTORY of MELESICHTON.

MELESICHTON was a native of Megaris, and a gentleman of an illuſtrious family in Greece. When young, the heroic actions of his anceſtors took up all his thoughts; and he gave early demonſtrations of his courage and conduct, in ſeveral bold and hazardous engagements; but as he was too fond of grandeur, his high and expenſive way of living ſoon plunged him into a ſea of troubles. He was obliged to fly with his wife Proxinoë to a country ſeat on the ſea ſhore, where they lived together in a profound ſolitude. Proxinoë was a lady highly eſteemed for her wit, courage, and ſtately deportment: many, who were in much better circumſtances than Meleſichton, had made their addreſſes to her on account of her birth and beauty; but true merit alone rendered him the object of her choice. Tho' their virtue and friendſhip were inviolable; though Hymen for many years had never yoked a happier pair; yet their mutual fondneſs and indulgence proved now but an aggravation to their ſorrows. Meleſichton could have borne with leſs impatience the ſevereſt frowns of fortune had he ſuffered alone, without ſo tender a partner as his Proxinoë. And Proxinoë with concern obſerved, that her preſence augmented the pains of her Meleſichton. Their ſole comfort now aroſe from the reflection that heaven had bleſſed them with two children, beauteous as the Graces: the ſon's name was Melibœus, and the daughter's Pœmenis. Melibœus, though young, was very active, ſtrong, and courageous; in every gentleman-like exerciſe he excelled all the neighbouring youth. He ranged around the foreſts, and his arrows were as fatal and unerring as thoſe of Apollo: however, the arts and ſciences (thoſe nobler rays of the deity) were more the objects of his contemplation, than

his

his bow was his diverſion. Meleſichton, in his retirement, laid before him all the advantages of a liberal education, and imprinted on his mind betimes the love of virtue and good manners. Melibœus, in his air and mien, was unaffected, ſoft, and engaging; yet his aſpect was noble, bold, and commanded reſpect. His father caſt his longing eyes upon him, and wept over him with a paternal fondneſs.

Pœmenis was by the mother inſtructed with equal care, in all the various arts with which the goddeſs Minerva had obliged mankind; and to thoſe curious accompliſhments were added the charms of muſic. Orpheus never ſung or touched his lyre more ſoftly than Pœmenis. At firſt ſight ſhe appeared like the young goddeſs Diana, juſt riſen from her native floating iſland. Her ſilver treſſes were tied with a careleſs air behind: whilſt ſome few hairs, unconfined, played about her ivory neck, at the breath of every gentle Zephyr. Her dreſs was a thin looſe gown, tucked up with a girdle, that ſhe might move with greater freedom. Without the advantage of dreſs, no nymph was ever ſo beautiful, ſo free from pride, ſo little conſcious of her own charms. She was never ſo vain or curious, as to examine her features in any tranſparent ſtream. The conduct and œconomy of the family was her whole employment. But Meleſichton, whoſe thoughts were ever dark and gloomy, whoſe hopes of a return from his ſtate of baniſhment were now all loſt, ſought every opportunity to be alone. The ſight of Proxinoë and his children now aggravated his ſorrows: he would often ſteal out to the ſea ſhore, at the foot of a large rock, full of tremendous caverns, and there a while bemoan his wayward fate; from thence repair to a thick, ſhady vale, where (even at mid day) ſunbeams never entered. There would he ſit on the margin of a purling ſtream, and ruminate on all his ills. Soft downy ſleep ne'er cloſed his weary eyelids; his words all terminated in ſighs; old age before his time had furrowed all his face: in ſhort, he grew negligent of life, and ſunk under the weight of his misfortunes.

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One day, as he was reclined on a bank in his favourite ſolitary vale, tired and fatigued with thought, he fell aſleep; and in a dream he ſaw the goddeſs Ceres, crowned with golden ſheaves, who approached him with an air of majeſty and ſweetneſs. "Why "Meleſichton, ſaid ſhe, art thou thus inconſolable? "Alas! replied he, I am abandoned by my friends; "my eſtate is all loſt; law-ſuits and my creditors for "ever perplex me; thoughts of my birth, and the fi-"gure I have made in the world, are all aggravations "of my miſery: and to tug at the oar, like a galley-"ſlave, for a bare ſubſiſtence, is an act too mean, and "what my ſpirit never can comply with."

"Does then nobility, replied the goddeſs, conſiſt "in the affluence of fortune? no, Meleſichton; but "in the heroic imitation of thy virtuous anceſtors. "The juſt man only is truly noble. Nature is ſuffi-"ced with little: enjoy that little with the ſweat of "thy brow: live free from dependence, and no man "will be nobler than thyſelf. Luxury and falſe am-"bition are the ruin of mankind. If thou want'ſt "the conveniencies of life, who ſhould better ſupply "thee than thyſelf? art thou terrified at the thoughts "of attaining them by the ſevereſt induſtry and appli-"cation?"

She ſaid; and immediately preſented him with a golden plough-ſhare, and a horn of plenty. Bacchus next appeared, crowned with ivy, graſping his Thyrſis in his hand, attended by Pan playing on his rural pipe, whilſt the Fauns and Satyrs danced to the melodious muſic. Pomona next advanced, laden with fruits; and Flora dreſſed in all her gayeſt, ſweeteſt flowers. In ſhort, all the rural deities caſt a favourable eye on Meleſichton.

He waked, fully convinced of the application and moral uſe he ought to make of this celeſtial dream. A dawn of comfort all on a ſudden ſhot through his ſoul, and he found new inclinations riſe to the labours of the plain. He communicated his dream with plea-

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ſure to the fair Proxinoë, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his interpretation. The next day they leſſened their retinue; the valet and waiting woman were immediately diſcharged, and all their equipage and grandeur at once reſigned. Proxinoë with Pœmenis ſpun whilſt they tended their ſheep, and at convenient hours weaved their own cloth and ſtuffs, and cut out and contrived every thing to the beſt advantage for themſelves, and the reſt of their family. All their fine needle works (in which Minerva herſelf could never be more curious) were now no more regarded, and the glaring tent was reſigned for the more advantageous diſtaff. Their daily proviſions were the products of their own ground, and dreſſed with their own hands. They milked their own kine, which now began to ſupply them with plenty. They purchaſed nothing without doors. Every thing was got ready with decency, and without hurry. Their food was ſubſtantial, plain, and natural, and enjoyed with a true reliſh, which is inſeparable from temperance and hard labour.

In this rural manner they lived, and every thing was neat and decent round about them: all the coſtly tapeſtry was diſpoſed of; yet the walls were perfectly white, and no part of the houſe either dirty or in diſorder; none of their goods were in the leaſt ſoiled with duſt. The beds, though not of down, were clean, and proper for repoſe. The very furniture of the kitchen was as bright as ſilver; nothing ſtood out of its proper place. At times of public entertainments, Proxinoë made the beſt of paſtry. She kept bees, whoſe honey was ſweeter than that which trickled from the trunks of oaks, which grew in the golden age. Her cows made willing preſents of large bowls of milk. Her garden was plentifully ſtored with variety of plants, for ſervice and delight, in their proper ſeaſons; and by her peculiar induſtry and ſkill, ſhe was the firſt of all her neighbours, that could produce them in perfection: her collection of flowers too was very curious; part of which ſhe ſold, after ſhe had

had reſerved a ſufficient quantity for the ornament of her houſe. Pœmenis trod in the ſteps of her induſtrious mother; ſhe was ever chearful at her work, and ſung as ſhe went along to pen her ſheep. No neighbour's flocks could rival her's; no contagious diſtemper, no ravenous wolves durſt ever approach them; her tender lambkins danced upon the plains to her melodious notes, whilſt all the echoes round about with pleaſure repeated the dying ſounds.

Meleſichton tilled his own ground, drove his own plough, ſowed his ſeed, and reaped his harveſt with his own hand. He is now fully convinced that the huſbandman's life is leſs laborious, far more innocent and advantageous than the ſoldier's. No ſooner had he cocked and got in his hay, but Ceres, with her yellow fruits, invited him to the field, and with large intereſt repaid the debt ſhe owed him. Soon after, Bacchus ſupplied him with nectar, worthy the table of the gods. Minerva too complimented him with the fruit of her favourite, ſalutary tree. Winter was the ſeaſon for repoſe, when all the family met together, were innocently gay, and thankful to the gods, for all their harmleſs unambitious pleaſures: they eat no fleſh, but at their ſacrifices; and their cattle never died but on their altars.

Meliboeus was thoughtful and ſedate beyond his years. He took on himſelf the whole care and management of the larger cattle: he hewed down large oaks in the foreſts; dug aqueducts for the more commodious watering the meadows, and with indefatigable induſtry would eaſe his father. His diverſions, at proper ſeaſons, were hunting and courſing, with the young gentlemen his neighbours; or improving himſelf in his ſtudies, of which Meleſichton had laid the ſolid foundation.

In a little time, Meleſichton, by a life thus led in ſimplicity and innocence, was in better circumſtances than at firſt: his houſe was ſtored with all the conveniencies of life; though there was nothing in it uſeleſs or ſuperfluous. The company he kept, for the

moſt part, was within the compaſs of his own family: they lived together in perfect love and harmony, and contributed to each other's happineſs: they lived far from court, where pleaſures bear ſo high a price: their enjoyments were ſweet, innocent, eaſy to be attained, and attended with no danger in the purſuit. Melibœus and Pœmenis were thus brought up and inured to rural labours; thus their former characters ſerved only to inſpire them with greater courage, and make them eaſy under the frowns of fortune. The increaſe of their ſtock introduced no new and luxurious courſe of life. Their diet was ſtill as frugal as before, and their induſtry continued with equal vigour. Meleſichton's friends now preſſed him (ſince fortune once again had proved propitious) to reſume his former poſt, and ſhine again in the buſy world. To whom he replied, "Shall I again give way to "pride and extravagance, that were the fatal cauſe "of all my misfortunes; or ſpend my future days in "rural labours, which have not only made me rich "again, but, what is more, compleatly happy?"

To conclude; one day he took a tour to his old ſolitary ſhade, where Ceres had thus kindly directed his conduct in a dream, and repoſed himſelf on the verdant graſs, with as much ſerenity of mind, as before with confuſion and deſpair. There he ſlept again; again the goddeſs Ceres in the like friendly manner approached, and thus addreſſed him: "True "nobility, Meleſichton, conſiſts in receiving no fa-"vours from any one, and beſtowing them with a "liberal hand on all. Have your dependance on "nothing but the fruitful boſom of the earth, and "the works of your own hands. Never reſign that "for luxury and empty ſhow, which is the natural "and inexhauſtible fountain of true happineſs."

LÆTITIA and DAPHNE.

A Friend of mine has two daughters, whom I call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greateſt beauties of the age in which ſhe lives; the other no way remarkable for any charms in her perſon. Upon this one circumſtance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life ſeems to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing elſe but commendations of her features and complexion; by which means ſhe is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outſide. The conſciouſneſs of her charms has rendered her inſupportably vain and inſolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almoſt twenty before one civil thing had been ſaid to her, found herſelf obliged to acquire ſome accompliſhments, to make up for the want of thoſe attractions which ſhe ſaw in her ſiſter. Poor Daphne was ſeldom ſubmitted to in any debate wherein ſhe was concerned; her diſcourſe had nothing to recommend it but the good ſenſe of it, and ſhe was always under a neceſſity to have very well conſidered what ſhe was to ſay before ſhe uttered it; while Lætitia was liſtened to with partiality; and approbation ſat in the countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed with, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. Theſe cauſes have produced ſuitable effects, and Lætitia is as inſipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has ſtudied no arts to pleaſe; Daphne, deſpairing of any inclination towards her perſon, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always ſomething in her air that is ſullen, grave, and diſconſolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman ſaw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became

her captive. His fortune was ſuch, that he wanted very little introduction to ſpeak his ſentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmoſt freedom into the family, where a conſtrained behaviour, ſevere looks, and diſtant civilities, were the higheſt favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne uſed him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a ſiſter; inſomuch that he would often ſay to her, Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handſome as Lætitia!—She received ſuch language with that ingenuous and pleaſing mirth, which is natural to a woman without deſign. He ſtill ſighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable converſation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated inſtances of good humour he had obſerved in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with.-- Faith Daphne, continued he, I am in love with thee, and deſpiſe thy ſiſter ſincerely. The manner of his declaring himſelf gave his miſtreſs occaſion for a very hearty laughter.---Nay, ſays he, I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll aſk your father. He did ſo; the father received his intelligence with no leſs joy than ſurprize, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leiſure. I do not know any thing that has pleaſed me ſo much a great while, as this conqueſt of my friend Daphne. All her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley, and laughed at that premeditating murderer her ſiſter. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worſe of ourſelves for the imperfections of our perſons, it is equally below us to value ourſelves upon the advantages of them.

A French

A French Nobleman's extraordinary Diſcovery of his Children.

THE ſilent whiſpers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cauſe hath been unknown. There are ſeveral examples in hiſtory of tender friendſhips formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a ſympathy betwixt ſouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the ſenſe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantry and amours. He had in his youth attended a princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her huſband, and married a daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country, where his intrigues and other misfortunes having conſumed his paternal eſtate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceaſed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warſaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which we ſhall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way. She was informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, and her charity led her to ſee me. I remembered her, for I had often ſeen her with my wife, to whom ſhe

was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name: I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion on me; and ordered me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house till my health should allow me to wait upon the queen.

"My fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear, that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to enquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

"I verily believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery, than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any woman in my life, when I began to perceive, that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He

seemed

ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

"They both of them often aſked if I were in reality a German; which, when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day I took notice the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered, that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have imagined I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it ſo exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my ſurprize, when I found it to be the very painting which I had ſent to the queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, Are not theſe my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked whoſe picture it was! The maid perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, Ah, my dear child, ſaid I, yes, I am your father. I could ſay no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with his tears.

Throughout my life I never felt a joy equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that nature inſpires more lively motions and pleaſing tenderneſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite."

The Hiſtory of CATHARINA, Empreſs to PETER the Great, Czar of Muſcovy.

CATHARINA Alexona was born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, in the year of the chriſtian æra 1688; born to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents, ſhe was very poor and very contented. After her father's death ſhe lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with ſtraw, and here retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands ſupported her parent, who was now incapable of ſupporting herſelf. While Catharina ſpun, the old woman would ſit by and read ſome book of devotion; and when the fatigues of the day were over, both ſat down contentedly by their fire-ſide, and enjoyed the frugal meal with vacant feſtivity.

Though her face and perſon were models of perfection, yet her whole attention ſeemed beſtowed upon her mind; being taught by her mother to read, and by an old Lutheran miniſter the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furniſhed her (which is but ſeldom the caſe) not only with a ſtrong, but a right underſtanding. Such truly female accompliſhments procured her ſeveral ſolicitations of marriage from the peaſants of the country, but their offers were refuſed, not that ſhe deſpiſed them, but becauſe ſhe loved her mother too tenderly to think of a ſeparation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died, ſhe now therefore left the cottage in which ſhe was bred,

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and went to live with the Lutheran miniſter, by whom ſhe had been inſtructed from her childhood. In this houſe ſhe lived as governeſs to his children, at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with ſurpriſing vivacity.

The old man regarded her as one of his own children, and had her inſtructed in dancing and muſic by the maſters who attended the reſt of his family. Thus ſhe continued to improve till her benefactor died, by which ſhe was once more reduced to extreme poverty. The country of Livonia was by this time waſted by war, and lay in a moſt miſerable ſtate of deſolation. Thoſe calamities are ever moſt heavy upon the poor, ſo that Catharina, though poſſeſſed of ſo many accompliſhments, experienced all the miſeries of hopeleſs indigence, yet without murmuring. Proviſions therefore becoming every day more ſcarce at home, ſhe reſolved at laſt to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her ſcanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, ſhe ſet out upon her journey on foot: hunger had taught her to deſpiſe the dangers or the fatigues of the way. She was to walk through a region, miſerable by nature, but rendered ſtill more hideous by the Swedes and Ruſſians, who as each happened to become maſters, plundered it without mercy.

One evening upon her journey, as ſhe had entered a cottage by the way-ſide, in order to take up her lodging for the night, ſhe was inſulted by two Swediſh ſoldiers, who inſiſted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their inſults into violence, had not a ſubaltern officer accidentally paſſing by, come in to her reſcue: upon his appearance the ſoldiers immediately deſiſted; but her thankfulneſs was hardly greater than her ſurprize, when ſhe inſtantly recollected in her deliverer, the ſon of the Lutheran miniſter, her former inſtructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharina; the little ſtock of money ſhe had brought from home was

by this time quite exhausted; her cloaths were gone piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses by the way; her generous countryman therefore parted with what he could spare to buy her cloaths, furnished her with an horse to Marienburgh, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of the town.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, in order to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family as governess to his two daughters; and, though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which to his great surprize she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order therefore to prevent farther solicitations from others, as soon as her benefactor came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. Think not that fancy guides the pen; I only proceed in the relation of facts, which there are still living witnesses to prove. The very day on which they were married, Peter the Great's army laid siege to Marienburgh. The unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well-earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to assist in a sally, from whence he did not return, and was never after heard of.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on both sides by obstinacy and revenge. The war carried on at that time between the two northern powers was truly barbarous, in which the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the same fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken that same night by assault; and such was the fury of the

the aſſailants, that not only the garriſon, but almoſt all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the ſword. It was with great difficulty the officers could put a ſtop to ſuch barbarities; but at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven. She had been hitherto poor, but ſtill was free; ſhe was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it is to be a ſlave; in this ſituation, however, ſhe behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet ſtill ſhe was cheerful. The fame of her merit, and reſignation to her humble ſtation, reached even prince Menzikoff the Ruſſian general; he deſired to ſee her, was ſtruck with her beauty, bought her from the ſoldier who was her maſter, and placed her under the direction of his own ſiſter.

In this family ſhe was treated with all the reſpect which her merit deſerved, while her beauty every day ſeemed to improve with her good fortune. She had not been long in this ſituation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a viſit, Catharina happened to come in with ſome dry fruits, which ſhe ſerved round with peculiar modeſty. The mighty monarch immediately ſaw, and was ſtruck with her beauty. He returned the next day, and called for the beautiful ſlave, aſked her ſeveral queſtions, and found her underſtanding more perfect than even her perſon. He had been forced when young to marry from motives of intereſt, he was now reſolved to marry purſuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the hiſtory of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obſcurity, all the viciſſitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanneſs of her birth was no obſtruction to his deſign, their nuptials were ſolemnized in private, the prince aſſuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the propereſt ladder to a throne.

We now ſee Catharina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empreſs of the greateſt kingdom upon earth.

The poor ſolitary wanderer is now ſurrounded by thouſands who find happineſs in her ſmile. She who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffuſing plenty upon whole nations; to her fortune ſhe owed a part of her preheminence, but to her virtues more. She ever after retained thoſe great qualities which firſt placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince her huſband laboured for the reformation of his male ſubjects, ſhe ſtudied, in her turn, the improvement of the women; ſhe improved their dreſſes, introduced mixed aſſemblies, inſtituted an order of female knighthood, and at length, when ſhe had greatly filled all the ſtations of empreſs, friend, mother and wife, bravely died, without regret, regretted by all.---"Stedfaſt VIRTUE will never loſe its "way." CONFUCIUS.

The Hiſtory of OLYMPIA.

CLIDANOR and Cleontes were two brothers, extremely rich; the latter was huſband to the beautiful Arſeſne, and father of Orſames. As for Clidanor, his elder brother, his fate, which none can avoid, married him to Armira, whoſe alliance was neceſſary towards obtaining a poſt of importance, which was all the fortune ſhe brought him; having but little or no eſtate, part of that of Clidanor was ſettled on the firſt child he ſhould have, whether male or female. Armira was alarmed to find herſelf without children, after having been married a year; her ambition made her apprehenſive of loſing her huſband, without having an heir to ſecure the ſucceſſion of the eſtate to her. This idea made ſuch an impreſſion in her mind, that ſhe could not refrain from truſting her fears with a friend of hers, a widow, who viſited her conſtantly; and for whom Clidanor had a particular eſteem.

eſteem. This lady, whoſe name was Emilia, entered into Armira's reaſons, and offered to ſerve her, if ſhe would follow her advice; which was to feign being big with child, and at the time appointed for her lying-in, ſhe would ſupply her with a diſcreet truſty midwife, and a counterfeit child. Armira, blinded by intereſt, and certainly believing ſhe ſhould be left a widow, readily embraced the propoſal, ſubmitting herſelf entirely to the direction of Emilia's prudence. A month after this reſolution was taken, Armira ſaid ſhe was with child, and pretended daily to ſuffer the diſorders proper to give credit to her fiction. The time appointed for her delivery being come, Emilia ſent her the woman ſhe had promiſed her; and her labour being concerted to be in the night-time, they took their meaſures ſo well, that Armira was brought to bed about three o'clock in the morning of a daughter. The thing paſſed perfectly well, the execution was crowned with an inviolable ſecrecy, which Armira rewarded magnificently; and ſhe had no other trouble in the management of the affair, than in not having Emilia's company: but ſhe being ſeized with a fever the night before Armira's labour, they were prevented from diverting themſelves together with the ſucceſs of their project. Emilia's real ſickneſs laſted longer than Armira's feigned one; but at length being both perfectly recovered, they were inſeparable. I was nurſed at home, ſo that Clidanor ſaw me every day; his tenderneſs for me grew ſo great, that his wife was ſurpriſed at it, and often, in private diſcourſe with Emilia, ſaid, that nature certainly chiefly conſiſted in prepoſſeſſion, ſince Clidanor believing himſelf my father, ſeemed to have the bowels and affections of one; whereas ſhe being acquainted with the truth, had no regard for me. Emilia anſwered her, that ſympathy had ſometimes the ſame effect as conſanguinity; and that it was no wonder Clidanor, prepoſſeſſed with the idea of being my father, ſhould love me as his daughter,

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if there was that ſympathy between us; and if ſo, it would have the ſame effect on me, and I ſhould love him in the ſame manner.

A year paſſed away in theſe diſcourſes and reflections, Armira being perfectly well ſatisfied in having foreſeen and prevented the misfortunes which otherwiſe might have befallen her on the death of her huſband, who had but an indifferent ſtate of health, and was but of a tender complexion: but the Divine Director of all things thought fit to puniſh Armira for her criminal precautions, in permitting her to be big with child in reality, and to be delivered of a ſon; her affectionate tenderneſs for whom was ſo great, that it was a mortal affliction to her to have brought into the family a ſuppoſed child, who would ſupplant her own, and rob him of the greateſt part of his fortune. But Clidanor, charmed with the increaſe of his family, had a greater regard for Armira, and employed all his care in the bringing up Arimont and me. The extravagant grief of Armira, and the hatred ſhe conceived for me, are not to be expreſſed; ſhe was a thouſand times tempted to diſcover the ſtratagem to Clidanor, and had done it, had it not been for Emilia, who perſuaded her off of it, by ſhewing her the ill conſequences of ſuch a confeſſion; and by making her ſenſible that Clidanor's love would be immediately changed to an averſion for her; and that at leaſt ſhe ought to wait for a more favourable opportunity for making ſuch a declaration.

The ambitious Armira yielded to the counſels of the cunning Emilia; and diſguiſed, as well as ſhe poſſibly could, both her affliction and her hatred. As for Clidanor, his affection was equally divided between my brother and me, and our love for him compleated his happineſs. Arimont loved me fondly, and I him; and it ſeemed as if paternal and fraternal love had conſpired to add to the aſtoniſhment of Armira, who could not comprehend what ſhe called an odd effect of the power of prepoſſeſſion.

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As Arimont and I were brought up with the notion of being brother and ſiſter, our fondneſs, guided by the prejudices of infancy and reaſon, did not exceed the bounds that the nearneſs of our blood and the laws of nature ſet us. Clidanor bleſſed Heaven for the union of his children, at the ſame time that Armira accuſed it of injuſtice: Emilia was not like her; ſhe ſhewed ſo tender a regard for me, that I found myſelf a thouſand times more inclined to love her than Armira, whoſe ſeverity made me tremble. We lived thus to the age of fourteen or fifteen, when Armira was attacked by a very violent and dangerous diſtemper: ſhe was reduced to ſuch an extremity, that believing ſhe had but a few moments to live, ſhe reſolved to declare her ſecret to Clidanor. You may gueſs, madam, his aſtoniſhment at ſuch a piece of news; he was ſenſible of all the horror of it; and though his prudence made him hide it from Armira, and comfort her, by aſſuring her he pardoned her, yet he could not overcome the averſion her confeſſion had given him for her. Armira thinking herſelf greatly obliged to Emilia, would not own the part ſhe had acted in the adventure; ſo that my father remained ignorant of her having adviſed her to it.

In the mean time Clidanor, after having publicly declared that I was not his daughter, but a child from whom his friendſhip ſhould never leſſen, ordered Arimont and me to be brought to him. My ſon, ſaid he to Arimont, Olympia is neither my daughter nor your ſiſter; the mutual affection you have for each other makes me hope that you will, without difficulty, conform yourſelves to my intentions; you, Arimont, out of the obedience you owe me; and you, Olympia, out of gratitude to me, which the education I have given you, and the friendſhip I have ſhewn you, demand of you: I am not your father, but deſire to be ſo, and to repair the unhappineſs of your deſtiny, by giving you Arimont for a huſband; let your brotherly affection become conjugal, it is my deſire; and let the richeſt and the moſt powerful matches be offered

fered for my ſon, I will not alter my reſolution. Tho' we were very young, yet we were perfectly ſenſible of the alteration of our condition: as for me, who was a year older than Arimont, I was ſo touched with Clidanor's goodneſs, that I threw myſelf at his feet to thank him; the ſhame the being born of unknown parents gave me, ſeemed to be ſufficiently repaired to me, by becoming wife to Arimont; ſo that I took all the pains I could to render myſelf beloved. Alas! I ſucceeded but too well! our reaſon not oppoſing itſelf to the ſentiments which they endeavoured to inſpire us with: we conceived a paſſion for each other ſo much the more violent, inaſmuch as the force of blood created a ſympathy between us; but that is a myſtery which the following narration will ſoon enough diſcover.

Armira recovered, and was very well pleaſed with having diſcovered her ſecret. Emilia, who was one of the firſt that knew what ſhe had done, trembled for herſelf; but was ſtill more ſurprized at the reſolution that Clidanor had taken, of marrying Arimont and me; ſhe repreſented to him, with all the freedom of a faithful and intimate friend the diſproportion of ſuch a match, and the diſhonour he would do his family. But he continued firm in his deſign, and vowed to put it in execution as ſoon as Arimont ſhould attain to the age of twenty. But there being five years yet to come before that time, it leſſened the ſecret uneaſineſs that tormented Emilia; ſhe hoping that in that time ſome accidents might happen to break off the marriage, which ſhe had juſt reaſons to apprehend.

We being now brought up, not as brother and ſiſter, but as being married together, years rolled away inſenſibly, our love ſtill increaſing. Heavens! where is divine juſtice? Victims to the crimes of our mothers, we became ſo guilty, that they appeared innocent, in compariſon to us: we for ever baniſhed the names of brother and ſiſter, terms too feeble to expreſs what we felt: we changed our expreſſions of fra-

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ternal friendſhip into the tendereſt vows of inviolate love, even till death; and our paſſion grew ſo violent, that Clidanor thought himſelf obliged to marry us a year ſooner than he had intended. What tranſporting news was this for paſſionate lovers! We were waiting for the happy day with an impatience proportionable to our love, when Emilia ſent to deſire Clidanor to come to her, on an affair of the utmoſt importance. He went, and did not return till late, with the utmoſt melancholy painted in his countenance. A fore-knowledge of our misfortune made us tremble at ſeeing Clidanor in that condition; I did not dare to approach him, but Arimont, more hardy than I, followed him into his apartment: he continued for ſome time in a melancholy ſilence; but at length, looking upon his ſon, Arimont, ſaid he to him, arm yourſelf with all the virtue I have endeavoured to inſpire you with ſince your birth, ſubdue your eagereſt wiſhes, and let honour be your only guide in all your actions; I have a ſecret to diſcover to you, which makes theſe perfections requiſite: if it were poſſible for you to remain ignorant of it, I would ſpare giving you the dreadful ſtroke; but, my dear ſon, you muſt know it, to preſerve you from committing a crime; Olympia cannot be your wife, ſhe is your ſiſter, and my daughter. I read in your eyes the exceſs of your grief, ſaid he to him, ſeeing Arimont turn pale; but liſten to me, my ſon, and let my example help you to avoid the misfortunes I have drawn upon myſelf; I did not eſpouſe your mother out of love, intereſt was the only motive of my marriage. I was paſſionately in love, and equally beloved; we have carried on our affairs ever ſince I was married, without your mother's ever perceiving it; in the mean time the perſon I loved grew big with child, and perſuaded your mother that ſhe would never have any children, and therefore to make ſure to herſelf my eſtate, ſhe ought to produce a pretended child. Your mother, whoſe ambition is boundleſs, approved of her counſel; ſo that the time for that lady's labour being come, ſhe con-

contrived to give her the child ſhe was juſt brought to bed of, which is this ſame Olympia my ignorance had like to have made you marry. You may eaſily judge, my dear ſon, that they with care hid from me ſo criminal a contrivance: ſo that I, for ſome time, brought up Olympia as my own daughter: you know, that your mother, thinking herſelf at the point of death, declared to me part of what I now tell you; but not knowing who Olympia's mother was, ſhe could not inform me of that. It not being poſſible for nature to be deceived, I could not look on Olympia with any other eyes than thoſe of a father: I at that time thought myſelf inſpired with thoſe ſentiments by the pity which her beauty, her youth, and the misfortune of her birth, raiſed in her breaſt; ſo that to ſatisfy, in ſome meaſure, the tenderneſs I had for her, I reſolved to marry her to you: 'Twas I that gave birth to your paſſion, I alone am guilty, and I beg Heaven, that the puniſhment may fall on me only. But now I am informed of the truth, it is your part, my dear Arimont, to aſſiſt me to expiate the crimes any other perſons, as well as you and I, might have committed on the ſame occaſion. This is what I had to inform you of, and what honour and probity forces me to confeſs to you: your ſilence and aſtoniſhment is a proof to me of your affliction; but I cannot help Olympia's being your ſiſter now. Clidanor left off ſpeaking; but Arimont was ſo ſtruck, that he fell down in a ſwoon at his father's feet, without being able to ſpeak one word. Clidanor, with the utmoſt grief and ſurprize, called for help. As I was uneaſy at the length of their converſation, I was one of the firſt that ran: as ſoon as Clidanor ſaw me, Child, ſaid he, your brother will be the death of me. Theſe words ſtruck me with horror; but the condition in which I ſaw Arimont, prevented me from aſking an explanation of them. He was with a great deal of difficulty brought to himſelf, and put to bed in a burning fever; I was at his bed's head, and my extreme tenderneſs for him having made me forget Clidanor's

danor's words, I took my unhappy brother by the hand: My dear Arimont, ſaid I to him, what can be the misfortunes that have put you into this condition? can any thing be one to you, ſince I love you, and will never love any other? This diſcourſe covered him with bluſhes. Olympia, ſaid he, you ſhall not from me know the thunder-clap that has overwhelmed me; I wiſh you may have more ſtrength to bear it than I; but be not ſurprized, if I cannot ceaſe adoring you. Arimont pronounced theſe words with ſo much earneſtneſs, that I attributed them to his fever; and thought that had made him light-headed; for I could not perceive why he ſhould excuſe himſelf to me for being faithful, when he knew I placed all my happineſs in his love. I was preparing to anſwer him, when I was ſent for by Armira: the cruel woman had hid herſelf in a cloſet, where ſhe had heard all Clidanor's diſcourſe to her ſon, and took a malicious pleaſure in telling me my misfortune, without extenuating it. I was no ſooner near her, but ſhe painted it to me with all the colours that could add to the horror of it, accompanied with the moſt opprobrious names; and concluded her diſcourſe with ordering me to go out of her houſe, the purity of which was defiled by my birth and paſſion. No expreſſions, madam, are ſtrong enough to deſcribe the emotion of my heart at that inſtant; I ſtill tremble when I recal it to mind. Nevertheleſs the ungenerous behaviour of Armira inſpired me with a rage, till then unknown to me. Madam, ſaid I to her, ſince I neither am, nor can be, attached to you, by any ties which might oblige me to reſpect you, don't be ſurprized if I tell you, that you are a thouſand times more to blame than I; that it is you, who, by your unjuſt deſigns, have diſhonoured your houſe; and that ſince Clidanor is my father, let it be which way it will, it is he that ſhall diſpoſe of my fate; and therefore from him will I go and ſeek the conſolations and counſels I can no ways expect from you. At theſe words I left her, and, pierced with the moſt cruel deſpair, I went to

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Clidanor's apartment: I found him in a deep muſe, from which I waked him, by throwing myſelf at his feet; Alas! ſir, ſaid I to him, melting into tears, what have I been hearing of, and into what a dreadful precipice am I fallen! and what, ſaid he, embracing me, and mingling his tears with mine, has your brother had courage enough to inform you of—— No, ſir, interrupted I, Arimont has told me nothing, but Armira has let me know all. Armira! ſaid he: and from whence had ſhe learned the ſecret? Then I told him every thing that had paſt: You ſee, ſir, continued I, the effects of Armira's hatred; I could eaſily juſtify myſelf for the fatal paſſion which conſumes my ſoul, ſince it was you that raiſed it: but I neither can, nor will reproach you with any thing; the only favour I dare beg, is to ſhew me you are my father, by taking me hence and ſhutting me in a cloiſter for the reſt of my life; that abſence, time, my tears, and my reaſon, may aſſiſt me in extracting the height of virtue out of the very ſource of my crime. Ah! cried Clidanor, again embracing me, this demand is already a mark of the virtue to which you aſpire. Yes, my dear daughter, I will grant your requeſt, and you ſhall find, that never father loved more tenderly than I do. Then I begged him not to oblige me to ſee Emilia, apprehending the loſing my reſolution at the ſight of her. He granted me every thing, and that very day had me conducted to a nunnery, the lady abbeſs of which was a relation of his. All this was done with ſo much precipitation, that I had not time to know myſelf; but when I found myſelf without ſo much as the hopes of ever ſeeing Arimont again, all my love blazed up afreſh, I forgot what I owed to the place I was in, and what I owed to myſelf; I thought all that had paſſed, had only been an artifice to ſeparate me from what I loved; the condition that I had left him in redoubled my deſpair. I accuſed myſelf of the utmoſt cruelty, and there never ſure was affliction like mine.

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My father's relation entered with concern into all my ſorrows, and was ſo far from encreaſing them by an ill-timed ſeverity, that ſhe only endeavoured to ſoften them by an extreme tenderneſs, and endleſs civilities. This goodneſs calmed my tranſports, but did not free me from my unhappy paſſion; I, without ceaſing, demanded news of Arimont: the ſilence they obſerved, in relation to his health, making me conclude him to be in extreme danger, threw me into deſpair. Such continued affliction at length obliged my father's relation to inform me of the truth. She told me that Arimont was well, that Emilia was dead, and in return for ſervices ſhe ſaid ſhe had received from Clidanor, ſhe had left a conſiderable ſum of money to my brother: that her death had been ſo ſudden, that Clidanor imputed it to hatred and artifice, and that the thoughts of it had made him fall ſick himſelf, and that there were but little hopes of his life. I then was thoroughly ſenſible of all my misfortunes; I did not doubt but Emilia had been poiſoned, and I was convinced that the death of Clidanor would deprive me of the only friend I wanted: but admire, madam, the weakneſs of mankind! In the midſt of my troubles on ſuch juſt accounts, I found myſelf a thouſand times more ſenſible of Arimont's ſeeming to have forgot me; and what ought to have cured my paſſion, only increaſed it. You will, without doubt, madam, be ſurprized to find me perſiſt in my tenderneſs, when I know it muſt be criminal, Arimont being my brother; but when you reflect with coolneſs on the principal cauſes of things, you will find that it is much eaſier to paſs from fraternal friendſhip to love, than to change love into a tenderneſs of blood: nature by ſtirring up our inclinations, ſeems to prepare a way for ſomething greater; the prejudice of infancy alone puts bounds to it. That prejudice once overcome, the remaining fund of tenderneſs has but a ſtep to take to become love: deſires and hopes add to it, and nouriſh it; and this paſſion, joined to the ſtrength of blood, becomes ſo ſtrong, that

that reaſon cannot overcome it but with the utmoſt difficulty; neither have I the vanity to think that mine has arrived to that. I attribute the preſent ſtate of my heart only to Heaven, which finding in my will what I wanted in power, has been pleaſed to ſupply it with a ſuperior ſtrength to reſtore me to my innocence: but I ſhould not ſo ſoon inform you of what I am at preſent, having ſtill to tell you what I was for a long time.

I paſſed five months in ſorrow and affliction, and if I dared to ſay it, in jealouſy; always believing that ſome other object had baniſhed me out of the heart of Arimont: at the end of that time, they thought themſelves obliged to inform me that Clidanor was dead, and that both Armira and Arimont were ignorant of the place of my retreat, and equally made enquiries after it, doubtleſs with different intentions. This news waked my ſleeping virtue, convinced that Arimont ſtill loved me, ſince he endeavoured to find me out. My jealouſy vaniſhed, and my reaſon made me, with terror, ſee the danger of falling either into his hands, or thoſe of Armira. I aſked advice of the lady abbeſs, to whoſe care I was committed: ſhe aſſured me, ſhe would never deliver me up either to one or the other; that my father, juſt before his death, had begged her to take as great care of me as of herſelf, and had ſent her by a ſecret conveyance, more than enough to make me eaſy in the ſtate I was in; but that ſhe did not think proper to keep me with her, becauſe that houſe was too near Armira, and that ſooner or later ſhe would diſcover me. Therefore, to avoid the ill effects of her hatred, ſhe had reſolved to ſend me to a ſiſter of hers, who governed ſuch another houſe as hers: that ſhe had only waited for her anſwer before ſhe ſent me. What ſhe told me was a great comfort to me; and having tenderly thanked her for her goodneſs to me, I begged her to continue it, aſſuring her that my moſt earneſt endeavours ſhould be to deſerve it. As ſhe had always found me of a gentle diſpoſition, which had made

made her treat me in my melancholy condition without rigour, ſo ſhe made no ſcruple to believe the ſincerity of my promiſes.

I waited with impatience for the moment which was to carry me from a place inhabited by Armira and Arimont; when one day walking in the gardens belonging to the houſe, and amuſing myſelf in ſeeing a wall rebuilt, which joined to a door, that opened upon a great road, I perceived ſeveral men on horſeback going along. As the door was taken off the hinges, and the breach in the wall very large, they as eaſily ſaw me as I them; upon which one of them ordered the reſt to ſtop.---Theſe words made me reſolve to fly, but I could not do it ſoon enough to prevent two of them from being ſo near as to ſeize me; one of them took me in his arms, and, notwithſtanding my cries, regained the high road; I heard ſeveral piſtols go off behind me, and had given over any hopes of aſſiſtance, when I found him that held me and his company attacked by an equal number of men. He that was at the head of them, with piſtol in hand, commanded my raviſher to releaſe me; who anſwered him by firing his: but having miſſed his blow, my valiant deliverer ſeized on the bridle of his horſe, and clapping his piſtol cloſe to his head, diſpatched him. He no ſooner ſaw him ſtagger, than ſnatching me from him, he placed me before him, making a ſign to his attendants to follow him: they had engaged the reſt of them, but ſeeing their leader with his prey making off with full ſpeed, they joined him, and did the ſame. As for me, their combat had ſo terrified me, that I was in a ſwoon when my deliverer took me in his arms: he did not endeavour to bring me to myſelf, but made the beſt of his way to a houſe, which in all probability he was aſſured of. My raviſhers purſued him for ſome time, but having loſt ſight of him, and their leader being dead, they did not think proper to venture another combat, for intereſts entirely indifferent to them; ſo that the unknown, who had freed me, got thither

thither without danger. I had forgot to tell you, Madam, that the leader of my raviſhers was bare-faced, but entirely unknown to me; and that my deliverer being maſked, I could not diſcover who he was. As ſoon as he was in ſafety, he employed all his cares to fetch me to myſelf; in which he ſucceeded, and I recovered my ſenſes: as he cried Olympia, my dear Olympia, am I then once more permitted to ſee you! the ſound of his voice made me open my eyes, and I knew the unfortunate Arimont. Joy, fear, and ſhame, had like to have made me relapſe, but making an effort on myſelf, and diſentangling myſelf from the arms of Arimont; Add not to the horror of our fate, Sir, ſaid I to him, by tranſports equally offenſive to honour and nature; if you would have me take as an obligation the ſervice you have juſt done me, convince me that I rather owe it to the tenderneſs of a brother, than to the blind paſſion of a lover; for I cannot think you would take the title of a raviſher with regard to me; your virtue and mine convinces me of the contrary. You do me juſtice, anſwered he, and tho' I cannot drive from my heart ſentiments that make me ſhudder, yet my paſſion does not deprive me of my reaſon ſo far, as to make me deſirous of rendering you an accomplice of my crime; I don't ſeek to offend you, but to guard you from an enemy, which the laws of nature prevent my freeing you from. Would to Heaven, I could in every thing obſerve them. I have neglected nothing theſe three months to find out where you were, not with a deſign of entertaining you with a paſſion which we ought for ever to ſubdue, but to re ore you what I can't but know Emilia deſigned for you ſince ſhe left it to me, convinced that my father had it not in his power to do as much for you as he would have done. I was willing tc contribute to your eaſe in that point, by adding my eſtate to what Emilia had left you; and had made all poſſible enquiries after you, but to no effect; when the day before yeſterday a man belonging to me, whoſe fidelity I have experienced, came

came and gave me notice that Armira had prevailed on her ſteward, with a promiſe of a great reward, to run away with you; and that he being pretty well acquainted with my informer, had propoſed to him to be one of thoſe who were to ſupport him in that enterprize; to which he had conſented on purpoſe that he might have it in his power to ſerve me: that he had endeavoured to have got out of him at what place you was, but that was what the ſteward would not diſcover, aſſuring him he had not told it to any that was to accompany him, and that he had taken that precaution, that it might not be in the power of any one's indiſcretion to prejudice his deſign, and that the execution of it was fixed for this day. I gave Heaven thanks for this diſcovery; encouraging the man to be faithful to me; and having told him that I would follow him near enough not to miſs of him, he returned to Armira's ſteward. As for me, I provided myſelf with as many friends as he had men; and this morning having notice that he was ſetting out, I went out alone, and repaired to a neighbouring houſe where my people waited for me, and from whence I could ſee the road your raviſhers were to take: every thing happened as I intended it ſhould; I ſaw my man with the ſteward at the head of his troop; I followed with mine, and obſerved his motions ſo well, that by by-roads I purſued him to the cloiſter, where I ſaw them ſtop. As they halted, ſo did we, but far enough off to prevent their diſcovering us: I had not waited a quarter of an hour, when I ſaw the ſteward making off full ſpeed, and my man by his ſide; I made no doubt but that he had gotten you in his power, ſo without loſing time, we maſked ourſelves, and purſued them ſo diligently, your cries ſtill guiding us, that at length we overtook you: you know the reſt, dear Olympia, and I have nothing more to add, than to aſſure you, that I will attempt nothing contrary to your glory, which is a thouſand times dearer to me than my own life, and that my virtue is as great as my love.

I could not hear the latter end of Arimont's diſcourſe without ſhedding tears: his virtue weakened mine, which I believe would have been ſtronger, had his been leſs: I would have ceaſed loving him, but apprehended, with dread, his loving me no more; nevertheleſs I had command enough over myſelf, to hide from him ſuch extraordinary ſentiments. I thanked him for the ſuccour he had given me, and for his goodneſs in being willing to provide for me with regard to my fortune: I begged him not to ſtrip himſelf of his own eſtate; that what Emilia had left him, would be ſufficient to enable me to ſpend my days in a cloiſter; and that the laſt favour I had to beg of him, was to carry me back again to that from whence I had been taken.

The houſe in which we were, belonging to a friend of his, one of my deliverers, he ordered a coach to be got ready, and putting me into it, himſelf and his friends attending on horſeback, I returned ſafe, without any accident, to the nunnery. All this adventure had happened in five hours, ſo that I found the houſe ſtill alarmed with the loſs of me: Arimont led me to the lady abbeſs, who was extremely rejoiced to ſee me. I informed her of what had paſſed, and found ſo much ſatisfaction in praiſing Arimont, that I extolled his virtue to her in ſuch a manner, that ſhe eaſily perceived he was not ſo indifferent to me as he ought to have been; nevertheleſs ſhe thanked him, and praiſed his generoſity. They then concerted meaſures proper to ſecure to me the wealth he was deſirous of reſtoring; and the converſation turned upon intereſt entirely, without any mention of the ſentiments of our hearts; but when we were to part, they then waked with ſo much impetuoſity, that there was no mark left of the virtue I had ſo much boaſted of. Arimont's deſpair was ſo great, that it occaſioned mine; and never was any one ſo much embarraſſed as the lady abbeſs, at ſeeing the exceſs of our ſorrow; but yet ſhe did not fall from her character, but by diſcourſes, full of true wiſdom, calmed our tranſports,

ſports. Arimont begged her to tell him, where I was to go when I left her houſe; but ſhe refuſed him, promiſing him, that he ſhould hear news of me, thro' her: thus we parted, between hope and fear of never meeting more. The next day I ſet out for the place where the ſiſter to Clidanor's relation was governeſs, and it was there I contracted a friendſhip with the amiable Julia, your niece; the affection I had for her made me, without difficulty, conſent to be ſeen by you, tho' I knew you came from a town where you might have heard mention of me. I was in that houſe treated with the ſame gentleneſs, and had the ſame regard ſhewn me, as at the other: the lady abbeſs alone knew my adventures and birth. But whatever care was taken to conceal me, Arimont, once more, diſcovered my place of refuge; and I was forced to ſeek a retreat abſolutely unknown, leſt, being expoſed to the ſight of him, I might loſe the fruit I expected from the efforts my reaſon every day made on my tenderneſs. I left therefore this nunnery, and ſhut myſelf up in a ſolitude, where I was well aſſured I ſhould not be ſought for; it was a farm belonging to a lady that was retired into the houſe from whence I came; it was inhabited only by the farmer and his wife, who rented it of her. This place ſeemed to have been made on purpoſe to be unknown to the reſt of the world: the houſe was in the middle of a thick foreſt, more like a hermitage than a farm, ſurrounded with rocks and mountains. I repaired to this place with two young women, attendants that the lady abbeſs had allotted me; and pretended to be a relation of her's. I ſpent four years in this retreat, with a great deal more tranquillity than I could have expected. I often heard from both the houſes where I had been; they informed me of the death of Armira, and the confeſſion ſhe had made at her death, of the carrying away of Orſames. I admired her boundleſs ambition, and Arimont's probity; but what was moſt ſurprizing to me, was my own ſentiments; for, Madam, Arimont's proceeding with Beliſa charm-

ed me; not as an interested lover, but as a sister attentive to his glory. I read his name in the letters I received, and could even pronounce it without blushing, as I used to do. This alteration strengthened my reflections, and I at length repented my having had so long time contrary sentiments: I gave thanks to Heaven, and finding myself strong enough to persist in my resolutions, and having nothing more to fear from Armira, I desired to return to the nunnery where Celia was; but they would not as yet admit me, that I might be still better fortified.

I continued six months longer in my retreat; when, as a last piece of news to crown all, they sent me word that Orsames was returned, and of the friendship between him and Arimont: and as this took up the time of the latter very much, I might embrace this opportunity of returning. I readily complied, and re-entered into my nunnery with extreme joy, and I was received with the same: and as Arimont and Clidanor's relation had secured to me what Emilia had left, and that I could dispose of it where I pleased, I resolved to bestow it on the nunnery where I was, and to enter into their way of living, by taking vows, which might for ever hide me from the rest of the world: I had now passed my year of probation, during which time, my resolution and reason improved, and I got strength enough even to see the unhappy Arimont, who desired it so earnestly, that it was not thought proper to refuse him such a satisfaction, especially as there was nothing to be feared on my side. I received him as a brother, who was entirely dear to me, and to whom I was infinitely obliged; but I did not dare to express too much tenderness, lest I should have given him an opportunity to have shewn his. He saw the constraint I put upon myself, and regulating his behaviour accordingly, he hid from me as much as possible the affliction of his soul: he told me the history of Orsames and Julia, and I entertained him with the satisfaction I enjoyed in my retreat. Thus our interview passed in a mutual confidence in each

each other, notwithſtanding the conſtraint we both put upon ourſelves. Arimont deſired me to let him know the day I was to make my vows on; which I promiſed him, and ſo we parted.

As the part I acted was very proper for me as well in regard to the misfortune of my birth, as to the error I had been guilty of; ſo I ſhould have been very well pleaſed if my brother would have entered into ſome engagement, which might have taken from him, as well as me, all paſt remembrance of our unhappy adventures; but it was not decent for me to propoſe ſuch a thing to him; it might have drawn upon me an anſwer perhaps offenſive to my intentions, and I was not ſo well aſſured of myſelf, but that I apprehended his refuſal might either give me ſatisfaction, or elſe his conſent be an affliction to me: ſo I got his relation to propoſe it to him, and ſhe even offered him a very advantageous match. But he begged her not to preſs him on that head; Content yourſelf, Madam, ſaid he to her, with what reaſon has made me do, in relation to Olympia; my heart cannot admit of any other object; I admire her virtue, and eſteem her a thouſand times the more for it: I praiſe her change, and her reſolution; but it is impoſſible for me to imitate her; all that I can do, is not to let her diſcover any tokens of my deſpair. This is all that could be got from him. I was extremely touched at the ſituation his mind was in; but as the ſtate of mine was a work of five years, my concern did not retard my reſolution. It is now eight days ſince I put my happy deſign in execution, by dedicating myſelf for ever to Him on whom alone depends the felicity of mankind. I gave Arimont notice of it, according to my promiſe; but hearing no news of him, I apprehend ſomething that is dreadful: I pray inceſſantly to Heaven for him, and pour forth my moſt ardent vows for the return of his reaſon and tranquility.

A Story of Sir Richard STEELE.

AN intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day after he had been lately married, and juſt then ſet up his Chariot. His lady two or three times at dinner aſked him if he uſed the Chariot that afternoon: to which he only anſwered, Oyſters. When the tablecloth was taken away, ſhe ſaid, Well, my dear, I'll take the Chariot. To which he again reply'd, Oyſters, my dear.----She dropt a curtſy, and confeſſed ſhe was in an error, and ſtood reproved.—On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus addreſſed him: "Sir, as abſurd as your anſwer might ſeem to others, I know your manner ſo well, that I am aſſured there is ſome moral inſtruction in your word Oyſters: as it muſt be ſome gentle humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the ſecret of it." You know, ſays Sir Richard, we have juſt ſet up a Chariot; and being apprehenſive it might have ſuch an effect on my wife's heart, that ſhe might inconſiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakneſs of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a ſtory of a young fellow who had lately ſet up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it;—which was as follows:

"Ned Sparkiſh, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, ſet up an equipage, and commenced petit maitre. He was ſo fond of his Chariot, that he was ſeldom out of it, or making ſome mention of it. He was one day walking with ſome gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them aſked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-houſe at Charing-croſs.—With all my heart, my dear, ſays Ned; I'll ſtep to my ſervant, and give ſome orders about my Chariot—and be with you again in a moment.—On this, another gentleman ſaid, How can you aſk that coxcomb to be with us? we ſhall hear of nothing but his Chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine he talks of it within ten minutes after he come

comes into the room.—As I think that impoſſible, ſays another, it is a bet.—Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were ſcarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, propoſed having ſome Oyſters before dinner as a whet; but at the ſame time feared there were none freſh enough at that end of the town, and propoſed to ſend to Billingſgate for ſome. It was objected that would take too much time, otherwiſe they approved of his motion.—Nay, ſays Sparkiſh, let that be no objection; my Chariot is at the door, and I'll diſpatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the Oyſters in half an hour at fartheſt.—You ſee, continues Sir Richard, the intent of this ſtory, on how abſurd a foundation ſoever it may be built: I told it my wife as a family-piece of inſtruction; and you ſee that ſhe has good ſenſe enough, on the mention of Oyſters, to ſee and to confeſs her error.

The Hiſtory of ALCANOR and EUDOSIA.

ALCANOR was the ſon of a London merchant, bred up to the buſineſs of his father, to which he ſucceeded in his early youth; and in a little time diſtinguiſhed himſelf, not only by his knowledge in trade, but alſo by his probity of heart, and generoſity of ſentiment. Nor was he deficient in perſonal accompliſhments: his figure was remarkably agreeable; his addreſs was engaging; and no pains had been ſpared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

He was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he firſt beheld, at a public aſſembly, the elegant and amiable Eudoſia, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumſtances were well known. He was deeply ſtruck with her external appearance; and, having found means to inſinuate himſelf into her acquaintance, diſcovered a thouſand charms in her

understanding and disposition, which at once completed the conquest of his heart. It was not long before he disclosed his passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

After some time spent in the indearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception; and Alcanor was admitted into the family on the footing of a future son-in-law. The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties, when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents at the close of the last war, Alcanor was obliged to stop payment. He communicated his distress to Eudosia's father; and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge his debts; though they were so scattered, that he could not call them in time enough to support his credit. The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of assistance: on the contrary, he told him bluntly, that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbad him the house. The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary share of sensibility: he retired to his own house, his heart bursting with grief and indignation. The generous Eudosia being apprised of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Alcanor, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms; assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage. He made due acknowledgements to his amiable mistress for this mark of her disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal which might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being sordid and selfish. He made haste to settle his accounts,

and

and ſatisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eudoſia, releaſing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever ſuch a perſon exiſted. Immediately after this addreſs, he diſappeared, and no perſon could tell in what manner: people, in general, ſuppoſed he had made away with himſelf in deſpair. Eudoſia was overwhelmed with the moſt poignant ſorrow, which intailed upon her a lingering diſtemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave. Though nature triumphed over the diſeaſe, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which ſettled into a fixed melancholy that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impreſſion on her father's heart. Her only brother dying of a conſumption, ſhe became the ſole heireſs of a conſiderable fortune; and many advantageous matches were propoſed without effect. At length, ſhe plainly told her father, that he had once made her miſerable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy; for ſhe had made a ſolemn vow to heaven, that ſhe would never join her fate to any other man but him on whom he had allowed her to beſtow her affection. The merchant was thunderſtruck at this declaration; he ſaw himſelf deprived, by his own cruel avarice, of that happineſs, which he had flattered himſelf with in the hope of enjoying a riſing generation of his own poſterity: he became penſive and ſullen; loſt his ſenſes; and in a few months expired.

Eudoſia purchaſed a retired houſe in the country, where ſhe gave a full ſcope to her ſorrow, while ſhe lived the life of a ſaint, and ſpent the beſt part of her time, as well as fortune, in the exerciſe of charity and benevolence; witneſs the ſighs that are ſtill uttered by all that knew her, when her name his pronounced: witneſs the tears of the widow and the fatherleſs, that are daily ſhed upon her tomb.

Alcanor, deſperate in his fortune and his love, took a paſſage in a Spaniſh ſhip for Cadiz, under the name of Benſon; and as he underſtood the languages, as well as the management of accompts, he was admitted,

mitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the flota, bound for South America. He ſettled at La Vera Cruz; and Fortune ſo proſpered his endeavours, that, in a few years, he was maſter of forty thouſand piſtoles. But neither proſperity, nor the univerſal eſteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could ſooth the anguiſh of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eudoſia, whoſe charms ſtill dwelt upon his imagination. At length, impatient of living ſo long in ignorance of her ſituation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there in a Britiſh bottom took ſhipping for England. At the Race of Portland, the ſhip was attacked by a paultry French privateer, and Alcanor had the misfortune to receive a ſhot in his neck, which appeared very dangerous. After the privateer had ſheered off, he deſired that he might be put aſhore at the neareſt land, as there was no ſurgeon on board; and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eudoſia's dwelling. He was obliged to take up his lodging at a wretched public houſe, and diſpatched an expreſs to the next town for a ſurgeon; but before he arrived the unfortunate Alcanor had loſt his eye-ſight, in conſequence of his wound, and his fever was conſiderably increaſed. The humane Eudoſia, being made acquainted with the circumſtances of his diſtreſs, without dreaming it was her beloved Alcanor, deſired a worthy old clergyman, who was rector of the pariſh, to take her chariot, and bring the wounded gentleman to her houſe, where he might be properly attended and accommodated. Thither he was carried accordingly, and there firſt viſited by the ſurgeon, who, after having dreſſed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery. He heard this ſentence without emotion; and deſired he might have an opportunity to thank the lady of the houſe for the charitable compaſſion ſhe had manifeſted towards a ſtranger in diſtreſs.

The tender-hearted Eudoſia, being informed of his requeſt,

requeſt, immediately viſited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion. Approaching his bedſide, ſhe condoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think himſelf at home, and command every thing in her houſe as freely as if it were his own. He no ſooner heard her voice than he ſtarted; and raiſing himſelf in his bed, rolled his eyes around as if in queſt of ſome favourite object. His ear was more faithful than his memory: he remembered and was affected by the ſtrain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed: after ſome pauſe he exclaimed, "Excellent lady! I could wiſh to live, in order to expreſs my gratitude: but it will not be—you have given ſhelter to a poor wearied pilgrim; and your charity muſt be ſtill farther extended in ſeeing his body committed to the duſt. I have, moreover, another favour to aſk, namely, that you and this good clergyman will atteſt my laſt will, which is locked in a paper-caſe, depoſited in my portmanteau." So ſaying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was deſired to recite it aloud in the hearing of all preſent. The will was written by the hand of Alcanor himſelf, who, in conſideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eudoſia, which nothing but death ſhould eraze from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly ſubſtance, excluſive of ſome charitable legacies. When the name of Alcanor was pronounced, Eudoſia ſtarted, grew pale, and trembled with ſtrong emotion: yet ſhe conſidered his ſituation, and reſtrained her tranſports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair ſhook under her with the violence of her agony. The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this ſcene. He had often heard the ſtory of her unfortunate love, and by his ſenſible conſolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and reſignation. He no ſooner perceived the names of Alcanor and Eudoſia in the will, than he was ſeized with extreme wonder, and ſympathizing

ſorrow. His voice faultered; the tears ran down his cheeks, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he read the paper to an end. Then obſerving the agitation of Eudoſia, he conducted her into another room, where, her grief and ſurprize becoming too ſtrong for her conſtitution, ſhe fainted away in the arms of her companion. When ſhe recovered from this ſwoon, ſhe gave vent to her ſorrow in a loud paſſion of tears and exclamation: after which ſhe became more calm; and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Alcanor for an interview with his long loſt Eudoſia. He forthwith returned to the merchant; but was in too much confuſion to communicate the diſcovery with diſcretion and compoſure.

Alcanor, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's diſorder, and was not a little ſurpriſed at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an aſſemblage of the moſt intereſting ideas before the doctor returned; and when he began to expatiate on the myſterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the ſtranger, who, raiſing his head, and claſping his hands, exclaimed aloud, "O bountiful heaven! it muſt—it muſt be the incomparable Eudoſia!" At that inſtant ſhe entered the apartment, kneeled by the bed-ſide, and taking him by the hand, "It is (cried ſhe) the unfortunate Eudoſia—O my Alcanor! Is it thus we meet!" A long ſilence enſued, during which he bathed her hand with his tears—At length he ſpoke to this effect: "Theſe are not the tears of ſorrow but of joy ——Eudoſia then lives! ſhe remembers——ſhe retains her regard for the hapleſs Alcanor?——it was indeed the kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hoſpitable ſhore——could I once more behold thoſe dear features which I have ſo often contemplated with admiration and delight——but I am ſatisfied."—— The ſequel of this affecting ſcene I cannot pretend to deſcribe—Alcanor's wound at the next dreſſing had the appearance of a beginning gangrene: nevertheleſs, the ball which had been lodged among the nerves

and

and ſinews of the neck, was now with eaſe extracted, and his eye-ſight was immediately reſtored. Having ſettled his temporal affairs, and made his peace with heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms of Eudoſia, who was the ſole and laſt object on which his eyes were ſtrained. She did not long ſurvive her unfortunate lover. Her grief at length exhauſted her conſtitution, and brought her to the grave, after ſhe had endowed alms-houſes for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handſome fortune to her kinſwoman; a conſiderable preſent to the clergyman, and a large ſum to the poor of the pariſh. At her own deſire ſhe was buried in the ſame grave with her lover, and over them is raiſed a plain unembelliſhed tomb of black marble, with this modeſt inſcription: "Dedicated to the memory of ALCANOR and EUDOSIA."

The Hiſtory of FREDERIC and SOPHIA.

SOphia, the amiable daughter of Mr. Jonathan Sternly, a man of fortune but of low extraction, at the age of eighteen, accidentally became acquainted with the ſprightly and engaging Frederic Vere, a youth of twenty, finely accompliſhed, and of an unblemiſhed character: but in point of wealth, Fortune had not ſmiled upon him. This acquaintance ſoon cauſed an equal love between them; which they endeavoured not to conceal from each other, but mutually revealed. Theſe engagements were carried on for ſome time without the knowledge of Mr. Sternly; who at length diſcovered them. Having been all his life the ſlave of riches, his mind was devoid of every generous ſentiment; and no other paſſion had place in his breaſt than the love of money. This alone engaged his thoughts; this alone was his predominant deſire; and to this, as his divinity, he paid his only ſincere

sincere adoration. To such a man, the alliance of his daughter with Mr. Vere would be horrible to think of. To secure her from his attacks, he determined to marry her to a man of his own chusing; and, to this end, proposed to Sophia his friend Mr. Oldcastle, a widower immensely rich, and not disagreeable in his person.

Sensible of his daughter's attachment to young Vere, he despaired of obtaining by soft methods the attainment of his purpose. He therefore resolved at once to use severity, which, to his brutal temper, appeared the only means from which success to his design might be expected. Having laid his plan, he told her that as she had been ever remarkable for her duty and affection, the natural consequence of those virtuous precepts her deceased excellent mother had instilled into her, he hoped she would give him no cause to think the corruptions of the age had poisoned her mind, now she had attained the years of discretion. He then opened his intentions of marrying her to Mr. Oldcastle, on whose virtues and wealth he made a long harangue; and gave her to understand he expected from her prudence, that she would not have the folly to name, as an obstacle to so advantageous a match, any silly affection she might have for that prating coxcomb, young Vere. He told her that with him she would marry beggary, contempt, poverty, wretchedness, and profligacy; and with Mr. Oldcastle, every blessing that love, pomp and splendor, riches and honours could bestow, sufficient to rival the first dutchess in the land. Finally, he told her that he gave her four days to consider of it: if she did not comply to his will, he would not own her as his daughter, but would convey her to an uncle in the East-Indies, where she would be far enough from the attempts of her lover, the poor, yet fine Mr. Frederic Vere. With these words, pronounced with a sneer, he left his speechless, confounded, and now wretched daughter.

So unexpected a change overwhelmed the unfortunate

nate Sophia in the extremeſt miſery. She determined to ſeek her father, and uſe the moſt pathetic eloquence in her power, to avert this cruel reſolution; though the known obſtinacy of his temper, when intereſt and any proſpects of advantage were in view, deprived her even of that comfort in affliction, hope. But how was ſhe ſurpriſed when, in endeavouring to go down ſtairs, ſhe found herſelf a priſoner in the room. She now gave way to the violent emotions of grief and rage, till a flood of tears relieved her. When her paſſion a little ſubſided, ſhe wrote a letter to her dear Frederic, and acquainted him with her preſent unhappineſs. An unthought-of difficulty now appeared, how ſhe ſhe was to convey it to him. She ran to the window, which looked into a paſſage, and fortunately ſaw a porter whom ſhe knew. Flinging up the ſaſh, ſhe ſoftly called to him, and adding on the cover a direction to ſtay for an anſwer, joyfully flung the letter down into his hat with an extraordinary reward. Her dinner was brought her: ſhe eat none. She demanded to ſee her father; and was told he was from home. She attempted to go down ſtars: but the key had been turned on the other ſide. Finding all the ſervants were in a conſpiracy againſt her, ſhe abandoned herſelf to deſpair. When alone, ſhe never moved from the window till the porter returned; who at length brought her advice, that the gentleman was from home, and would not be returned for a week. This news made her quite frantic. She looked upon herſelf now as undone for ever. At night ſhe was led to her chamber, and locked in. She had every requeſt ſhe deſired; but was never left at liberty a moment. The four days thus elapſed, and no news from Frederic, nor did ſhe once in that time ſee her father, though ſhe made the moſt preſſing requeſts, and offered all-powerful gold; but Mr. Sternly's influence too much prevailed even for that tempting bait to ſucceed. She wrote to her father, and tried to ſooth him to compaſſion: but no ſervant, and ſhe ſaw only ſuch, could be induced to deliver

deliver her letter. In the evening of the fourth day he entered the room. Sophia flew to him, fell on her knees, and burſting into tears, aſked him what ſhe had done to deſerve ſuch ſeverity. He raiſed her up, bid her be compoſed; and reſuming the ſame ſubject of Mr. Oldcaſtle, told her how the world would approve her choice, and how much the alliance of ſuch a man was to be deſired by every prudent perſon; a man who adored her, and with whom ſhe might enjoy the moſt perfect earthly happineſs. She offered to ſpeak----he ſtopped her, and proceeded to hold up to her view the flattering picture of riches, wealth, and grandeur. Her patience being exhauſted, ſhe forcibly interrupted him, expatiated on the vanity of riches, their utter impoſſibility to confer happineſs, and that a marriage founded on intereſt alone would be productive of nought but wretchedneſs. She told him, that by the bleſſing of heaven upon his endeavours, he had already amaſſed a vaſt fortune; that ſhe was his only child; and why ſhould he deſire to make her miſerable only to obtain a greater acceſſion of wealth, which he had already in ſuch abundance. She ſaid ſhe could not diſcharge the duty of a wife to Mr. Oldcaſtle, whom ſhe could never love; and that an union with him in marriage would be equally unfortunate to them both. After leaving no argument uneſſayed to avert her father's purpoſe, ſhe concluded with ſolemnly appealing to heaven, that if he would no more purſue his intreaties for Mr. Oldcaſtle, ſhe would immediately break off every engagement with Mr. Vere, and never without her father's conſent admit his addreſſes, or even ſee him; and again falling on her knees, ſhe humbly implored her father, if he valued her peace and happineſs, would no longer preſs her to ſuch a hated marriage.

Mr. Sternly's countenance betrayed his diſpleaſure. He expreſſed his amazement, that ſuch romantic ideas had taken ſo deep root in her mind, and made her blind to her own intereſt and future good. He ſaid he knew expoſtulation would be vain to ſo perverſe a diſpoſition;

diſpoſition: he ſhould therefore uſe none. This reſolution was fixed. Mr. Oldcaſtle he determined ſhe ſhould eſpouſe, or the next ſhip ſhould carry her to the Indies. Terrified, ſhe ſunk into his arms. Mr. Oldcaſtle at that inſtant appeared; at whoſe approach ſhe ſhut her half-cloſed eyes, and fainted away. Recovering, ſhe found the ſame deteſted object on his knees before her. He repeated all that Mr. Sternly had ſaid: and both the father and the lover now ſo cloſely beſet her, that, to be eaſed of their importunities, ſhe requeſted to withdraw to repoſe, on allegation that ſhe found herſelf extremely ill; which, from the tumults of her mind, was not feigned.

After a night paſſed without ſleep, in the midſt of terror and diſtraction, Sophia was the next morning called by her father; who in the tendereſt manner acquainted her Mr. Oldcaſtle waited to give her his hand. She burſt into tears; Mr. Sternly knit his brows; and turning ſhort upon her, withdrew, after telling her he expected ſhe would riſe immediately. She found all interceſſion was vain; ſhe found herſelf without aſſiſtance, forſaken, deſtitute: ſhe found ſhe muſt ſubmit to be miſerable and wretched. At one time ſhe determined to refuſe her hand, and even embrace the alternative propoſed by her father of going to the Eaſt-Indies: her terrors prevented her. The conſequences of ſuch a ſtep were unknown, and appeared as dreadful as her preſent miſery. And the unfortunate Sophia, at laſt, was led a helpleſs victim to the nuptial rites, which were inſtantly celebrated, though with extreme difficulty, and not without many interruptions, between her and Mr. Oldcaſtle, in her own chamber.

Mr. Vere had been ſuddenly ſent for into the country by an aunt who was dying. His notice was ſo ſhort, that he had not had time to acquaint Sophia of his journey. He had been there only five days when this relation died, and bequeathed him her whole eſtate, amounting to eight hundred pounds a year, tho' in her life-time, on account of a quarrel ſhe had with

with Mr. Vere's father, ſhe had never owned him for her nephew, or taken the ſmalleſt notice of him. But the joy attending the poſſeſſion of this unexpected fortune to the generous Vere, was not, in itſelf, half ſo great as the conſideration that he might now, openly, and without fear of Mr. Sternly's diſapprobation, pay his addreſſes to his daughter. How great then was his aſtoniſhment and dread at his return, when he read Sophia's letter, wrote by her while under confinement! How did he rave that this letter had not been ſent after him into the country, when he learnt with horror, that on the very day he received his acceſſion of fortune, ſhe, whom he prized infinitely more than riches, became the wife of Mr. Oldcaſtle.

After the firſt efforts of his grief were paſt, he determined to go to Ireland, where part of his eſtate laid; and ſince he could now no longer hope for an union with his dear Sophia, to abandon a country, which, from the remembrance of paſt ſcenes, and the poſſibility of meeting with her whom he loved, was now become ſo diſagreeable to him.

Five years elapſed, and Mrs. Oldcaſtle was ſtill unhappy; rendered ſtill more ſo by the knowledge, when too late, of the obſtacle having been removed that had prevented their union. Time and abſence had abated her paſſion for Frederic; but could not extinguiſh it. Mr. Oldcaſtle was tender, kind, and even agreeable. He really loved her; and though naturally covetous, yet to her he was profuſely generous. But ſtill Mr. Oldcaſtle was not Mr. Vere. One evening Sophia and her huſband were at Ranelagh, when, to her amazement, as ſhe was walking in the rotunda, Frederic paſſed her. Sophia turned pale, and feeling herſelf affected, pretended ſudden illneſs, and deſired to return home; willing to eſcape from a place, by the conſtruction of which ſhe muſt unavoidably often encounter that object whoſe preſence had ſuch an effect upon her.

The climate of Ireland not agreeing with Mr. Vere, he had returned to England, to recover his health; and

and this accidental meeting with Mrs. Oldcaſtle revived a flame he had with great pains endeavoured to overcome. He bethought himſelf of a ſcheme, which, if he could eſtabliſh it, would be a great alleviation to his thoughts. This was to found a correſpondence by letters between Sophia and him; vainly imagining that it might be carried on as between friends, without creating any inconvienience, or reviving farther a paſſion, which would now be criminal. Blinded by love, the thought delighted him: he wrote to Sophia in the cooleſt manner, and with the moſt bewitching perſuaſions; yet, ſeemingly convincing as to the innocency of the intention, prevailed on her to embrace the fatal propoſal. In every letter expreſſions inſenſibly grew warmer; till abſence, and this diſtant communication in writing, became diſguſting and inſupportable. An interview between them was at laſt determined; which, nevertheleſs, they weakly imagined might be conducted with equal innocence and honour.——They met ——and were undone!

Crimes once committed moſt times are repeated. Their meetings were now frequent; and the virtue of Sophia, which at firſt had been ſhocked at her own conduct, was now vanquiſhed, and ſubdued to guilty love.

Such was the criminal ſcene for the ſpace of three years; in the courſe of which Sophia had two children, and Mr. Oldcaſtle fondly believed them to be his own. Unfortunately ſhe one day left upon her toilet a letter ſhe had received from Mr. Vere, appointing the hour of an interview. Mr. Oldcaſtle coming into the room, took up the paper, read it, was amazed, confounded, and could ſcarce believe his eyes. At firſt he concluded it was an infamous attempt of ſome perſon, to create a diſturbance in his family: but caſting his eyes on the table, he obſerved his wife's pocket-book, and on opening it found ſeveral other letters, on different occaſions, written in a man's hand, and full of paſſionate expreſſions. He now reflected that he had obſerved his wife to have been

been of late very much from home; and he no longer doubted of her infamy. He reſolved to take no notice of what he had ſeen, but patiently wait till the hour appointed, detect her in her villany, and diſcover the enemy of his peace. Leaving, therefore, the letter and pocket-book in the ſame order he found them, he haſtily withdrew out of the chamber, and went into the city, that his wife, when ſhe diſcovered the careleſſneſs ſhe had been guilty of, might have no room to think her huſband had been there.

At five o'clock that day, Mrs. Oldcaſtle went from home on pretence of paying a viſit to a female acquaintance. Mr. Oldcaſtle had provided a man to watch her, and bring him advice of the houſe where ſhe went. He did ſo; and Mr. Oldcaſtle immediately ſet out for the place. Arriving at the houſe, he ran up ſtairs, and looking firſt into one room, and then in another, at laſt came to that wherein were Sophia and Frederick. Hearing a voice, he conjectured this muſt be the room. He had a large club in his hand; with this he ſtruck a violent blow againſt the door, which being ſlightly bolted, flew open, and diſcovered to his view Mrs. Oldcaſtle ſitting on Frederic's knee, with her arm careleſsly flung round his neck. Sophia, ſcreaming, ſtarted from Mr. Vere, who, ſeeing Mr. Oldcaſtle draw, ſnatched his ſword from the table. Mrs. Oldcaſtle ruſhed between them; and, falling on her knees, uttered ſome incoherent words in the terror of confuſion and diſtraction. "Avaunt, perfidious woman! exclaimed her huſband, is this your return for all my love? But I will revenge myſelf, thou infamous proſtitute," and ſpurning her from him with his feet, made a furious paſs at Frederic, who, parrying the ſtroke, ſpoke in broken accents, "Mr. Oldcaſtle—have patience, Sir---do not be ſo violent—be calm—do not let your paſſion hurry you to ſuch raſhneſs.—For God's ſake, Sir—you will repent this violence———" Mr. Vere kept all this while on the defenſive. "Wretch (cried Mr. Oldcaſtle) talk not to me of patience; have you not baſely injured me, and

and robbed me of the affections of my wife---have you not ruined my peace for ever?"----and with theſe words he drove Mr. Vere up to a corner of the room, who, not being able to defend himſelf there, endeavoured to cloſe with his antagoniſt, and wreſt his ſword from him; but in the attempt received a deep wound in his left breaſt.

Sophia was running about the room, and on the ſtair-caſe, ſcreaming and raving like a diſtracted woman. This brought up the people of the houſe, who came time enough only to ſee Mr. Vere fall, and to hear him exclaim with a faultering voice to Mr. Oldcaſtle, "Oh, Sir—forgive me—It is I that have been to blame, not your wife—It was my imprudence that ——" what more he uttered could not be diſtinguiſhed; but dropping with loſs of blood, he immediately expired. Sophia had fainted Mr. Oldcaſtle ſtood a few minutes aghaſt at the ſcene before him; and whilſt thoſe in the room were endeavouring to recover Sophia, flew out of the houſe without ſpeaking. He was purſued; but had mingled with the croud, and the evening being dark, eſcaped to his own houſe; where he inſtantly packed up in a little box all his notes and caſh, and calling a coach, drove to an inn at a remote part of the city, where he was unknown. Early in the morning he ſet off for Dover, which he reached at night, and the packet-boat conveyed him the next day to France. With difficulty Mrs. Oldcaſtle recovered; and ſeeing the bleeding body of Mr. Vere, relapſed again. Being carried into an adjoining room, ſhe raved in ſo frantic a manner, that her brain appeared to be diſordered. This flung her into a violent fever. She was put to bed, and phyſicians ſent for: but every day ſhe grew worſe and worſe, and at the end of a fortnight, death relieved her from her pains.

It was at firſt propoſed by Mr. Vere's relations to out-law Mr. Oldcaſtle: but as this would be attended with the forfeiture of his effects to the crown, it was judged prudent to drop this meaſure, as Mrs. Oldcaſtle's two children, univerſally believed to be her

offſpring

offspring by Mr. Vere, would inherit Mr. Oldcastle's estates, being deemed in the law to be his own children.

Mr. Oldcastle having signed, at Dover, a letter of attorney to a friend, to make him remittances from time to time, spent the remainder of a miserable life at Poictiers in France, where he died, and in his last moments betrayed all the horrors of a wounded conscience; while Mr. Sternly in England passed his days with equal compuction for his own rash conduct. His grand-children, whom he could behold with no pleasure, he committed to the care of a trusty friend; and, by his will, ordered an inscription to be engraven on his monument, in these words, "Parents, beware of forcing the inclinations of your children."

Such was the fatal consequence of a marriage forced upon a dutiful daughter, by an inexorable father, who, refusing to listen to the voice of affection, sacrificed her to a man she detested. Such too was the sad event of an imprudence in reviving an engagement, by a correspondence inadequate to answer any good end or purpose, which necessarily brought after it a train of evils; thereby demonstrating how dangerous it is to venture beyond the verge of rectitude, and according to the old and wise adage, How carefully all approaches to, and appearances of evil, should be avoided: for the appearance of crimes will bring on crimes themselves; and when once engaged in sin, no one can know when he shall stop. Who can say, Thus far I will go, and no farther?

Let it be then observed, that as Sophia was willing to make a noble sacrifice of her affections to her duty, in denying her hand to Mr. Vere, so the conduct of her father was from thence highly criminal. He should have considered, that there is a mutual duty between parent and daughter, which the laws of nature, reason, and justice, demand an inviolable observation of; and that in forcing his daughter to marry without her own consent, he transgressed that duty. Mr. Oldcastle, as he assisted the father in his unjust purpose,

was

was equally faulty; and beſides, ſhould have reflected that a forced marriage, eſpecially where the affections are engaged by a prior object, not being founded on virtue, love, or even intereſt, is deſtitute of every ſupport, and can only be productive of unhappineſs and misfortune.

HISTORY of ERASTUS and ELIZA.

ERASTUS, at the expiration of his clerkſhip to a merchant, ſaw himſelf in poſſeſſion of a fortune, which in a few years with ſucceſs might have encreaſed to the height of his ambition. He made a favourable impreſſion on the heart of the fair Eliza, his maſter's daughter, and married her ſoon after he was ſettled, with the conſent of her father, who retired from buſineſs, and paſſed the remainder of his days in eaſe and calmneſs.

They had but a few years enjoyed the happineſs they imparted to each other, before Eraſtus, by unexpected oſſes, and the bankruptcy of a houſe abroad, was robbed of all his fortune. He now for ever looked on the lovely Eliza with pain. "Canſt thou ſtill love the man who has reduced thee to poverty? Indeed thou canſt, ſaid he, preſſing her hand with all imaginable tenderneſs. Heaven knows I have not brought my misfortunes on myſelf—we muſt not repine, and yet ſo lovely a family"——at which time he caſt his eyes on his little rogues who where playing on the carpet, and then on his Eliza. He ſaw the tear flow down her cheek, and wept. Whatever ſhe could ſuggeſt to give him eaſe, ſhe ſpoke with all the tenderneſs imaginable; "We will not weep then, my Eliza, perhaps we may yet know happier hours." The attention of the little ones was drawn by their tears. One aſked the mother why ſhe wept; and another with

with inquiſitive love, why papa cried: Eraſtus kiſſed them, and ſaid he would weep no more, bad them be good, and heaven would bleſs them.

Thus paſſed their hours till his affairs were ſettled, when he paid to the utmoſt whatever he owed to mankind; ſuch was his character that many offered him money, which he declined, as he had already found that induſtry could not inſure ſucceſs. By others he was adviſed to go abroad, and look into the affairs of the houſe by the bankruptcy of which he had ſo conſiderably ſuffered. This he reſolved on. When he told his intention to Eliza, ſhe wept at the thoughts of parting; ſhe dreaded the danger he would be expoſed to more than poverty itſelf, and would not liſten to him, unleſs he would conſent to her accompanying him on the voyage. "Alas! thou beſt of women, you forget your condition. Eliza cannot think that any thing but the hopes of bettering our fortunes could prevail on me to leave her. Where I to wait till the time was paſt when you might accompany me without hazarding your life, the delay might be dangerous; even then thy tender limbs could but poorly endure the fatigue. I go, that Eliza, her little ones, and that infant, which ſoon will claim its ſhare of my affection, may never taſte the bitter cup of poverty. The little remainder of our fortunes I will leave with thee; if that ſhould be exhauſted, which heaven forbid, before I am enabled to congratulate thee on our happier circumſtances, ſure then thou couldſt not know the miſery of abſolute want: thy Eraſtus ſtill has friends; I have been unfortunate, my Eliza, but not baſe."

By arguments of this kind he prevailed on her to acquieſce in his deſign. "Support yourſelf in my abſence, ſaid he, we ſhall not long labour under misfortunes we have not deſerved. If any thing advantageous ſhould happen to fix me abroad, will Eliza follow me?" "Will—how can Eraſtus doubt it, ſaid the lovely wife; with you no climate can be diſpleaſing, without you no circumſtances can make me happy."

py." "Thou dear, dear woman, ſaid he, claſping her in his arms, how have I deſerved thy love?"

At length the time came which was to ſeparate them from each other; no words can expreſs the pain they felt at parting; Eraſtus, who had, without knowing it, ſupported himſelf by endeavouring to ſupport his Eliza, wept when he embraced his beſt of wives. The tears choaked his voice, when he told his little ones to be dutiful to their mother. At the laſt embrace he would have ſpoke, but found the effort vain; he gazed on her a few moments with a look which may be eaſier conceived than deſcribed, and ſilent left her in all the grief a human breaſt can know.

Eliza now retired to one of the environs, where her thoughts were generally employed upon Eraſtus: ſometimes when they had wandered from their uſual ſubject, they were recalled to it by one of the little ones aſking where papa was? Upon which ſhe could not help pointing out the diſtant hills, and ſaying, that he was a thouſand times more diſtant than they were, an idea but ſeldom awakened without producing tears.

Happily for her, ſhe received a letter from him with aſſurances of his welfare, at a time when ſhe moſt wanted conſolation; and ſome months after came to her hands the following:

"My deareſt Eliza,

"You will naturally believe I write this with the utmoſt joy, ſince I can inform my deareſt wife, that I am now ſettled in ſuch a way, as may ſoon make up for our late ill fortune. A more particular account I reſerve till I am happy in thy converſation. I have ſent a bill, though I cannot ſuppoſe you want it, that nothing may poſſibly detain you from my arms. Haſte to a huſband, who loves you better than himſelf, and believe that abſence has made you dearer to him than ever."

Eliza no ſooner received this welcome letter, than ſhe began to prepare for her departure: by the firſt veſſel therefore that was ready ſhe ſet ſail, and took with her a female ſervant to aſſiſt her in the care

of the children. She found no other, ſcarce indeed ſo many, inconveniences as ſhe expected, which aroſe from the humanity of the captain, who, unlike moſt of his brethren, compaſſionated the inconveniences which attend thoſe who are unaccuſtomed to the ſea.

The wiſh'd-for ſhore was now in view, and Eliza's heart exulted at the thoughts of her approaching happineſs. Scarce however was ſhe landed, before her ſpirits ſunk at the appearance of a funeral which paſſed by her; her ill-boding fancy immediately ſuggeſted to her that it might poſſibly be her huſband; ſhe could not avoid enquiring who it was, when ſhe heard that it was a ſtranger, whoſe name was Eraſtus. The colour left her cheek, ſhe fainted in the arms of her maid, and recovering found herſelf in the houſe of a ſtranger whoſe hoſpitality was awakened by the appearance of her diſtreſs. "Was it for this, ſaid ſhe, I paſſed the dangers of the ſea?—Unhappy woman in having eſcaped its perils: alas! I promiſed myſelf ſome years of uninterrupted happineſs. Good heaven, my ſorrows will end but with my life." Thus did ſhe exclaim in broken ſentences, till again ſhe ſunk her fainting head, and found herſelf ſupported at her recovery by the huſband ſhe imagined to be no more. At firſt ſhe ſpoke to him with an incoherent wildneſs which indicated the diſorder of her mind; till at length, grown calmer, ſhe ſaid, "Was it deluſion all —— And do I live once more to behold the man I love?" "It was, it was, Eliza, ſaid he, preſſing her to his boſom, thy huſband lives, and we ſhall now be bleſs'd."

As ſoon as this exceſs of joy was ſomewhat abated, Eliza deſired an account of what had happened to him ſince he left her; and aſked if he knew how ſhe came to receive that melancholy information which made her the moſt miſerable of human beings.

"As ſoon, my dear, ſaid he, as I came over, I found that the affairs of the houſe were not, by much, in ſo bad a way as was firſt imagined, and ſome time after received a larger ſum from it than ever I expected.

pected. This, and an opportunity which now presented itself of my settling greatly to my advantage, gave me excessive spirits, and I began to hope, as I wrote my Eliza, that happier hours might now await us.

"It was not long after my writing that letter, which bad thee hasten to my arms, that a stranger came to this part of the island, in hopes of improving his health. Amongst others, I went to pay him my respects. Can you conceive what pleasure mingled with surprize and pain I felt, when in this stranger I beheld a brother? This was the brother whom Eliza has heard me mention. He was banished by my father for some indiscretion of youth, and left his native country with the little fortune which had been given him by his grandfather. He settled on a distant part of this island, where he made a conquest (for his person was remarkably fine) of a widow, who possessed one of the largest estates upon it.

"He was overjoyed to see me. I cannot much longer continue here, said he; I am going to the eternal abode appointed for human nature. Since my banishment from my father's house, heaven has blessed me with success. I am told he forgave me with his dying breath: good old man——You are now, Erastus, the only remaining of our family: I little dreamed of ever seeing you again; but heaven is kind. The terrors of dissolution are lessened at the sight of thee. 'Tis not an unpleasing reflection, that thy friendly hand will close my eyes. Beware, Erastus, nor misemploy the wealth I shall leave thee; it was got with honour. I can scarcely advise thee to marry; 'tis to the loss of the best of wives, which was soon followed by that of an only child, that I owe my present disorder. We were happy. She was the best of women." At these words Erastus fixed his eyes upon Eliza. "May heaven continue our lives, said he; may we never know the pang of separation till age has silvered o'er our heads, and then it must be short."

The brother aſked Eraſtus what accident had brought him to that part of the world; and told him, that, upon the firſt appearance of his illneſs, he had wrote to England to enquire whether he was ſtill living; and that he had already made a will in his favour, and left him whatever fortune he poſſeſſed.

"It was not long after his arrival, reſumed Eraſtus, that he died, and left me an eſtate even beyond the ambition of my wiſhes. 'Twas his funeral you met; it was Eraſtus they were bearing to the grave, but not Eliza's Eraſtus. He lives to be once more happy with the partner of his joys." At theſe words he preſſed her to his boſom with a warmth expreſſive of the moſt perfect love. "Upon my return from the funeral, I was told by ſome one whom I met, the ſtory of a woman's fainting, with ſome circumſtances as made me think 'twas thee. I haſted to the houſe where the hoſpitable ſtranger had conducted thee, and found thee ſunk into the arms of thy maid. Shall I tell my Eliza, that even this circumſtance at preſent affords me a degree of pleaſure? Indeed it does; it convinces me that I am ſtill bleſt with the tendereſt love, without which, as Eliza once ſaid to me, no circumſtances could make me happy."

Eraſtus was now poſſeſſed of a fortune which might enable him to paſs his remaining days independent of the cares of buſineſs. He ſold his eſtates to advantage, and returned to his native country, where he now lives in all the felicity of elegant eaſe. The greateſt part of their time they ſpend in the country, and now and then a winter in the rational amuſements of the town. Wealthy without arrogance, œconomiſts without avarice, and liberal without profuſion; univerſally beloved by thoſe who have any connection with them, and admired by the few who are happy in their intimacy.

THE

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE HISTORY of JANE SHORE.

BEAUTY, what a treaſure art thou for a time to thy poſſeſſors! And what a misfortune, too often, to the gay things, who boaſt thee in the higheſt perfection! Thou ſhort-lived roſe, that bloomeſt in the ſummer of our youth, to how many deſtoying cankers are thy glories liable! The accidents of grief and ſickneſs often wither thee; but thoſe avoided, envious age is ſure to root thee up. 'Tis certain, nothing takes a ſtronger hold of human hearts, than thy attractions; but triumph not, ye fair, in ſo fading a poſſeſſion. The ſymmetry of features, the fine turn of ſhape, the blooming countenance, and the brilliant eye, make us captives to your charms: but innocence and virtue are your brighteſt conqueſts. Without theſe, thoſe other gifts are a prey to vanity, affectation, and wantonneſs: paſſion, that inſpires us to flattery, ſeduces you to yielding: and how ſoon do we contemn the beauties we have rifled! Then ignominy and the brand of reproach ſucceed: virtue, conſcious of infection, declines your ſociety: and you become the ſhame and diſgrace of your own ſex, and ſubject to the inſults and licentiouſneſs of ours.

The unhappy perſon, whoſe hiſtory I am now preparing to give you, is a fatal inſtance what calamities have attended a wanton beauty, and unguarded character. So that to be a concubine even to a king, is no ſecurity either againſt contempt, misfortune, or beggary.

All that we know of the family of this celebrated, but unfortunate beauty, at this diſtance of time, is, that her maiden name was Wainſtead; and that ſhe was the only child of Mr. Thomas Wainſtead, a mercer of a conſiderable figure and reputation in Cheapſide, London. As ſhe was an only child, we may eaſily con-

ceive with what tenderneſs and indulgence ſhe was brought up: and as her growing years gave the promiſe of that uncommon lovelineſs, which afterwards graced her perſon, we may be ſure ſhe was the object of her parents pride, as well as of their affection. The conſcious pleaſure, with which we view our children when they are more than ordinary handſome, ſhoots out into an ambition of having them provided for proportionably to nature's bounty. Then education is ſtretched beyond the neceſſary, to ornamental accompliſhments: and muſick, ſinging, dancing, and all the qualifications, the requiſites of politeneſs and gallantry, are more induſtriouſly inculcated, than thoſe rudiments by which the mind is improved, or thoſe virtues implanted, by which young women are formed to be good wives, or exemplary in any ſocial duties.

This was the foible of her over-fond parents: the repeated commendations of their daughter's charms taught them to admire, as well as love her: and no coſt, or arts of education could be too extravagant, either to expreſs their affection, or pave the way to her after-fortune. Too unhappy was it for her, in the ſequel of her life, that they miſtakenly gave way to ſuch refined ſentiments. Had they brought her up as the plain city-mercer's daughter, 'tis probable ſhe had lived and died the comfortable citizen's wife. But fate, or whatever other influence ſollicits in the affairs of our life, marked her out for a more diſtinguiſhed fortune. It happened, that her father's trade lying much among the court-ladies, the vanity and ambition of ſhewing his fair daughter, prompted him to embrace all opportunities of ſhewing her the gallantries and diverſions of the royal palace. Theſe gaieties and ſplendors loſt no part of their impreſſions upon her, who had a ſprightly and delicate ſpirit, and a capacity to diſtinguiſh between the triumphs of a court, and private domeſtick pleaſures: ſo that compariſon of the two, ſoon brought her to diſreliſh the dull phlegmatic ſhows and entertainments of the city.

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As ſhe had frequent advantages of being introduced into the beſt companies, ſhe made wonderful improvements in all the parts of good breeding; nor was ſhe a little remarkable for the fineneſs of her addreſs, and winning behaviour. The gracefulneſs of her mien, and the ſweetneſs of her beauty, drew the eyes and notice of all the men upon her: nor could any one gaze without being ſenſible of her charms, and fixing her lovely image in their ſouls. The imperceptible intercourſe that trades betwixt the eye and heart, and is only diſcovered in its effects, broke out in a numerous train of her votaries; and ſhewed itſelf in ſighs, and wiſhes, and languiſhments, and all the glowing ſymptoms of a lover's flame.

The great lords at court no ſooner beheld the bloom of the inchanting maid, than their hearts panted with a wanton deſire; and all their thoughts were racked how to obtain her for a miſtreſs. The vigilance of an indulgent father could not be inſenſible of theſe deſign'd attacks upon his daughter's honour; he now began to be fearful for her character and reputation; and thought it high time to ſecure her from the lewd attempts of theſe young and diſſolute courtiers. The beſt means he could think of, to reſcue her from theſe dangers, was to give her the benefit of the country air, and ſend her quietly down to a ſiſter of his, who dwelt in Northampton. Whether the father diſcover'd his fears to the young lady, or how willingly ſhe diſpenſed with this ſudden retirement, is a ſecret which time has concealed from our knowledge. We are told that ſhe remained with her aunt for about a twelvemonth, and then was ſuffered to return to her father.

Such an interval of abſence, Mr. Wainſtead thought might be ſufficient to cool the paſſion of her lovers, to ſlacken their enquiries after her, and to turn their roving thoughts upon ſome freſh amour. But the impreſſions of appetite are not eaſily eraſed! ſo importunate a gueſt is deſire in youthful blood.

No ſooner was her return to town known and talked of, but ſtratagems were formed againſt her maiden vir-

tue. The amorous lord Haſtings, particularly, had laid a deſign to carry her off by night: and, to effect his purpoſe with the moſt certainty, had bribed her father's maid with a handſome purſe of gold, and richer promiſes, to give him an opportunity, and aſſiſt him in the rape. But the wench, whether ſtruck in conſcience at the badneſs of the action, whether reflecting on the affliction it muſt give the family, or fearful of being diſcovered as an acceſſary, had the grace to repent and diſcover the plot in time to her maſter, and ſo the execution of it was prevented.

Mr. Wainſtead now looked back with ſome compunction on his unweighed and fooliſh conduct: and gave himſelf a thouſand ſecret reproaches for having ſhewn his daughter to a luxurious court. He was now fully convinced, that he could not, without the utmoſt hazard to her, and the forfeit of his own repoſe, continue his daughter longer in a ſingle ſtate, the common mark of beaux and fluttering gallants: and therefore, tho' ſhe was very young, and unfit to manage the affairs of a family, he reſolved to cut off the hopes of all irregular pretenders, by throwing her immediately into the arms and protection of an huſband. Among thoſe who formerly addreſſed her in the way of marriage, was Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldſmith in Lombard-ſtreet, a man of very fair character, and flouriſhing circumſtances. Theſe conſiderations, tho' Mr. Wainſtead had once, perhaps, deſigned to match her above that rank, determined him to ſettle in the choice of Mr. Shore for her huſband. The young lady, whoſe thoughts were rather turned on general gaiety, than fixed to any particular inclination, and who preferred the amuſements of company, and the joy of being addreſſed, and flattered, to the calm pleaſures of conjugal endearments, was not overfond of the match. However, the authority of an indulgent father, and the rich and coſtly preſents of a generous lover, at length won her, at leaſt to outward appearance, to conſent to Mr. Shore's pretenſions. The ſolemnity of the wedding was no leſs

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ardently wiſhed on the part of her father, than it was zealouſly preſs'd on that of her lover. The one wanted to be rid of a thouſand uneaſy fears, and torturing ſuſpicions; and the other wanted to be put in poſſeſſion of a beauty, for whoſe love ſo many rivals of eminence contended. Preparations were made ſuitable to the affection of her father, and the fortune of her deſtined huſband; and that her marriage might more fully be proclaimed, to put an end to the ſolicitations of thoſe who had laid wanton ſiege to her, many ladies and gentlemen from the court were invited, and graced the ceremony with a moſt pompous appearance.

Now we are to look on our young beauty as a bride; the darling ambition of her enamour'd huſband, and the envy of her own ſex, who repined at her ſuperior charms and happineſs. Each day beheld her riſing in freſh glory, deck'd with all the profuſion of jewels and other ornaments, that an amorous and over-fond huſband could beſtow, to improve and ſet off her native perfections. Indiſcretions of kindneſs! huſbands, that continue to play the lovers after marriage, are gradually quitting ſome branch of prerogative. For nothing is ſo eaſily diſlodg'd as duty from the boſoms of women too tenderly indulged; and 'tis well if they do not learn to contemn into the bargain, when they once find they have got the aſcendant, and can govern. The variety of fine things that he daily heaped upon her, was but adding fuel to the blaze of her charms; and making her ſhine too bright for the ſphere of a goldſmith's ſhop. The more her form was cry'd up, and ſignaliz'd, the more ſhe became the mark of publick temptation.

The lord Haſtings, who, as we have before obſerv'd, entertained a very early inclination for her, and would fain have taſted the firſt-fruits of her beauty, expreſs'd ſome concern for the change of her condition. But he ſtill felt the grudgings of his former paſſion; and now contented himſelf with the thought, that, tho' he could not enjoy her as a virgin, her matrimony might make way for his amorous encounters with more frequency and ſecurity. As he was not a gueſt invited

to the ſolemnity of her marriage, he would not however ſlip the opportunity of paying her his compliments on that occaſion. The huſband's ſmiles for this honour, and the engaging courteſy of Mrs. Shore, occaſioned him to repeat his viſits: and ſometimes, in return, he would invite the married couple to court, where he always took care that their entertainment ſhould be anſwerable to his own dignity, and the reſpect that he ſecretly profeſs'd for his fair gueſt. Time and frequent converſations brought him into great familiarity with their family, and no leſs confidence with the huſband. The over-happy man harboured no ſuſpicions of any deſign on his wife's chaſtity; ſo that my lord Haſtings was denied no opportunities of being alone with her. This indulgence was all that his amorous heart could wiſh for; he who was a practis'd gameſter in the affairs of love, and knew all the avenues and inlets to a woman's affection, ſoon found the lucky hour for making the overtures of his paſſion. Neither the richeſt preſents, nor the fondeſt oratory were ſpared, to work upon her avarice and female vanity: and if he could bring the nuptial vow into contempt by his ſophiſtry, he flattered himſelf that he ſhould ſoon carry all before him. Mrs. Shore, who might not, perhaps, be ſecretly diſpleas'd at her lover, yet had no vice which inclined her to gratify his inclinations. She was witty and facetious in giving a turn to all his arguments; and, by diſſembling her knowledge of his aim, ſo baffled him with her quick and ſmart replies, that he found his batteries would not carry the town. He was reduced, by her defence, either to raiſe the ſiege in deſpair; or muſt more diſperately reſolve to take her by ſtorm. His fervent inclination would not ſuffer him to relinquiſh her; and he began now to perſuade himſelf that ſhe, who had accepted his gifts, and heard his vows, yet admitted him, expected he ſhould make ſome efforts that ſhe muſt not in modeſty conſent to. Upon theſe ſuggeſtions, 'tis ſaid, that one day when he was alone with her, after giving her the warmeſt and moſt paſſion-

ate kiſſes, he flung her upon a bed that ſtood in the room, and attempted vigorouſly to force her to his embraces. But ſhe made ſuch a ſtrong reſiſtance, and deterred my lord ſo with her ſhrieks, that ſhe diſengaged herſelf from him; and running to her huſband in that confuſion of ſpirits, opened to him, with tears, what rudeneſs the lord Haſtings had offered to her. The huſband was equally ſurprized and nettled at the indignity; but was at a loſs how to puſh his reſentments againſt the inequality of ſo high and potent a rival. We are told, he expoſtulated modeſtly with his lordſhip, upon the breach of hoſpitality; and told him, his own content, and the reputation he muſt hold among his neighbours, obliged him to deſire that his lordſhip would for the future diſcontinue his viſits.

The repulſe which this young nobleman had thus met with from his miſtreſs, and the unexpected eclairciſement of his paſſion to her huſband, overwhelmed him at once with indignation and ſhame. He was now determined that revenge ſhould ſucceed his diſappointment; and he vowed, upon taking his leave, that he would ſend ſuch a rival in his room, as neither the huſband's authority nor the wife's chaſtity ſhould be able to withſtand.

This lord Haſtings was in no meaner a poſt of honour, than that of lord chamberlain of the houſhold to his prince, Edward the fourth; whoſe inclinations to fine women are ſufficiently known to thoſe, who are any ways verſed in our Engliſh hiſtory.

King Edward was a prince ſo happily adorned with the accompliſhments of mind and body, that he ſeemed to be the pride and darling of nature. His body was framed and proportioned to an uncommon degree of ſymmetry and exactneſs; his aſpect was very bright and inviting; his hair copious and flowing; and all his limbs and features wonderfully regular; yet, with this delicacy, he was bleſt with as much vigour, health, and ſtrength of conſtitution, as men of the moſt robuſt and athletick ſize are capable of enjoying.

Nor did nature, for this her liberality in external gifts, make any abatement (as too often we perceive ſhe does) in the inward furniture and faculties of the ſoul. For our prince had large extent of wit, and a ſagacity which was certainly owing to nature: the groſſneſs of the times in which he lived, did not much improve men's parts by books and learning. Bodily exerciſe then carried it againſt ſcholaſtic education; and tilts and tournaments prevailed above the cultivation of the mental powers. Nor had cuſtom and faſhion given a ſanction to peaceful ſtudies, could the turbulent circumſtances of king Edward have given way to them: The trumpet of civil diſcord ſounding too loud in his ears, to admit any converſation with the ſilent muſes. However, he had the faculty of thinking properly, and a force of language to expreſs his ideas: his wit was ſharp and ready, juſt and free from thoſe little ſubtleties, which men of ſhallow underſtandings and ſordid views moſt value themſelves upon.

In his councils he was judicious, and adjuſted matters of the greateſt importance with little difficulty: for his underſtanding was clear and dexterous in reſolving doubts; not dark and cloudy, and apt to create them. His great judgment in leading his armies, and perſonal courage in fighting, ſpeak him both a daring ſoldier and an expert commander: and the many battles he fought, in all which he triumph'd, made him as much to be admired for his military diſcipline, as his happy ſucceſs.

The revolutions of his life were very ſignal and various: and, as Fortune changed her moods, ſometimes he was a conqueror, and ſettled monarch; ſometimes again dethroned, and an abandoned exile. But in all theſe changes, he diſcovered a genius truly great and good. For proſperity raiſed him but to a complacency in his fortune, not to a diſdain of his adverſaries for their loſſes, or a pride in himſelf for his own acquiſitions: and when he had moſt ſecurity

in his kingdom, and conſequently moſt allurements to tyranny, had his diſpoſition taken that bent, then did he ſhew himſelf moſt humane and indulgent.

Indeed the goodneſs of his nature was ſomething extravagant towards the fair ſex; and youth and conſtitution, ſeconded by uncontrolled power, made him give a looſe to his luxurious appetite. His marriage with the lady Elizabeth, the widow of Sir John Gray, is an eminent inſtance of his want of power to curb that paſſion. His mother had earneſtly diſſuaded him from this match; and the dukes, his brothers, who knew him to be voluptuous, had him in a degree of contempt for his weak licentiouſneſs. For though the lady Elizabeth Gray, (who was a petitioner to him for the recovery of certain lands forfeited by her huſband, thro' his misfortune of taking the wrong ſide) had charm'd him with her beauty and excellent good ſenſe; his ſollicitations to her at firſt were for the obtaining wanton favours: and ſo little command had he of himſelf, when beauty had once made its impreſſions, that tho' her virtue would not ſtoop to the infamy of being his paramour, he, contrary to the intereſt of his crown, and in contempt of a treaty then depending for his marriage with the lady Bona, ſiſter to the French king's conſort, made her the partner at once of his bed and throne.

But to return from this digreſſion to the affairs of Mrs. Shore, and the proſecution of thoſe ſchemes, which, tho' they raiſed her at firſt to an eminence of pomp and affluence, were the foundation of her afterdownfal and miſery. King Edward's tedious wars and ſtruggles with the houſe of Lancaſter were now happily ended, the victorious monarch in quiet poſſeſſion of the crown, and at leiſure to attend the proſecution of any pleaſing adventure. Haſtings, who well knew the turn and amorous diſpoſition of his king's heart, ſeized the fit opportunity, when his prince was agreeably diſpoſed, to recount the entertainments to advantage which he had received at Mr. Shore's; and how much the wife excell'd all the females that ever

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he had converſed with, in beauty, wit, and all the accompliſhments that are lovely and deſirable in that engaging ſex.

Theſe encomiums from the mouth of a favourite, and from one whom the king believed a good judge in theſe matters, ſenſibly touched the heart of the young voluptuous monarch. He, who had a freſh appetite for every freſh beauty, took inſtant fire at the report of this unknown charmer's excellence, and grew impatient for the means and opportunity of ſeeing her.

Haſtings, though he was a gentleman of many virtues and good qualities, yet was ſo true a courtier, that he thought it no diſgrace to aſſiſt his prince's pleaſures, even by being ſubſervient to the offices of a common pander. Revenge too was a motive to make him active in this cauſe; nor was he out of hopes, that the beauty, once humbled to his maſter's embraces, might, after that revolt, be the leſs obſtinate to his ſollicitations.

The difficulty was, how the king ſhould handſomely come to a ſight of her. Gorgeous majeſty muſt be laid aſide for this purpoſe; for the jealous huſband, alarmed and upon his guard, had certainly ſecured his wife, and prevented the deſign: the court too might have had an eye on the intrigue, and the queen been concerned in its diſcovery and diſappointment.

It was therefore adviſed that the king ſhould obſcure himſelf in the habit of a merchant, and with the attendance of only one ſervant, go to Mr. Shore's on pretence of buſineſs in his way. This ſcheme accordingly was put in practice: the king finds the good man buſy in his affairs, and, ſitting down till he was at leiſure, then deſired to ſee, and contracted for, a conſiderable quantity of plate, which he was commiſſioned to buy, and ſend beyond ſea. The bargain finiſhed, and the fair creature not yet appearing, for whoſe ſight he had turned merchant, the king grew out of patience, and at a loſs what ſtep to take. He diſcourſed of news, and trade; and, as love is happy in fur-

furniſhing us with counſels, fell at laſt upon the topic of matrimony. Obſerving that Mr. Shore had a rich ſtock, and a commodious and ſplendid dwelling, 'Tis pity, methinks (ſays the king) that there is 'not a miſtreſs to this fair houſe: I fancy, I could 'recommend you to one, that is young, beautiful, and 'a fortune anſwerable to your circumſtances.' 'Sir, '(replied Mr. Shore, with a ſmile) I am to thank 'you for your good will, but am already provided;' and on the inſtant ordered his wife to make her approach. The ſecret lover bluſhed at this ſummons, and his heart fluttered with expectation of the adorable object. Preſently, upon the command, appeared the lovely creature; not only equal, but ſuperior, to the lord Haſtings's deſcription: and tho' her beauty wanted no ſuch aſſiſtances of art, ſhe was dreſſed according to the niceſt faſhion of the times, and decked with gold and jewels beyond her ſtation.

The deſcription which we have of her perſon is likely to be authentic, becauſe it is left us by the pen of a cotemporary and eye-witneſs, thus: 'Her ſta-'ture was ſomewhat low, her hair of a dark yellow, 'her face round, her eyes grey, her body plump, her 'ſkin white and ſmooth, her aſpect ſweet and chear-'ful, her air briſk and ſprightly, and her deport-'ment extremely courteous and obliging.' Sir Thomas More allowed her beauty to have been exact in every thing, except her height. 'Proper ſhe was, '(ſays he) and fair; nothing in her body that you 'could have changed, unleſs you would have wiſhed 'her a little higher.' Yet he ſays, this beauty, ſo near to perfection, was not the thing which charmed men ſo powerfully, as her admirable and never-failing wit, which made her converſation incomparably delightful. For ſhe never appeared ſullen, or out of humour, but eaſy and pleaſant at all times. Neither apt to be mute, nor to pour out words without meaſure, or puniſh the company with impertinent noiſe and nonſenſe. Her anſwers were ready, and much to the purpoſe; and ſhe would rally with a peculiar

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ſmartneſs, yet with ſuch juſt wit and good manners, as never to offend or diſtaſte any body.

By the character already given of king Edward, we may reaſonably preſume that a woman of theſe qualifications muſt prove a ſtrong temptation to him, who was himſelf a perſon of ſo much wit and good humour. We are not to doubt but he thought the minutes flitted away too faſt, while he ſat in full view of Mrs. Shore's irreſiſtible charms, and was raviſhed with the muſic of her enchanting tongue: with how much grief and reluctance muſt ſuch a lover depart, and leave her in the poſſeſſion of her huſband, a licenſed rival! His heart was ſubdued with this ſingle interview; and he reſolved at any rate, to purchaſe ſo ineſtimable a jewel, and have the free and full enjoyment of her.

But the method of making his approaches was the point now to be laboured. He could not long hope to be concealed in his diſguiſe, and repeat his viſits to her huſband: and though his quality might not be diſcovered, yet, his buſineſs once known, he expected the ſame repulſe, which had before been given to his chamberlain. To aſſume himſelf, and court her in the character of a king in Lombard-ſtreet, he judged, would be too heinous a leſſening of his majeſty: and to force her from her lawful huſband's embraces, might be conſtrued ſuch an act of tyranny, as would ſtartle and enrage the ſubject, and put every one in apprehenſion of the like violence to their own wives and daughters. Have her he muſt, and with her own conſent: for love has no charms nor ſatisfaction in it, except it be mutual and unconſtrained on both ſides.

Inſtantly, he makes his beloved Haſtings the partner of his counſels, or rather his counſellor: for it is from the aſſiſtance of his working head, that the monarch expects relief at heart. Haſtings glowed with ſecret tranſport, to find the train had taken to his wiſh: and, obſerving the concern and emotions of his enamoured maſter, aſſured him with a ſmile, that

that all his ſervice ſhould be devoted to procure him eaſe.

The monarch was all on fire, and impatient for the joy: it ſtood upon the favourite to ſhew his zeal in his addreſs and induſtry. The chamberlain knew that women were the beſt inſtruments to be ſuborned in ſuch affairs, and that the ſex is moſt readily betrayed by one another. It happened one Mrs. Blague, or Blake, who was a lace-woman to the court, lived in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Shore, and was intimately acquainted with her. They often exchanged viſits, and ſpent whole evenings together. Mrs. Blague was not a perſon of the moſt unblemiſhed reputation; and it is generally ſeen in life, that they, who make a trip in character, think themſelves countenanced in it by bringing their acquaintance under the ſame dilemma. She was now grown old, and paſt the enjoyment of gay pleaſure: but was ſuch an intriguing dame, as for money would have betrayed, not only her beſt friend, but her own daughter, into the ſnare. Haſtings found no difficulty to be upon good terms with this woman: he preſented her with a purſe of gold, and bade her hope for much greater advantages, if ſhe would faithfully ſerve her prince in a particular matter. Mrs. Blague proteſting a heart devoted to the ſervice, Haſtings immediately communicated the whole affair to her; which ſhe undertook to manage with the utmoſt ſecrecy and conduct.

Things put into this poſture, Mrs. Blague's houſe was now to be the ſcene of appointments. Thither, as Mrs. Blague's particular acquaintance, came the king continually in diſguiſe: and luxurious entertainments, the incentives to pleaſure, were conſtantly provided. Mr. Shore all this while was guiltleſs of his wife's meeting company at her female friend's: her repulſe of the lord Haſtings, and free diſcovery of his attempt upon her, gave him ſo ſtrong an aſſurance of her virtue, as ſealed up the eyes of ſuſpicion, and put him in full repoſe as to the wiſdom and integrity of his wife's conduct.

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The old procureſs acted up to the rules of her trade, and often left Mrs. Shore alone with her royal gallant, who made the beſt uſe of every favourable opportunity, and uſed all the arts of a paſſionate lover to gain her affections. But ſhe, like a cunning fencer, took care to keep him at a due diſtance, obſtinate and inflexible to all his attempts. The eager, baffled lover, impatient longer of the bliſs delayed, put his paſſion into ſuch terms, and purſued his efforts with ſo much warmth, that Mrs. Shore now plainly underſtood the drift of his fondneſs. Hereupon ſhe expoſtulates ſeriouſly with her friend, Mrs. Blague, for ſuffering ſuch a rude man to frequent her houſe, and tells her the wicked deſign he had upon her virtue. Mrs. Blague ſhewed a well-feigned confuſion at the ſtory, proteſted ſhe took him for a man of very modeſt behaviour, and promiſed Mrs. Shore ſhe ſhould be troubled with no more of his company.

But though the king was now in policy to be baniſhed from her converſation, the intrigue was not to break off here. The city was apprized of a ſplendid maſque ready to be preſented at court; and the fair ſex grew buſy in making preparations for it. Mrs. Blague, whoſe profeſſion furniſhed her with ſome acquaintance at court, undertook, if Mr. Shore approved of it, to help his ſpouſe to a good place at the approaching ſolemnity. This offer was gladly accepted, and ſhe (not dreaming of any plot) dreſſed herſelf with an elegance that might vie with any of the court ladies. After much paſtime and diverſion, a man of extraordinary figure ſtands out to dance; upon which immediately Mrs. Shore heard a whiſper run among the ladies, 'That was the king:' who ſoon ſpied her through his maſk, (for he knew where ſhe was to be planted) and ſtepping to her ſeat, took her out for his partner. The tranſport of ſuch an honour done her, called forth a becoming bluſh upon her lovely cheeks; and gave a double luſtre to the bloom of her beauty. When ſhe had performed her part with a tranſcending grace, her partner, with the

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moſt careful reſpect, replaces her in her ſeat, and, ſecretly ſliding a billet-doux into her hand, retires unſuſpected. So unlooked for an encounter could not but put her under ſome confuſion, as well as eagerneſs to know the contents: the entertainment being ended, away ſhe poſts with Mrs. Blague, and the firſt opportunity ſhe could get, opens the letter. This was to acquaint her, that the perſon who had that night danced with her, and who had ſo often enjoyed her company at her female friend's, was the king; that he was an humble ſuitor to her for her love, which he prized above all the glories of his empire; and offered her all the delights and pleaſures of the court in recompence for it.

Upon ſo plain a diſcovery, paſſions, of a different ſort, raiſed a conflict in her boſom, and ſhe was not a little concerned and divided in her thoughts what to do. At length, ſhe produces the billet, and adviſes with her companion, who was privately bribed to betray her to diſhonour. Was there room for a ſtruggle, or debate, upon ſuch a queſtion, replied Mrs. Blague? If princes thought fit to make ſtartling demands, allegiance obliged a ſubject neither to canvaſs, nor diſpute them. What would be a crime with a common perſon, was ſanctified with a king; and ſhe ought to have that regard to her huſband's welfare and ſafety, to weigh what conſequences of danger a perverſe refuſal in her might bring upon him. Beſides, there was a fate over every body that was not to be reſiſted; and therefore the choice did not require a moment's determination betwixt a king and a goldſmith.

It may be remembered that Mrs. Shore was married very young, to a perſon who never was in full poſſeſſion of her heart. And though ſhe wanted nothing, which a woman of her rank could expect or deſire, yet ſhe was ambitious of ſhining in the higheſt ſphere: her heart was fondly ſet upon pleaſures and entertainments: ſhe had been trained up to fancy rich attire and great attendance; and knew very well

that

that the court was the fountain of all theſe felicities. For theſe reaſons her mind was prepared with the leſs reluctance to quit a tradeſman and his habitation, when the inviting exchange was for a king and a palace.

Her reſolutions being overſwayed, nothing now remained to do, but to change her ſtation with as much ſecrecy and ſilence as ſhe could. Mrs. Blague had given the king notice of her ſucceſsful management for him; who immediately diſpatched a chariot to her houſe to bring off the long-deſired prize. Mrs. Shore, on her part, likewiſe conveyed her jewels and choiceſt things thither, intending not to ſtay long behind them. However, ſhe ſat down to ſupper with her huſband, and was ſhewing herſelf moſt obliging and complaiſant to him; when, on the ſudden, a meſſenger came with a feigned errand, That her mother was taken very ill, and muſt needs ſpeak to her preſently. Her huſband would fain have accompanied her to her mother's; but ſhe found her reaſons to detain him at home; ſo giving him the laſt kiſs he ever had from her lips, with tears in her eyes, and promiſes of not ſtaying, took her leave of him. She no ſooner came to Mrs. Blague's, than the careful procureſs attended her into the chariot, and ſo lodged this treaſure of beauty in her monarch's arms.

Her forſaken huſband, yet unconſcious of his fate, paſt the tedious hours of the live-long night in a vain expectation of his wife's return. Upon her continued abſence, his concern and trouble heightened, and he could not forbear going to ſeek her at her mother's houſe. Here began the firſt aſſurance of his unhappineſs; her mother had not ſeen her all the preceding day; neither had been diſordered, as was pretended by the meſſenger. This ſtruck him with conſternation, and a thouſand heart-ſick doubts: and he run about from one relation to another in a fruitleſs purſuit after her. All the next day was ſpent to as little purpoſe; ſo that the poor man was almoſt out of his wits, and concluded (from what had been formerly attempted) that ſhe

ſhe had at length yielded to the importunities of ſome amorous courtier.

Intelligence, that is ever buſy in the communication of ill news, did not keep him long in ſuſpence of what had happened; but it was rumoured confidently, and ſeconded with aſſurance, that ſhe was entertained by the king, as his bed-fellow. This put him out of all hopes of ever recovering her again. He now reflected on the menaces of the repulſed lord Haſtings; and doubted not but the reſenting courtier had taken pains to inflame the king to this action.

Our beſt hiſtorians ſay, that from this time Mr. Shore intirely quitted her to her royal lover; and had never any further enjoyment of her. Others inform us, that this moſt unhappy man was thrown into a deep melancholy by this misfortune, became incapable of following his buſineſs, and, to cure his diſtempered mind, went into foreign parts, and travelled in France, Flanders, Spain, and Turkey, till he had conſumed all his ſubſtance. And returning home, when he thought every body had forgot him, he lived poorly and died miſerably in the reign of king Henry the ſeventh.

It has been conjectured by ſome, but, I think, upon no colour of authority, that he was probably the brother of Mr. Richard Shore, draper, who was ſheriff of London in the year 1505, that is, the twenty-firſt year of Henry VII. and who was a benefactor to St. Mary Woolchurch, and St. Mildred's Poultry, as we find recorded in Stow's Survey of London. But this circumſtance ſeems to claſh a little with our Shore's languiſhing out the remainder of his days in ſuch a ſtate of penury. A brother of ſo large a fortune muſt have ſcreened him from thoſe neceſſitous calamities; and, by proper comforts, weaned him from the memory of his unfaithful wife. But, perhaps, he laid his loſs and the reproach of cuckoldom too cloſe to heart; and choſe rather to die by the hand of famine, than ſtand the ſhock of revealing himſelf to a thriving relation. But as this queſtion is of no moment to our

preſent hiſtory, we will leave it undetermined; and purſue the adventures of his yet more ſucceſsful wife.

And now we find her mounted to the higheſt point of elevation that her enamoured prince could raiſe her; excepting only this, that ſhe was not his lawful queen, whom certainly ſhe eclipſed, as ſhe did all the reſt of his miſtreſſes. For whoever had any favour to ſollicit at court, they made Mrs. Shore their patroneſs to the king, as knowing that ſhe had the greateſt influence over him. Indeed, he loved her ſo tenderly, he could deny her nothing. Many times, when offenders lay under his heavy diſpleaſure, and the greateſt court-favourites durſt not preſume to intercede for them; ſhe, with her ſprightly wit and pleaſant humour, would ſo mollify and ſweeten the king, that many a man's life was ſaved, many a fine remitted, and many a poor priſoner ſet at liberty. The good offices ſhe did for all ſorts of people, rich and poor, in city and country, were numberleſs, and had made up a large part of her hiſtory, if the world were as grateful as it is revengeful, or half ſo apt to remember good as ill turns: but the former men write in duſt, or upon the waters; and the other they engrave on braſs, and cut in marble. One thing is particularly recorded, that ſhe obtained of the king for her old acquaintance Mrs. Blague, an eſtate of the value of two hundred pounds a year. A kind requital of an ill piece of ſervice! This is ſaid of her in general, that ſhe never uſed her great intereſt with the king to hurt any creature, or to ſerve herſelf in any act of ſpleen or revenge: nor was ſhe ever known to ſtain her hands with bribes, or ſell the favours ſhe obtained; but was truly noble, and generous, in every ſtep of her conduct. If ſhe ever accepted of any preſent, or token of gratitude, it was ſomething rather gay than coſtly; either becauſe ſhe was ſatisfied with having done a good work, or proud to ſhew how much the royal graces were at her diſpoſal; or ſenſible that ſhe had enough, and regarded riches no further than as they were ſubſervient to her pleaſures.

How

How many years of this ſupreme power and glory ſhe enjoyed, is unknown to us at this day; becauſe we have no account of the year from whence to date the firſt of her advancement: but without doubt ſhe lived many ſummers in the warmth and ſplendor of this eminent good fortune. From the firſt hour the king received her into his arms, ſhe held the chief place in his affections all the remaining part of his life. And conſidering what ſort of perſon he was, an hero in arms, and famous for warlike adventures; conſidering he was pleaſant and agreeable in converſation, great in the riches and ſplendor of his court, liberal of his favours, young, jovial, and comely to the laſt, nothing could be wanting, which a lady, moſt addicted to the pleaſures and gratifications of ſenſe, could require at his hands.

Our hiſtorians, I think, have none of them left us any particular account, where the ſcene of pleaſure was betwixt the king and this his favourite miſtreſs. We can hardly imagine, that, as he had a young queen, who bore him two princes, he could with any decency, or convenience, lodge her in any apartments of the Tower, the Palace Royal of thoſe times. The vulgar tradition is, that he kept her at a little ſeat about two miles diſtant from the palace, called Tottenham-Court; and in a moated houſe there they pretend, to this day, to ſhew you Mrs. Shore's dining room, and hoſpitable table.

In this happy retirement, careſſed and complimented by a numerous train of dependants (who either thought they pleaſed the king by paying their court to her, or were making way to his favour through her well-timed interceſſions) lived this beauteous concubine in pleaſure and proſperity, during the reign of her royal keeper. We have no notices left, whether ſhe ever had any children by him; or whether ſhe ſhowed, at any hours, a remorſe and contrition for her diſloyalty to her huſband. While fortune ſmiled upon her, it is not improbable, but merriment and plenty

plenty might exclude the approaches of conſcience and ſevere reflections.

But when the fatal day was, in which king Edward ended his reign and life together, his beloved miſtreſs was caſt out of her paradiſe, and fell from the ſummit of her exalted ſtation. Yet was not her ruin ſo total and ſudden, as to plunge her at once into the ocean of miſeries, which at laſt ſwallowed up all her joys. It was but an eaſy deſcent at firſt, from the crown to the coronet; from the bed of majeſty to that of high nobility.

It has been already hinted in theſe papers, that the lord chamberlain Haſtings was in the number of her moſt early admirers; and had more than once attempted to ſeize by violence upon that, which his moſt ardent addreſſes could not obtain from her conſent. And though, as it has been likewiſe obſerved, he gratified his revenge by ſtirring up the king to carry her from her huſband's bed; yet this did not make a perfect cure of his paſſion, nor efface the bewitching image which ſhe had impreſſed upon his heart. He contained himſelf indeed, and kept a due diſtance from her during the king's life; either out of reverence to his royal maſter, or from a pure principle of honour and fidelity. Upon his prince's deceaſe, he renewed his old offers of kindneſs to her, which being accepted, he took her home to himſelf. The tongues of men give themſelves ſome licence towards an abandoned miſtreſs, which ſhe was, perhaps, willing to ſtop by the protection of that peer; or gratitude, as much as policy, might induce her to oblige the man, who had for ſo many years retained a conſtant affection for her. Unhappy, however, for them both was this pleaſurable union: it too ſurely involved her in Haſtings's ruin, and ſunk her to the loweſt degree of wretchedneſs.

King Edward was now dead, and the eldeſt of his ſons much too young to hold the reins of empire. The cruel duke of Glouceſter, afterwards king Richard the third, now made protector of the realms, aſpired

to the crown of England. The rage of his ambition made him mow down all obſtacles, that he but ſuſpected might oppoſe his acceſſion to it. He had his ſpies and informers upon the looks and tongues of every great man, to ſound how far they ſtood affected to his wearing the garland, or what zeal they profeſſed for the ſucceſſion of his dead brother's iſſue. Sir William Cateſby was one of thoſe notorious blood-hounds; and he, in ſifting the lord Haſtings upon the queſtion, found that loyal peer ſtrenuous for his late maſter's ſon's ſucceſſion.

The protector had ordered a council at the Tower, upon pretence of conſidering how to ſolemnize the coronation of his nephew king Edward V. When they were ſat, in he came frowning, knitting his brows, gnawing his nether lip, and took his place with all the marks of ſecret rage and diſpleaſure. Many at the board knew by the complexion of his aſpect, what foul weather was brewing in his boſom; and juſtly dreaded where the ſtorm would fall. After a ſhort ſilence, he aſked, What they deſerved, who, without any regard to his family or office of protector, had conſpired his deſtruction? This unexpected queſtion ſtrangely ſtartled the lords, as not able to imagine at whom it was levelled, or what he ſhould mean by it.

The man, that ventured to ſpeak firſt (as being very familiar with the protector) unhappily was the lord Haſtings; who anſwered, That whoever they were, they well deſerved the puniſhment of the worſt of traitors. 'The wicked inſtrument, replied the 'protector, is that ſorcereſs my brother's wife (meaning the queen) with her accomplices.' The lord Haſtings was not a little pleaſed that the queen (for whom he had never entertained a ſincere affection) was aimed at in his reſentment; only it troubled him that he had not been made privy to this, as well as to the apprehending ſeveral of her friends, who were to be executed that day at Pomfret caſtle. The protector immediately ſtripped up the ſleeve of his left arm, and ſhewing it ſmall and withered, 'See, ſays he,

'how execrably that ſorcereſs, and others of her 'council, as Shore's wife, and her abettors, have, by 'their ſorcery and witchcraft, conſumed my body.'

There was not one in the company, but perceived that this was a groundleſs calumny: for they all knew that his arm had been withered and contracted from the hour of his birth: and beſides, if the queen had been guilty of any ſuch practice (which ſhe was too wiſe and good to be concerned in) ſhe would never have choſe Mrs. Shore for a confederate, whom of all women ſhe had moſt reaſon to hate, as that concubine, whom the king, her late huſband, moſt loved.

The lord Haſtings, nearly touched with this broad accuſation of Mrs. Shore, whom he paſſionately doated on, anſwered, 'Certainly, my lord, if they have 'done this, no puniſhment can be too great for them.' 'If?—replied the protector, ſnarling, What, doſt 'thou ſerve me with *ifs* and *ands?* I tell thee, they 'have done it; and that I will make good on thy 'body, traitor.' Hereupon he ſtruck his fiſt with vehemence upon the table, at which ſignal, one, planted without for the purpoſe, cried 'Treaſon!' and armed men came ruſhing in, as many as the room could hold. The protector cried out to the lord Haſtings, 'I arreſt thee, traitor.' 'What me, my 'lord?' ſaid Haſtings. 'Yes, thee, thou traitor,' ſays the protector furiouſly, 'and by St. Paul I will 'not dine to day, till I have thy head for thy of-'fences.' This threatening ſentence was no ſooner pronounced but he was hurried to the green by the Tower chapel, and his head laid down upon a piece of timber, which lay there for building, and, in a moſt arbitrary and tyrannical way, ſtruck off.

As this lord was much eſteemed by the late king's friends, for his loyalty to the houſe of York, and by the people for his regard to the common good; the protector for theſe reaſons was ſenſible, that the news of his death would cauſe great diſcontents in all parts of the nation. And hereupon he thought it his wiſeſt courſe to ſend for the lord mayor and chief citizens to

him

him into the Tower, to give them a full account of the juſtice of the lord Haſtings's ſufferings; that ſo the murmurings of the city being appeaſed, the nation might have no cauſe to repine.

But, upon more mature deliberation, this was not thought ſufficient to appeaſe the people's minds; and therefore, ſoon after the citizens were gone, an herald at arms was ſent into the city to publiſh a proclamation, purporting, "That lord Haſtings had conſpired to aſſaſſinate the protector, and ſeize upon the young king and government; that he had by his ill advice enticed the late king to debaucheries, and thereby ſhortened his days; that, ſince the death of the king, he had lived in continual incontinency with Shore's wife, and lain nightly with her, and particularly, the very night before his death; ſo that it was no wonder, if his ungracious life brought him to as unhappy an end."

But there was an after-game ſtill to be played to this illegal proceeding; the protector thought himſelf obliged now to perſecute Mrs. Shore, whom he had charged with the ſame treaſon: leſt, if he ſhould let her eſcape, he ſhould betray his own plot; for if ſhe were not guilty, no more was the lord Haſtings; and if he deſerved to die, ſo did ſhe on the ſame accuſation. For this reaſon, Sir Thomas Howard was ſent to her houſe with an order of council to apprehend her perſon, and ſeize her goods as forfeited to the king by her treaſon. Both theſe orders were rigorouſly executed: her goods to the value of about three thouſand marks were taken from her, and ſhe herſelf committed to confinement in the Tower.

Within a few days, ſhe was brought to examination before the council, charged with witchcraft, and combining with lord Haſtings to the protector's deſtruction; to which articles ſhe made ſo clear a defence, that there appeared not the leaſt colour of guilt upon her. But if they could not touch her life with falſe allegations, in policy ſhe muſt be loaded with ſomething that would ſtick. Open and ſcan-

dalous whoredom was now imputed to her; a charge too well known for her either to deny, or evade. To make an example of her, ſhe was turned over to the correction of the ſpiritual court; and public penance for her incontinence enjoined her in St. Paul's cathedral, on the enſuing Sunday.

Now was opened the firſt ſcene of her ſhame and confuſion, which was ſoon attended with a ſeries of encreaſing calamities. Stripped of all her ornaments, and covered with a white ſheet, bare-legged, and the ſharp ſtones wounding her tender feet, was ſhe brought by way of proceſſion, with the croſs carried before her, and a wax taper in her hand, from the biſhop of London's palace to St. Paul's, through crouds of rabble, who flocked to gaze on her infamy. Being placed in the choir, directly over againſt the preacher, ſhe, in a ſet form of words, declared her enormities, and her repentance of them. In all this pageantry of humiliation, ſhe behaved with ſo much modeſty and decent ſorrow, that ſuch as regarded her beauty more than her crime, never thought her ſo fair and lovely as under that affliction. For wanting nothing to compleat her charms but a little colour; this publiſhing her ſhame, and the gazing of the multitude upon her, brought ſuch an agreeable red into her cheeks, as made her look extremely fine. Even many of a more rigid character, who hated her courſe of life, and who were glad at other times to ſee vice corrected, yet now conſidering that the protector puniſhed her more out of hatred to her perſon, than offence at her ſin, turned ſeverity into compaſſion, and were ſorry that ſhe was ſingled out to be made the example.

From this period of her life, we are to call the once admired, flouriſhing, and almoſt royal Mrs. Shore, a mean, contemptible, and helpleſs woman. She was now thrown down from the palace to the priſon; reduced from the higheſt ſeat of her honour to a low ſtate of infamy and reproach. She had forfeited all intereſt in her huſband; and death deprived her of her

her potent lovers: ſhe was ſpoiled of her goods, and bereaved of her friends: her father and mother were killed with grief; the reſt of her relations loſt all they had, by the violence of the protector; who pretended they got it from the crown, by her intereſt with the king. Tradition goes further yet with her misfortunes, and carries them to a height moſt terrible, and horrid even to mention; that the tyrant Richard put out a proclamation, commanding all people upon pain of death and confiſcation of goods, not to harbour her in their houſes, or relieve her with food or raiment. And to confirm this, it is reported, that a baker in the city was hanged for throwing out a penny-loaf to her, as ſhe went by his door; though it was but gratitude in him to her, for ſaving his life when he ſhould have been hanged for a riot in the late king's reign. So that ſhe was forced to wander up and down, gathering any traſh ſhe could find in the fields and ſtreets for her ſuſtenance. But theſe are meer fictitious circumſtances, embraced by the vulgar; and like that other which I ſhall anon ſlightly remember, of her dying in Shore-ditch. It may be poſſible, the wretched fate of a begging vagrant attended her to the end of her days; and her diſmal fortune never cleared up, or once more ſmiled upon her.

The tyranny of her chief perſecutor was but of two years continuance. If ever her condition had changed again for the better, the moſt promiſing juncture was, when her irreconcileable enemy Richard the third was ſlain at the battle of Boſworth, and his uſurpation ſucceeded by the milder government of Henry the ſeventh.

But, unhappily for our poor diſconſolate mourner, this Henry married the daughter, and conſequently took into favour the queen, of king Edward the fourth, to whom this wretched creature was juſtly odious, for the wrongs ſhe had done her in her huſband's bed and affections.

One might juſtly have expected, that a woman, who, in the days of her great proſperity and power with her prince, had done ſo many good offices in the world, as we before obſerved, and raiſed ſo many men to riches and honours, ſhould have found one friend at leaſt endued with ſo much gratitude, as to reſcue her from the laſt extremes of poverty and want. But every one of them (as if they had combined together ſo to do) ſhut their doors againſt her, and ſhewed her no manner of compaſſion.

One piece of notorious ingratitude is told us, but with what authority I cannot aſſert, of her old friend and confident Mrs. Blague. Upon the firſt notice of the death of the lord Haſtings, and the ſtorm that hung over her own head upon his account, Mrs. Shore preſumed, the houſe of one, whom ſhe had obliged in every thing, would be a ſafe harbour for ſuch goods as ſhe could conceal there. With her, therefore, ſhe depoſited her jewels and richeſt things, upon promiſe that they ſhould be ſafely reſtored again whenever ſhe demanded them. But when her neceſſities compelled her to ſeek after them, it is ſaid, this faithleſs woman denied every thing, and thruſt her out of her houſe with threatning and reproachful language.

Thus to fall from the fulleſt affluence of riches and pleaſures, to the moſt abject ſtate of indigence and beggary, to be turned out of a royal palace, where ſhe had the command of all things, into the ſtreets and fields, to be a companion of the meaneſt vagabonds; to be not only proſecuted by mortal enemies, but frowned upon and deſerted by ungrateful friends, and ſcorned by all her acquaintance, who once thought it an honour to wait on her, and eſteemed her ſmiles a bleſſing; theſe things muſt make dreadful wounds in the heart of a delicate and tender lady.

It is the work of the divine, and not of the hiſtorian, to draw ſevere inferences of vengeance, and heavenly diſpenſations, from the calamities which attend us in this mortal warfare. To view her in ſuch

a point of light, would be to make all her misfortunes, whips in the hand of Providence for the miſcarriages of her paſt life. Then juſt and equitable it appears to us, that ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of thoſe neceſſities and hardſhips into which ſhe had firſt driven her own huſband; that the melancholy and ſorrows which ſhe created a good queen, ſhould return upon herſelf at laſt, and overwhelm her own ſoul; that ſince ſhe had abuſed her rich attire, her ſoft and clear ſkin, and her pleaſant wit to ſuch a wicked end, ſhe ſhould be reduced to rags, turned into a haggard unlovely creature, and not be able with all her eloquence to prevail with any body to give her a piece of bread.

But leaving ſuch reflections to the pulpit, I ſhall rather cloſe her miſeries with pity, than a galling cenſure. It was hard enough upon her, that her calamitous days made up the greateſt ſhare of her life. Where, and in what manner, ſhe ended her wretched life, is uncertain. The received opinion is, that ſhe was found dead in Shoreditch, in the ſuburbs of London; but that the place took its name from her, is a vulgar miſtake: it having been ſo called from the Sordiches, lords thereof; of which family Sir John Sordich flouriſhed, long before her time, in the reign of king Edward the third. But the ſame notable inventors, who framed a proclamation prohibiting her food and ſhelter, conſequently ſuppoſed ſhe might be ſtarved, and die in a ditch, which ought to carry the remembrance of that accident in its future name.

We have the teſtimony of a very excellent writer, Sir Thomas More, that ſhe was ſtill living in the eighteenth year of king Henry the eighth, old, lean, withered, and dried up; nothing left, but rivelled ſkin and hard bone. This grave hiſtorian, after having been particular in her character, doubts, ſome may think her too ſlight a thing to be written of, and ſet among the remembrances of great matters; "Becauſe, happily, (ſays he) they ſhall eſteem her "only by that they now ſee her: but, me ſeemeth,

" the chaunce ſo much the more worthy to be remem-
" bred, in how much ſhe is now in the more beggarly
" condition; unfriended, and worn out of acquaint-
" ance, after good ſubſtance, after as great favour
" with the prince, after as great ſuit, and ſeeking to,
" with all thoſe that thoſe days had buſineſs to ſpeed,
" as many other men were in their times, which be
" now famous only by the infamy of their ill deeds."

THE PROFUSE HEIR.

AN old gentleman had a fair ſeat, about ten leagues from the city of Paris, which had belonged to his family for the ſpace of five hundred years. His yearly revenue was very conſiderable; and having only one ſon, he gave him the liberty of managing half his eſtate when he came to the age of one and twenty years.

This young ſpark being of a high ſpirit, was ſo far from harbouring any thoughts of frugality, that he could hardly brook the neceſſity of living within the compaſs of his allowance. He addicted himſelf to gaming, drinking, and other lewd courſes, which in a ſhort time conſumed his means, and reduced him to great ſtreights.

About the ſame time his father died, and left him the remainder of his eſtate, giving him all the inſtructions that are uſual in ſuch caſes; and among the reſt of his ſage counſels, he charged him, if it ſhould be his misfortune to become a bankrupt again, ſo as to be forced to ſell his eſtate, that he would at leaſt not part with that houſe, which had been ſo long in the poſſeſſion of their family: eſpecially, he conjured him to reſerve one particular chamber for himſelf as long as he lived, which was the ſame where he then lay a-dying; 'For this, ſaid he, will be a ſanctuary

ſo

for you, when you have no other place of refuge in the world.'

After the old man's deceaſe, his ſon fell to his former courſe of life; and, to make ſhort of it, in a few years ſpent all his patrimony; even that very houſe itſelf, which he was forced to ſell at laſt for an underprice, to ſupply his preſent neceſſities. However, he obeyed his father's laſt injunction; and in the ſale of the houſe, made articles for the perpetual claim and uſe of that chamber to himſelf.

It was not long before he had conſumed the money which he had received for the houſe: ſo that now his laſt ſupport was gone. He tried to borrow of ſome of his friends and acquaintance: and, in charity, they ſupplied him at firſt with ſmall ſums: but when he often preſſed them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more.

The diſconſolate gentleman, overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, returns to his chamber, hoping to find ſome eaſe in that private receſs, where he might at leaſt have the privilege of venting his ſorrow in ſighs and tears.

He paſſed away ſome time in this dejected condition, when at length he caſt his eyes on an old trunk which ſtood in the corner of the chamber, and which he had ſcarce ever regarded before. An odd curioſity prompted him to riſe and look into this trunk, perhaps not ſo much in hopes of finding any relief there, as to divert himſelf and paſs away the tedious minutes. And yet it is natural for people in great calamities and misfortunes, to flatter themſelves with the imagination of unexpected reliefs, and to catch at every the leaſt glimpſe or ſhadow, that ſeems to preſage any good. Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the trunk, but found nothing, ſave a parcel of old rags and papers, with other remnants and fragments of ſilk, linen, and velvet, the reliques and ſpoils of his father's wardrobe. This was no booty for him: however, he ceaſed not his ſcrutiny, till he had quite emptied the trunk; when, to his no ſmall aſtoniſh-

ment, he found theſe words on the bottom: 'Ah, 'prodigal! haſt thou ſpent all, and ſold thy houſe? 'Now go and hang thy ſelf. There is a rope ready 'provided for thee in the beam of the chamber.'

The young gentleman looking to the cieling, and ſeeing a halter hang there, being faſtened to an iron ring, was ſtruck with ſuch a damp, that concluding it was the will of fate, that he ſhould fulfil the words he found on the bottom of the trunk, he immediately took a chair, or ſtool, and placing it juſt under the rope, got up and raiſed himſelf upon it, that ſo he might the better reach the deſigned inſtrument of his death.

He ſtood not long muſing: for life appeared now inſupportable to him. Wherefore putting the halter about his neck, in the height of deſpair he kicked the ſtool away: when behold, inſtead of hanging there, he fell to the ground, the weighty ſwing of his body having pulled out a piece of ſquare timber from the beam, being that part to which the ring was faſtened. Immediately he was like to be overwhelmed, and buried alive in a great heap of gold, which came ſhowering down upon him out of the hollow place, which his father had contrived on purpoſe in the beam, to put this kind ſarcaſm on his ſon, now ſufficiently mortified by ſo many ſorrows.

In a word, this made ſo deep an impreſſion on him, that he grew reformed, buying all his eſtate back again with part of the money; and employing the reſt in merchandizing, grew to be a richer man than his father, or any of his progenitors.

The SHEPHERD and PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;

In

In ſummer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold,
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.
A deep philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The ſhepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wiſe Ulyſſes, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.

In conſtancy, and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In converſation overbear;
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much muſt talk in vain?
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right;
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation,
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can moral glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies,
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe;
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men;
But he who ſtudies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws,
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good and wiſe.

Remarkable

Remarkable FEMALE COURAGE.

THE Spartans, on the night before Pyrrhus was to make his aſſault, had determined in council to ſend all their women over into Crete. When the women were informed of this, they unanimouſly oppoſed the deſign; and Archidamia, a lady of one of the beſt families in Sparta, entering the ſenate with a ſword drawn in her hand, demanded of them, in the name of her country-women, 'What could make them entertain ſo mean an opinion either of their wives or their daughters, as to imagine they were enough in love with life, to endure to ſurvive the loſs of Sparta?'

The ſenate were equally pleaſed and ſurprized with this ſmart harangue: they immediately revoked their order for ſending away the women, and then reſolved to draw a trench in a line oppoſite to their enemies camp, and to ſink waggons in the ground, at each end of it, as deep as the naves of the wheels, in order to obſtruct the paſſage of Pyrrhus's elephants. They had no ſooner begun this work, than all the women and maids came to them in a body, headed by leaders of their own ſex. They intreated the young fellows, who were to engage the next day, to go home and repoſe themſelves, that they might be fit for action in the morning; and then joining the elder ſort of men, they aſſiſted them in making the trench. They took upon themſelves a full third part of it, which they engaged to finiſh before it was day; and working all night, ſome with their petticoats tucked up, and others only in their ſhifts, they performed what they had promiſed. The trench was finiſhed that night, though Phylarcus aſſures us, it was ſix cubits in breadth, four in depth, and eight hundred feet long. As ſoon as day appeared, Pyrrhus, with an army of 20000 foot, 2000 horſe, and 24 elephants, came on to the attack. Upon this, the Spartan women arming the youth with their own

hands,

hands, committed the trench to their charge. They conjured them to defend it to the laſt extremity; and repreſented to them in the moſt lively terms, how glorious it muſt be either to conquer in the view of their whole country, or to fall as became Spartans, and to die in the arms of their wives and their mothers. The Lacedæmonians thus encouraged, defended themſelves with a valour and reſolution ſcarce to be conceived. Phyllius and Acrotatus, (the latter fighting for, and before his miſtreſs Chelidonis) ſignalized themſelves in ſuch a manner, as has juſtly rendered their names immortal. In a word, the enemy were every where repulſed: the fight only ended with the day. But Pyrrhus, encouraged by a dream, led on his Macedonians the next morning to a ſecond aſſault: he himſelf in perſon made his utmoſt efforts, to force a paſſage through the ſhields of the Spartans ranged againſt him. He found this impracticable. At length, followed by a few Macedonians on horſeback, he made a ſhift to paſs the Spartan trench, in that part of it where the waggons had been planted to ſtop his elephants. He was now making in a full career towards the city, when his horſe, ſhot with a Cretan arrow, and flouncing as he died, threw his rider. The Spartans, encouraged at the ſight of this accident, ran boldly up, and fell upon the king and his party with ſo much fury, as obliged them to repaſs the trench; and Pyrrhus, amazed at thoſe prodigious proofs of Lacedæmonian courage, which he had been an eye-witneſs of for two days together, ſounded a retreat, and drew off his army. The Spartan women never ſtirred from the field of battle during theſe engagements: they were conſtantly at hand to ſupply the men with arms; to give bread and wine to ſuch as were fainting, and to take care of the wounded. The Grecians in general thought the loſs of Sparta at this time inevitable; and Pyrrhus, the greateſt general of his age, imagined he was ſo ſure of carrying his point, that he would not ſuffer his army to give the aſſault the ſame evening he arrived,

for

for fear they ſhould take the city by ſtorm, and plunder it in the night. He knew very well there were but few ſoldiers in it; that even theſe were unprovided, by reaſon of his unexpected approach; and, laſtly, that Areus their king was not with them in perſon, but gone into Crete. Thus was the city of Sparta preſerved, which could never have been done, had not the ladies, as well as the men, been fonder of their country than their lives.

THE SURPRIZE.

UPON the taking of the city of Sardis, a certain Perſian, not knowing Crœſus, advanced to kill him; and when he, not caring to ſurvive that diſaſter, neglected to avoid the blow, his ſpeechleſs ſon, ſeeing the ſoldier ready to ſtrike, and fearing for the life of his father, in that inſtant cried out, 'Man, kill not Crœſus.' Theſe were the firſt words he ever uttered; but from that time he continued to ſpeak readily during all the reſt of his life. In this manner the Perſians became maſters of Sardis, and made Crœſus their priſoner; who having reigned fourteen years, and been beſieged fourteen days, put an end to his great empire, as the oracle had predicted.

The Perſians having taken Crœſus, and brought him to Cyrus, he commanded him to be fettered, and placed on a great pile of wood, already prepared, accompanied by fourteen young Lydians: deſigning either to offer this ſacrifice to ſome god, as the firſt fruits of his victory; or to perform a vow; or perhaps to ſee, becauſe he had heard of his devotion to the gods, whether any dæmon would ſave him from the fire. When Crœſus had aſcended the pile, notwithſtanding the weight of his misfortunes, the words

of

of Solon reviving in his memory, made him think he was inſpired by ſome god, when he ſaid, that no living man could juſtly be called happy. Revolving theſe words in his mind, he ſigh'd often in the anguiſh of his ſoul, and thrice pronounced the name of Solon. Which when Cyrus heard, he commanded his interpreters to aſk him, whoſe aſſiſtance he implored. They obeyed immediately; but Crœſus for a while kept ſilence; yet at laſt being conſtrained to ſpeak, he ſaid, "I named a man, whoſe diſcourſes I more "deſire all tyrants might hear, than to be poſſeſſor "of the greateſt riches." The interpreters judging this anſwer obſcure, repeated their demand; and perſiſting in their importunity, preſſed him earneſtly to explain his meaning. Upon which Crœſus acquainted them, that Solon, an Athenian, having formerly viſited him, and viewed his immenſe treaſures, had deſpiſed all; and that the truth of what he then ſaid was now verified, though his diſcourſe was generally relating to all mankind as much as to himſelf, and eſpecially to thoſe who vainly imagine themſelves happy. After Crœſus had ſaid theſe words, and the flames began to aſcend on every ſide, Cyrus, already informed by the interpreters of what he had ſaid, relented on a ſudden; and conſidering that being but a man, he was yet going to burn another man alive, who had been no way inferior to himſelf in proſperity; and fearing a retaliation of puniſhment, as one who was not ignorant of the inconſtancy of human affairs; he commanded the fire to be preſently extinguiſhed, and Crœſus, with thoſe who were about him, to be taken down. Accordingly all endeavours were uſed to execute his orders; but they could not maſter the fire. In this diſtreſs, Crœſus, as the Lydians report, being informed that Cyrus had altered his reſolution, and ſeeing every man toiling in vain to put out the fire, burſt into tears; and with a loud voice invoking Apollo, beſought the god, if ever any of his offerings had been agreeable to him, to protect and deliver him from

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the preſent danger: that immediately clouds were ſeen gathering in the air, which before was ſerene, and a violent ſtorm of rain enſuing, quite extinguiſhed the flames; by which Cyrus underſtanding that Crœſus was a good and pious man, ſpoke to him as ſoon as he came down, in theſe terms. "Tell "me, Crœſus, who perſuaded you to invade my ter- "ritories, and be my enemy rather than my friend?" "This war, ſaid Crœſus, as fortunate to you, O "king, as unfortunate to me, I undertook by the "perſuaſion and encouragement of the Grecian god. "For no man is ſo void of underſtanding to prefer "war before peace; becauſe in time of war fathers "bury their children, and in time of peace children "perform that office to their parents. But ſuch was "the will of the dæmon." When he had thus ſpoken, Cyrus commanded his fetters to be taken off, and permitted him to ſit down by his ſide, ſhewing him great reſpect; for both he and all thoſe that ſtood about him were aſtoniſhed at the things they had ſeen and heard. Crœſus ſat for ſome time penſive and ſilent. But afterwards turning about, and ſeeing the Perſians ſacking the city, he aſked Cyrus, whether he might ſpeak with freedom, or whether he ought to ſuppreſs his preſent thoughts? Cyrus bid him take courage, and deliver his opinion freely; upon which Crœſus aſked him, what thoſe great numbers were now doing with ſo much diligence? "They are, "ſaid Cyrus, pillaging your city, and deſtroying "your riches and magnificence." "Not ſo, replied "Crœſus, they neither plunder my city, nor deſtroy "my riches. For I have now no part in thoſe things; "but they ravage and conſume what belongs to you." This anſwer made ſuch an impreſſion on Cyrus, that taking Crœſus aſide, he aſked him privately, what he thought ſhould be done in this conjuncture? "Since the gods, ſaid Crœſus, have made me your "ſervant, I am in duty obliged to acquaint you with "all that may conduce to your advantage. If you "permit the Perſians, who are poor, and by nature

"inſolent,

" inſolent, to plunder and poſſeſs great riches, you " may expect that thoſe who enrich themſelves moſt, " will be moſt ready to rebel. Therefore, if you ap- " prove my ſentiments, place ſome of your guards " at every gate, with orders to take the booty from " all thoſe who would go out, and to acquaint them " that the tenth muſt of neceſſity be conſecrated to " Jupiter: by which method you will avoid the im- " putation of ſeizing their plunder by violence; and " every one acknowledging your intention to be juſt, " will readily obey." Cyrus having heard the propoſition of Crœſus with great ſatisfaction, and entirely approving his counſel; commanded the guards to do as he adviſed; and then turning to him again, ſaid, " Becauſe both your words and your actions are " truly royal, I permit you to aſk immediately what- " ever thing you chiefly deſire." " Sir, ſaid, Crœ- " ſus, the moſt acceptable favour you can beſtow " upon me, is to let me ſend my fetters to the god " of the Grecians, whom I have honoured more than " any other deity; and to aſk him, if it be his man- " ner to deceive thoſe who deſerve beſt of him?" Cyrus aſked what cauſe he had to complain of the god, that might induce him to make this requeſt? Upon which Crœſus, recollecting all his thoughts on that ſubject, gave him an account of the anſwers he received from the oracles, and of the donations he had preſented; in confidence of which he had made war againſt the Perſians; beſeeching him again to grant him leave to reproach the god with theſe things. Cyrus laughing, aſſured him he would not only grant this, but whatever elſe he ſhould deſire: which Crœſus hearing, diſpatched certain Lydians to Delphi, with orders to lay down his fetters at the entrance of the temple, and to demand of the god, if he were not aſhamed to have encouraged Crœſus by his oracles, to believe that by undertaking a war againſt the Perſians, he ſhould deſtroy the power of Cyrus: commanding them after theſe words to ſhew the fetters, as the trophies of his promiſed ſucceſs, and to

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aſk if the Grecian gods were accuſtomed to be ſo ungrateful. When the Lydians arrived at Delphi, and had put his orders in execution, the Pythian is reported to have made this anſwer: "The god himſelf cannot avoid the predetermined decrees of fate; and Crœſus, in the fifth generation, ſuffers for the crime of a man, who being one of the guard to the laſt king of the blood of Hercules, was induced by the fraud of a woman to murther his maſter, and to uſurp his dignity, to which he had no right. Yet Apollo uſed his beſt endeavours, that the diſaſter of Sardis might be ſuſpended to the time of his ſons, and not happen during the reign of Crœſus: and though he could not ſet aſide the fatal decree; yet he had done as much in his favour as that would permit; having delayed the ſubverſion of his kingdom for three years. And therefore let Crœſus know, that he was taken priſoner three years later than the fates had ordained. In the next place, when he was upon the point of being burnt alive, the god came in to his relief. Then, as to the prediction of the oracle, he has no right to complain; becauſe Apollo only foretold, that if he would make war againſt the Perſians, he ſhould ſubvert a great empire; and had he deſired to be truly informed, he ought to have ſent again to enquire, whether his own or that of Cyrus was meant by the oracle. But if he neither comprehended the meaning of the oracle, nor would enquire again, the fault is his. In a word, he did not underſtand the anſwer he received concerning the mule, when he laſt conſulted the god; for Cyrus was that mule, inaſmuch as he was born of parents, who were not only of different nations, but of very unequal condition: for his mother was a Mede, and daughter to Aſtyages king of Media; but his father was of Perſia, a country then ſubject to the Medes; and being every way inferior to her, had married his lord's daughter." The Lydians having received this anſwer from the Pythian, returned, and made their report to Crœſus; who acknowledged the fault to be his, and that the oracle

oracle was wholly innocent. In this manner the kingdom of Crœſus was conquered, and Ionia the firſt time ſubdued.

The BOY and his CALF.

A Certain lord, taking a walk with a gentleman, near a country village, ſaw a poor boy dragging a calf home with both his hands; "You ſhall ſee (ſays my lord, laughing) I'll make the boy looſe his calf;" ſuppoſing the boy would have pulled off his hat to him; but being diſappointed, "Sirrah, (ſays he) don't you ſee me, and d'ye keep your hat on?" "An't pleaſe your lordſhip to hold my calf (replied the boy) I'll put it off; but at preſent you ſee I have my hands full."

The DEVIL and the MOCK-SAINT.

THERE was formerly a ſanton whoſe name was Barſiſa, who for the ſpace of an hundred years very fervently applied himſelf to prayer; and ſcarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his reſidence, for fear of expoſing himſelf to the danger of offending God. He faſted in the daytime, and watched in the night; all the inhabitants of the country had ſuch a great veneration for him, and ſo highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of heaven. When he made vows for the health of a ſick perſon, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of a king of that country fell into a dangerous diſtemper, the cauſe of which the phyſicians could not diſcover, yet they continued preſcribing remedies by gueſs; but inſtead of

of helping the princeſs, they only augmented her diſeaſe. In the mean time the king was inconſolable, for he paſſionately loved his daughter; wherefore one day, finding all human aſſiſtance vain, he declared it as his opinion, that the princeſs ought to be ſent to the ſanton Barſiſa.

All the beys applauded his ſentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the ſanton; who, notwithſtanding his frozen age, could not ſee ſuch a beauty without being ſenſibly moved. He gazed on her with pleaſure; and the devil, taking this opportunity, whiſpered in his ear thus; "O ſanton! do not let ſlip ſuch a fortunate minute: tell the king's ſervants that it is requiſite for the princeſs to paſs this night in the grotto, to ſee whether it will pleaſe God to cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, and that they need only come to fetch her to-morrow."

How weak is man! The ſanton followed the devil's advice, and did what he ſuggeſted to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princeſs, ſent one of their number to know the king's pleaſure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barſiſa, never in the leaſt ſcrupled the truſting of his daughter with him. "I conſent, ſaid he, that ſhe ſtay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleaſes; I am wholly ſatisfied on that head."

When the officers had received the king's anſwer, they all retired, and the princeſs remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil preſented himſelf to the ſanton, ſaying, "Canſt thou let ſlip ſo favourable an opportunity with ſo charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if ſhe were even ſo indiſcreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world are too much prepoſſeſſed in your favour, to give any credit to ſuch a report. You may do any thing, unpuniſhed, when armed by the great reputation for wiſdom which you have acquired." The

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unfortunate Barſiſa was ſo weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princeſs, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no ſooner perpetrated his crime, than a thouſand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accoſts the devil: "O wretch! ſaid he, 'tis thou which haſt deſtroyed me! Thou haſt encompaſſed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to ſeduce me; and now at laſt thou haſt gained thy end." "O ſanton! anſwered the devil, do not reproach me with the pleaſure thou haſt enjoyed. You may repent: but what is unhappy for you, is, that the princeſs is impregnated, and thy ſin will become public: thou wilt become the laughing ſtock of thoſe who admire and reverence thee at preſent, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death."

Barſiſa, terrified by this diſcourſe, ſays to the devil, "What ſhall I do to prevent the publication of my ſhame?" "To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a freſh one, anſwered the devil: kill the princeſs, bury her at the corner of the grotto, and when the king's meſſengers come t-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that ſhe went from the grotto very early in the morning: they will believe you, and ſearch for her all over the city and country; the king her father will be in great pain for her, but after ſeveral vain ſearches it will wear off."

The hermit, abandoned by God, purſuant to this advice, killed the princeſs, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him ſay. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they deſpaired of finding her, when the devil told them, that all their ſearch for the princeſs was in vain; and relating what had paſſed betwixt her and the ſanton, he told them the place where ſhe was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, ſeized Barſiſa, and found the princeſs's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; where-

whereupon they took up the corpſe, and carried that and the ſanton to the palace.

When the king ſaw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and aſſembling the doctors, he laid the ſanton's crime before them, and aſked their advice how he ſhould be puniſhed. All the doctors condemned him to death; upon which the king ordered him to be hanged: accordingly a gibbet was erected: the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whiſpered in his ear theſe words; "O ſanton! if you will worſhip me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and tranſport you two thouſand leagues from hence, into a country where you ſhall be reverenced by men, as much as you were before this adventure. I am content, ſays Barſiſa; deliver me, and I will worſhip thee. Give me firſt a ſign of adoration, replies the devil; whereupon the ſanton bowed his head, and ſaid, "I give myſelf to you." The devil then raiſing his voice, ſaid, "O Barſiſa, I am ſatisfied; I have obtained what I deſired:" and with theſe words ſpitting in his face, he diſappeared; and the deluded ſanton was hanged.

The MAN of HONOUR.

WHEN I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black Horſe in Holborn, where the perſon that uſually preſided at the table was a rough old-faſhioned gentleman, who, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noiſy young officer, bred in France, was venting ſome new-fangled notions, and ſpeaking, in the gaiety of his humour, againſt the diſpenſations of Pro-

Providence. The major at firſt only deſired him to talk more reſpectively of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious manner. Young man, ſaid he, do not abuſe your benefactor, while you are eating his bread. Conſider whoſe air you breathe, whoſe preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very ſpeech which you make uſe of to his diſhonour. The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jeſt, aſked him, if he was going to preach? But at the ſame time deſired him to take care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour! ſays the major; thou art an infidel and a blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch, In ſhort, the quarrel ran ſo high, that the major was deſired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow adviſed his antagoniſt to conſider the place into which one paſs might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of ſcurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear; Sirrah, ſays he, if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profaneneſs to thy Maker, and thy ſaucineſs to his ſervant. Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried out with a loud voice, "The ſword of the Lord and of Gideon;" which ſo terrified his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture he begged his life; but the major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſked pardon for his offence in a ſhort extempore prayer which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated after him in the preſence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

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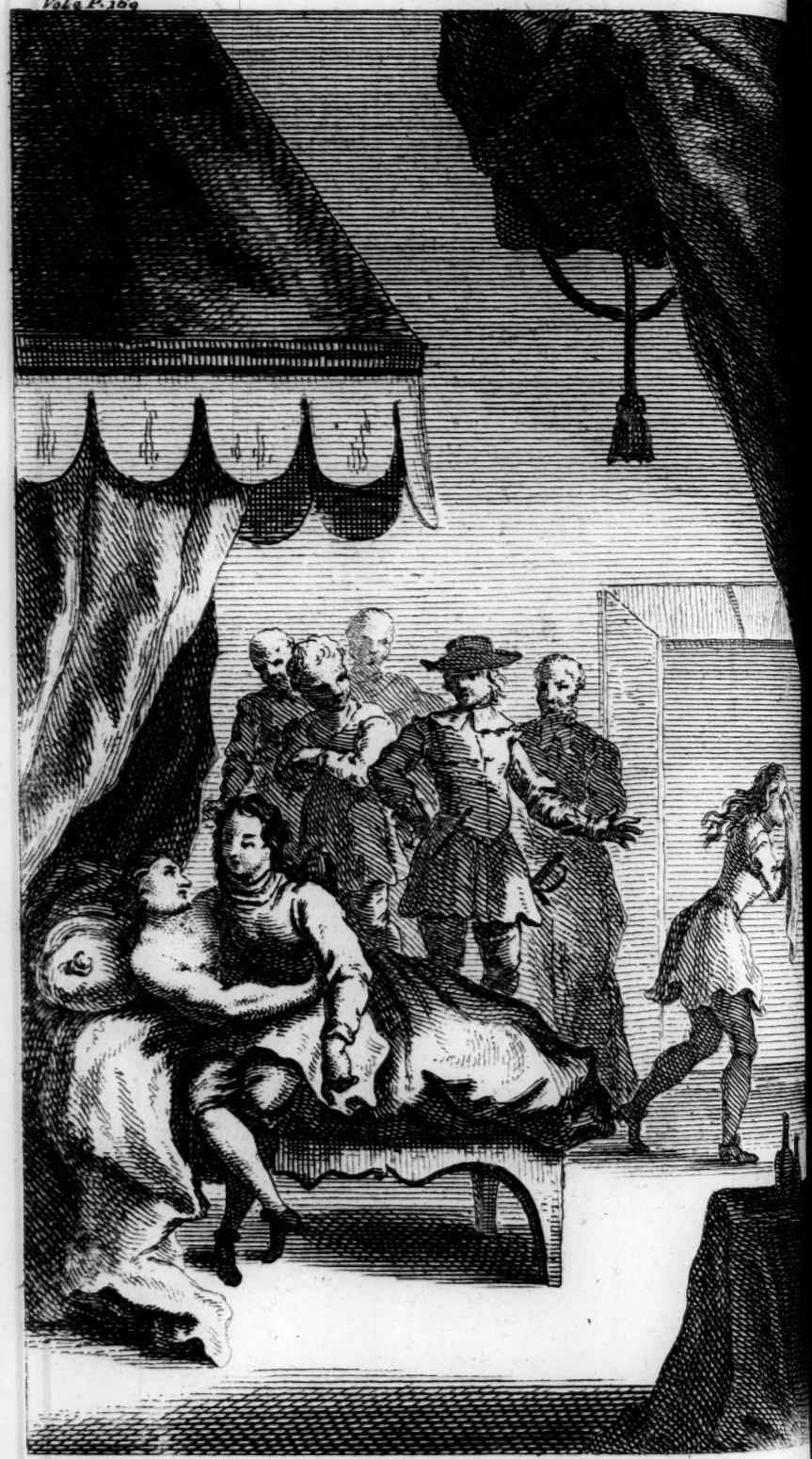

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THE ASS FOUND.

A Certain countryman having loſt his aſs, came to the muezin, or cryer, deſiring him to give notice at the door of one of their moſques. Which he did for three ſeveral feſtivals. But no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the muezin to continue his former proclamations, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The muezin being an arch wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one day when the ceremonies of their ſuperſtitious worſhip were ended, and the people flocked amain out of the moſque, he made this following proclamation: "If there be any man here amongſt you, who will come forth, and ſolemnly profeſs, he never was in love, he ſhall have a fat pig."

An ungainly loobily fellow, who was leaning liſtening on his ſtaff, bawled out, "That he could ſafely take his oath, he was the perſon who had never been in love." Whereupon the muezin taking him by the ſleeve, preſents him to the countryman, ſaying, "Here, friend, I have found your aſs, the pig is mine."

THE RIVAL LADIES.

FIVE leagues from the city of Sevil, is a village, called Caſtil-Blanco, which is very well provided with inns; into one of them juſt at cloſe of evening came a traveller, mounted on a fine outlandiſh nag: he had no ſervant with him, but nimbly alighted, without waiting for any one to hold his ſtirrup. The inn-keeper, who was always at hand in buſineſs, came out immediately; but the traveller had thrown himſelf upon a bench in the gate-way, and began to unbutton his boſom, but his arms dropped down, and

he ſeemed to be fainting away. The landlady, who was a tender-hearted woman, threw water in his face, and recovered him: he appeared to be mightily concerned to have been ſeen in that condition, and buttoned up his boſom again, and deſired them to ſhew him a room where he might take his reſt; and if poſſible, that he might have a chamber to himſelf. The hoſteſs ſaid, ſhe had but one room, which had two beds in it, ſo that if another gueſt ſhould happen to come, they muſt lodge him there. He told her he would pay for both the beds, whether any other gueſt came or not; and taking out a crown in gold gave it the hoſteſs, upon condition ſhe ſhould put nobody into that bed. The landlady was pleaſed with the money, and promiſed to obey his orders, though the dean of Sevil himſelf ſhould come to her houſe that night. She aſked him whether he would pleaſe to ſup? He anſwered, No; and only deſired they would take care of his horſe. He aſked for the key of the room, and taking up a pair of large leathern bags, locked the door after him, and, as it afterwards appeared, ſet two chairs againſt it.

No ſooner had he locked himſelf in, than the hoſt and hoſteſs, the hoſtler, and two of their neighbours, who happened to be at the inn, met in council, and began to diſcourſe about the new gueſt's extraordinary beauty and fine preſence: they all agreed they had never ſeen ſuch a charming creature before. They paſſed a judgment then upon his age, and concluded he might be about ſixteen or ſeventeen, and ſhrewdly argued the caſe about what might be the cauſe of his fainting; but not being able to ſettle it, they again admired the gracefulneſs of his perſon. The neighbours went home, and the hoſt to ſerve the horſe, and the hoſteſs to get ſupper in a readineſs, in caſe other gueſts ſhould happen to arrive; and it was not long before another came in, not much older than the former, and full as handſome. Bleſs us, cried the hoſteſs, as ſoon as ſhe caſt her eyes upon him, what is the meaning of this? are angels come to lie in my houſe

houſe to night? Why ſo, landlady? ſaid the gentleman. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have reaſon for what I ſay, and I muſt deſire you not to alight, becauſe I have no bed for you; I had but two, and a gentleman, who is in that room, has taken them both and paid for them; he had occaſion indeed but for one, but it ſeems he loves to be alone; and by the maſs I cannot think why, for ſuch a make and face ought not to be hid, but to be ſeen and bleſſed by all the world. Is he ſo beautiful? replied the gentleman. In troth, Sir, ſaid the hoſteſs, he is beautiful and more than beautiful. Here, hoſteſs, ſaid the gentleman, hold my horſe, for though I ſhould lie upon the floor, I will ſee this man that is ſo highly commended. A muleteer that came in with him, held his ſtirrup, and he alighted; he ordered his ſupper to be got ready immediately, which was done accordingly; whilſt he was at ſupper, in came an alguazil, or officer of the town, as is uſual in ſuch little villages, and ſeating himſelf by the gentleman, fell into diſcourſe with him as he was eating, not forgetting every now and then to toſs down his glaſs of wine, and to pull the leg and wing of a partridge, which the gentleman very civilly offered him. In return, the alguazil aſked him what news from court, how the wars in Flanders went; whether the Turks were coming into Chriſtendom, and how affairs ſtood in Tranſylvania? The gentleman minded his ſupper, and ſaid nothing, as not being provided to anſwer his queſtions. By this time the hoſt having ſerved the nag, came in and made a third man, and took the freedom to taſte his own wine as often as the alguazil. At every glaſs he ſwallowed he ſhook his head, and commended the wine to the ſkies. From one diſcourſe to another, they again fell upon the praiſes of the gueſt who had locked himſelf up, giving an account of his ſwooning away, his ſurprize, and that he would eat no ſupper. They took notice alſo of the leathern bags, the goodneſs of his nag, and the gayneſs of

his cloaths, all which conſidered, they concluded he ought to have a ſervant to wait on him.

Theſe things made the gentleman the more eager to ſee him, and therefore he intreated the hoſt to contrive ſome way that he might get in to lie in the other bed, and he would give him a crown in gold. The lucre of the money drew over the hoſt, and he would gladly have earned it, but he found it impracticable, becauſe the other was locked up on the inſide, and he durſt not awake him; beſides, he had paid for both the beds. The alguazil ſoon removed all theſe difficulties: this may be done, cried he; I will knock at the door, and call out that I am an officer of the town, who by order of the alcade bring this gentleman to be quartered in this inn, and that ſince there is no other bed, he muſt be accommodated with that; the hoſt ſhall anſwer in a complaining note, that it is wronging of him, becauſe the bed is hired already, and that it is unconſcionable to take it from him who has paid for it. This will bring off my landlord; and you, Sir, will have what you deſire. They all liked the alguazil's contrivance, and the gentleman gave him four royals. They put it in execution immediately. The firſt gueſt with much reluctancy opened the door to the officer; and the ſecond, begging his pardon for the injury they ſeemed to have done him, went into the empty bed; but the other neither anſwered him one word, nor would ſuffer his face to be ſeen; for as ſoon as ever he had opened the door, he threw himſelf into bed again, and turning his face to the wall, pretended to ſleep, to avoid talking. The other hoped to ſatisfy his curioſity in the morning when they aroſe.

The nights were then the long tedious ones of December, and the cold weather and fatigue of travelling required both the paſſengers to diſpoſe themſelves to reſt; but the firſt gueſt not being able to take any, began ſoon after midnight to ſigh ſo bitterly, as if every ſigh had been his laſt; inſomuch that though the other ſlept, he could not but awake at that lamentable

mentable noiſe, and admiring the ſhort ſobs which attended the ſighs, he liſtened attentively to what his neighbour ſeemed to mutter to himſelf. The room was dark, and the beds at a conſiderable diſtance from each other; nevertheleſs, among other things he heard him with a low and weak voice utter theſe words: Alas! unhappy creature, whither does the irreſiſtible power of my deſtiny hurry me? What way am I fallen into, or how can I hope to get out of this intricate labyrinth in which I am? Alas! for my tender and unexperienced years, unfit for conſideration and advice! What will be the end of this bold excurſion! Alas for my neglected honour! Alas for my love, repaid with ingratitude! Alas, how have I broke thro' the reſpect I owed my worthy parents and relations! And alas, a thouſand times for me, who have ſuffered myſelf to be led away by my giddy inclinations! O the deceitful expreſſions which ſeduced my unwary heart! But of whom do I, wretched woman, complain? Am I not my own deceiver? Did not I fling away my reputation, and violate the confidence my aged parents had in my virtue? O faithleſs Marc Antonio! how is it poſſible that thoſe flattering words with which you uſed to ſooth my ear, ſhould be ſucceeded with this diſcourteſy and diſdain? Where art thou, perfidious man? Whither art thou fled? Anſwer me, Antonio; ſtay for me, who am following you; ſupport me, for I faint; help me; ſuccour me, ſince I have ſo many ways obliged you. Having ſaid this, ſhe held her peace, and by her ſighs and ſobs it was evident ſhe did not refrain from tears.

The laſt gueſt liſtened ſilently to the whole, and as the houſe was all huſhed, he heard it diſtinctly, and diſcovered by it that the perſon who complained was a woman, which made him the more earneſt to know who ſhe was: ſeveral times he reſolved to go to her bed-ſide; and had certainly done ſo, had he not heard her riſe and call to the hoſt to ſaddle her horſe, for ſhe would be gone. The inn-keeper let her call a long time, and at laſt yawning deſired her to go

reſt, for it was midnight, and ſo dark, that it would be a madneſs to ſtir out. Upon this the poor lady gave over, and ſhutting her chamber-door, threw herſelf upon the bed, and fetched a loud ſigh. The other thought this a fit time to ſpeak to her, and offer her all his ſervice; to oblige her to diſcover herſelf, and let him know her misfortune; Sir, ſaid he, had not your ſighs, and the words you uttered, moved me to pity the misfortune you complain of, I ſhould think myſelf void of natural compaſſion, and that my heart was of ſtone, and my breaſt as hard as braſs; and if this compaſſion I have for you, and the reſolution I have taken to expoſe my life to do you right, if it be poſſible, deſerves any civility, I beg of you, in return, that you will diſcover to me the cauſe of your grief, without concealing any part of it. Had not this ſorrow tranſported me beyond my reaſon, anſwered the other, I ſhould have remembered that I was not alone in the room, and ſhould have curbed my tongue, and ſuppreſſed my ſighs; but in revenge for my forgetfulneſs, in a place where I ought to have been upon my guard, I will comply with your deſire, becauſe perhaps the reviving the ſad account of my misfortunes may add freſh grief enough to break my heart. But you muſt ſolemnly promiſe, by the fidelity you expreſſed in the offer you have made me, and upon your honour, which, by the words you have ſpoken, appears to be much, that whatever you ſhall hear, you will not ſtir out of your bed, nor come to mine, nor aſk any more than I ſhall be willing to tell you; for if you ſhould happen to do otherwiſe, the very moment I hear you ſtir, I will ſtab myſelf with a ſword I have at my head. The other, who would not have heſitated at promiſing impoſſibilities to learn what he ſo earneſtly deſired, anſwered, That he would not tranſgreſs her injunctions in the leaſt; and bound it with a thouſand oaths. Upon that ſecurity, replied the firſt, I will do that which I never did before, that is, give another an account of my life.

You

You are to underſtand, Sir, that I, who, as you have doubtleſs been told, came hither in the habit of a man, am an unhappy maid, at leaſt one who was ſo within theſe eight days, and ceaſed to be ſo through my own folly and madneſs, and by giving credit to the formal and fallacious words of perfidious men. My name is Theodoſia, my place of birth a conſiderable town in this province of Andaluſia; the name of it I conceal, becauſe it concerns not you ſo much to know it, as it does me to hide it. My parents are of quality, and more than moderately rich; they had one ſon and a daughter, the former for their comfort and honour, and the latter their grief and ſhame. They ſent him to ſtudy at Salamanca, and kept me at home; where they bred me with ſuch care and privacy as were ſuitable to their virtue and rank, and I was always obedient to them without the leaſt reluctance, till my unhappy fate, or my own extravagance, preſented to my ſight a ſon of a neighbour of ours, richer than my parents, and of as good a family. The firſt time I beheld him, I felt nothing but a bare ſatisfaction in having ſeen him, and that was not much, conſidering that his dreſs, his mien, his face, his behaviour, his extraordinary diſcretion and courteſy were extolled and valued by all the town. But to what purpoſe is it for me to praiſe my enemy, or to ſpend words to ſpin out my unfortunate adventure, or rather the beginning of my madneſs? In ſhort, he ſaw me ſeveral times from a window that was oppoſite to mine, whence he ſeemed to dart his ſoul at me through his eyes. I took another ſort of ſatisfaction in looking at him than I had done at firſt, and even believed that all I read in his looks and geſtures was ſincere. This interview produced a conference, the conference gave him an opportunity to declare his deſire, his deſire kindled mine, and made me believe him. To all this were added promiſes, oaths, tears, ſighs, and whatever in my opinion could become a conſtant lover, to expreſs the truth of his affection, and the unchangeableneſs of his heart; and to me,

unhappy creature! who had never experienced ſuch things before, every word was a cannon-ſhot, that battered down the outworks of my honour; every tear was a flame that conſumed my modeſty; every ſigh a ſtrong breath of wind that blew the fire; that virtue, which till then had been untouched, was ſupplanted; and as he promiſed me marriage, though his parents, who deſigned him for another, ſhould refuſe to conſent to it, I broke through all my reſervedneſs, and, without knowing how, put myſelf into his power, unknown to my parents, and without any other witneſs of my folly, than a page belonging to Antonio (for that is the name of the diſturber of my peace;) and ſcarce had he taken poſſeſſion of me, according to his will, when within two days he left the town, neither his parents, nor any other, knowing whither he was gone. In what a condition I was left, let thoſe tell who are able; for I neither was then nor am now capable of any thing but bewailing it. I tore my hair, I diſguiſed my face, as thinking that had been the cauſe of my calamity: I curſed my fate; I blamed my reſolution; I ſhed many, nay infinite tears; I was almoſt ſtifled with them and the ſighs that iſſued from my afflicted heart; I ſilently complained to heaven; I racked my thoughts to find out ſome redreſs; and what occurred was to dreſs myſelf in man's cloaths, to quit my father's houſe, and ſet out in queſt of this treacherous, this perfidious man, this robber of my virtue, and of my lawful and well-grounded hopes. Thus without conſidering much on what I was doing, meeting accidentally with a ſuit of cloaths of my brother's, and taking a nag of my father's, which I ſaddled myſelf, I left the houſe in a very dark night, deſigning to go to Salamanca, where, as I heard afterwards, it was gueſſed Antonio might be; for he is a ſcholar and comrade to my brother. I took care to furniſh myſelf with a conſiderable ſum of money in gold, to ſupply my wants in this unexpected journey; but what troubles me moſt is that my parents will purſue me, and cannot fail of taking

taking me by my cloaths and my horſe; and if I were not in danger of this, I am afraid of my brother, who is at Salamanca, and if he ſhould know me, it is eaſy to conceive what danger my life is in; becauſe, tho' he ſhould give ear to my excuſes, yet if he apprehends the honour of our family to be blemiſhed in the leaſt, his reſentment will prevail over all I can ſay to him. However, my chief deſign is, though I loſe my life, to find out my wicked ſpouſe, who cannot deny his being ſo, but he muſt be diſproved by the teſtimonial he left with me, which is a diamond ring, with theſe words in cypher, "Marc Antonio is huſband "to Theodoſia." If I meet with him, I will know of him, what it was he diſliked in me, that moved him ſo ſoon to leave me? and, in ſhort, I will oblige him to perform his promiſe to me, or I will be the death of him; for I am as fixed to take revenge, as I was eaſy in ſuffering myſelf to be wronged; for the noble blood I have from my parents inſpires me with ſuch a reſolution, as promiſes me either redreſs, or vengeance for my wrongs.

This, Sir, is the unfortunate ſtory you are deſirous to know, which will be a ſufficient excuſe for my ſighs and words that awaked you. What I beg of you is, that if you cannot help me, you will at leaſt adviſe me, how I may ſhun the dangers which threaten me, and moderate the fear I am in of being diſcovered, and direct me how I may compaſs what I deſire.

He who liſtened to the love-ſick Theodoſia's ſtory remained long in ſilence without anſwering one word, inſomuch that ſhe thought he was fallen aſleep, and had heard nothing of what ſhe ſaid; and to be ſatisfied as to what ſhe ſuſpected, Sir, ſaid ſhe, are you aſleep? I ſhould not take it ill if you were; for it is but fit that when the ſufferer recounts his misfortunes to one who is not concerned in them, the hearer ſhould rather be inclined to ſleep than to compaſſion. I am not aſleep, anſwered the gentleman; but am ſo ſenſible of your unhappineſs, that I may almoſt ſay, it

touches me as nearly and as feelingly as it does yourſelf, and therefore I ſhall not be content merely to aſſiſt you with my advice, but will do for you all that lies in my power; for though in relating your adventure you have given a proof of your extraordinary wit, and that of conſequence you were rather led aſtray by your inclination, than by Antonio's perſuaſions; yet I think the fault you have committed may be excuſed by your youth, that age being incapable of experience, and unacquainted with the wiles of men. Compoſe yourſelf, madam, and ſleep if you can the ſmall part of the night that remains, and when it is day we will conſult and conſider what remedy may be applied to your diſtemper.

Theodoſia returned him thanks in the moſt obliging manner ſhe could, and endeavoured to take ſome reſt, that the gentleman might be able to ſleep; but he could not get one moment's repoſe; on the contrary, he began to tumble in his bed, and ſighed ſo that Theodoſia could not forbear aſking him, what it was that troubled him? for if it were any thing wherein ſhe was capable of relieving him, ſhe would do it as readily as he had offered her his aſſiſtance. Though you, madam, anſwered the gentleman, are the perſon that has occaſioned the uneaſineſs you perceive in me, it is not you that can remove it; for if you could, I ſhould not be in any trouble. Theodoſia could not underſtand the meaning of thoſe confuſed words; but gueſſed his concern proceeded from love, and that ſhe herſelf was the cauſe of it. Nor was her ſuſpicion without ground; for the lonelineſs of the chamber, the darkneſs, and the knowing her to be a woman, might eaſily have produced a laſcivious thought in him. She was apprehenſive of it, and dreſſing herſelf haſtily and without noiſe, girt on her ſword and dagger, and ſitting down on the bed, waited for day, which not long after began to appear. The light breaking in at the windows and crevices, the gentleman, it ſeems, had done the ſame as Theodoſia, and no ſooner perceived the light in the room,

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than he ſtood up, ſaying, Riſe, Mrs. Theodoſia; for I deſign to bear you company in your journey, and not forſake you, till Antonio owns you for his wife, or either he or I loſe our lives in the quarrel, by which you will perceive how much I lay your misfortune to heart. Having ſaid this, he opened the windows and the door. Theodoſia had been wiſhing for the day, that ſhe might ſee him with whom ſhe had been diſcourſing all the night; but when ſhe beheld and knew him, ſhe could have wiſhed it had never been day, but that her eyes might rather have been cloſed in perpetual night; for no ſooner had the gentleman turned his face to look at her, being alſo deſirous to ſee her, than ſhe perceived he was her brother, whom ſhe ſo much dreaded. Her eyes failed her at the ſight, ſhe was ſtruck ſpeechleſs, and loſt her colour; however, fear making her bold, and the danger ſharpening her wit, ſhe drew her dagger, took hold of it by the point, and falling on her knees before her brother, with a trembling voice, Dear brother, cried ſhe, take this dagger, and with it chaſtiſe the fault I have committed, to ſatisfy your indignation; for my crime is ſo great as not to deſerve any mercy. I confeſs my offence, and do not deſire that my repentance ſhould excuſe me. This only I beg of you, that you will ſo puniſh me as to take away my life, but not my reputation; for though I have expoſed it ſo much by quitting my father's houſe, yet ſtill it will be preſerved if you puniſh me in private.

Her brother gazed on her, and though the unchaſtneſs of her conduct excited him to revenge, yet theſe melting and ſenſible words, wherewith ſhe owned her offence, wrought ſo effectually upon his heart, that with a pleaſing and ſedate countenance he raiſed her up, and comforted her in the beſt manner he was able, telling her, that as he could not inflict a puniſhment ſo grievous as ſhe deſerved, he was willing to put it off for the preſent; and alſo becauſe he was of opinion, it was not altogether impoſſible to retrieve the diſaſter, which he would attempt by all means to

compaſs, rather than revenge the injury of her looſe behaviour. Theſe words revived Theodoſia's ſpirits, her colour returned, and ſhe began to conceive freſh hopes. Don Raphael (that was her brother's name) would not ſpeak more about her misfortune, but bid her change the name of Theodoſia into that of Theodorus; for they would both ſet out for Salamanca in queſt of Antonio, though he fancied he was not there, becauſe, being his comrade, he ſhould have ſeen him; though it was likely the wrong he had done him, might make him ſtudious to avoid him.

The new-chriſtened Theodorus ſubmitted to his brother's will; and the hoſt coming in, they ordered him to get ſomething for breakfaſt, becauſe they would ſet forward with all ſpeed. Whilſt the horſes were ſaddling, and the breakfaſt getting ready, a gentleman traveller came into the inn, whom don Raphael preſently knew: Theodorus alſo knew him, and durſt not come out of the chamber, for fear of being ſeen. Don Raphael and he embraced; and don Raphael aſked him, What news there was in their town? To which the other anſwered, That he came from Port St. Mary, where he had left four gallies ready to ſail for Naples, and that Marc Antonio Adorno, the ſon of don Leonardo Adorno, was on board them. Don Raphael rejoiced at this unexpected intelligence, looking upon it as a good omen of his future ſucceſs. He deſired his friend to take his father's horſe, which he knew very well, and let him have his mule; he took no notice to him that he was come from Salamanca: but told him he was going thither, and did not care to ride ſo good a horſe ſo long a journey. His friend readily complied, and promiſed to deliver the horſe at his father's houſe. They breakfaſted together, and Theodorus by himſelf, and then the friend ſet out for Cazalla, where he had a plentiful eſtate. Don Raphael, to avoid bearing him company, pretended he had occaſion to return that day to Sevil; and as ſoon as the other was gone, he paid the reckoning, took his leave, and

Theodorus

Theodorus and he proceeded on their journey, leaving the whole inn in admiration at the ſweetneſs and dignity of his perſon; for he was as graceful and well ſhaped for a man, as his ſiſter was beautiful and lovely.

As ſoon as they were by themſelves, don Raphael acquainted his ſiſter with the news his friend had told him of Antonio, and that he thought fit to travel with all poſſible ſpeed for Barcelona, where the gallies generally touched in their paſſage to Italy, or in their return to Spain; and there they ſhould certainly meet with Antonio. His ſiſter anſwered, he might do whatever he ſhould judge expedient: for his will ſhould be a law to her. Don Raphael bid the muleteer he had brought with him be of good heart, for they muſt go to Barcelona, and promiſed to pay him to his own content for his time. The fellow, who was as well-tempered as any of his profeſſion, and knew don Raphael was generous, anſwered, that he would follow him to the world's end. Don Raphael aſked his ſiſter, What money ſhe had? She had not counted it, ſhe told him, and only knew, that ſhe had taken ſeven or eight handfuls of gold crowns out of her father's ſcrutore: by which don Raphael gueſſed ſhe might have about 500 crowns: as he had 200 and a gold chain, he thought himſelf pretty well furniſhed, and the rather, becauſe he was perſuaded he ſhould meet with Marc Antonio at Barcelona.

Thus they travelled on without loſing any time, or meeting with any accident or obſtacle, till they came within two leagues of a town called Ygualada, which is nine leagues from Barcelona. They had heard by the way, that a man of quality, who was going ambaſſador to Rome, was at Barcelona waiting for the gallies, which were not yet arrived: at which news they were pleaſed extremely. But juſt as they came to a little wood on the road, a man ruſhed out of it in a mighty conſternation, and often looking behind him: Don Raphael ſtopped him, What do you run for, honeſt friend, cried he; what is the matter, that you

you ply your feet ſo nimbly? Have not I reaſon to run, and to be in a fright, anſwered the man, when I have made a miraculous eſcape from a troop of robbers in that wood? How, cried the muleteer, that is bad, i'fackins; robbers at this time of day! on my conſcience, they will leave us in a bleſſed condition! Never fret yourſelf, friend, ſaid the man; for the robbers are gone off, and have left above thirty travellers tied to the trees in the wood, ſtripped quite to their ſhirts, with only one at liberty to unbind the reſt, after they ſhould be got over a little hill which they ſhewed him. If it be ſo, replied the muleteer, we may paſs in ſafety, becauſe the robbers never return to the place where they have committed a robbery for ſeveral days. I can ſay this upon my own experience; for I have fallen twice into their hands, a murrain on them, and know their ways and cuſtoms. That is true, ſaid the man. Don Raphael hearing this, reſolved to proceed; and they had not gone far, before they came to the poor wretches that were bound; they were above forty in number; and the man the robbers had left looſe, was buſy in unbinding them. They made a ſtrange appearance; ſome of them were naked, others were clad in the tattered cloaths of the robbers; ſome lamented the dear royals they had loſt, and others laughed at the odd figure their fellow-ſufferers made in the rags of the ruffians. So many crowns in hard gold, ſays one, gone at a ſweep; Crowns, ſays another, why they have taken from me a pin-cuſhion our Margaret made with her own hands, and gave me laſt proceſſion. A third was in agonies for an abſolution and a box of Agnus Dei's he had juſt brought from Rome. In fine, the place reſounded with lamentations. The two brethren beheld this with a generous compaſſion, and bleſſed God, who had delivered them from ſo imminent a danger. But the ſight which touched them moſt, and particularly Theodorus, was a boy about 16 years of age, bound in his ſhirt and drawers to the ſtump of an oak; he was ſo beautiful, that he moved

pity

pity in all that beheld him. Theodorus alighted to unbind him. He thanked him for his goodneſs in the moſt courteous manner. Theodorus deſired Calveſe, the muleteer, to lend him his cloak, till they could furniſh him with cloaths at the next town. Calveſe conſented very readily. Theodorus aſked him, don Raphael being by, where he was born, whence he came, and whither he was travelling. The youth anſwered, That he was a native of Andaluſia, of a town, which when he had named, they knew was but two leagues diſtant from their own. He added, that he came from Sevil, and deſigned to have gone over for Italy, like many others, to try his fortune in the army, but his fate had proved unlucky, and the robbers had taken a conſiderable ſum of money from him, and cloaths that were worth above 300 crowns; but he was ſtill reſolved to proceed, for he was not of a race to be daunted at the firſt misfortune.

The youth's diſcreet expreſſions, and his being ſo near a neighbour, but above all, the recommendation of his beauty, inclined don Raphael and his ſiſter to aſſiſt him to the utmoſt of their power. And having diſtributed money among thoſe they thought in the greateſt want, and eſpecially among ſome prieſts and fryars, of which there were above eight in the company; they placed the youth on Calveſe's mule, and ſoon arrived at Ygualada, where they were informed, that the gallies came to Barcelona the day before, and would ſail again within two days, unleſs they were ſooner forced away by ſtreſs of weather. Upon this intelligence they roſe the next morning before the ſun was up; though they had not ſlept all the night, both the brethren (as they appeared to be) being more alarmed than they had expected; for being at table with the youth they had releaſed, Theodorus fixed his eyes earneſtly on his face, and obſerving him ſtrictly, thought his ears were bored; by which, and by the baſhfulneſs of his looks, he ſuſpected it was a woman, and longed for ſupper to be over, to inform herſelf. During ſupper, don Raphael

phael aſked him whoſe ſon he was, for he knew all the prime people in his town, if he was of the place he had named. The youth anſwered, he was ſon to don Henry de Cardenas, a gentleman well known. don Raphael replied, that he was well acquainted with don Henry de Cardenas, and was certain he had no ſon; but if he ſaid it to conceal his parents, it might be excuſed, and he would aſk him no farther. It is true, replied the youth, don Henry has no children, but a brother of his, whoſe name is don Sancho, has. But he has no ſons, ſaid don Raphael, ouly a daughter, who is reported to be one of the moſt beautiful ladies in Andaluzia; I have only this by fame; for though I have been ſeveral times in the town, I never ſaw her. You are right, Sir, in all you have ſaid, anſwered the youth, for don Sancho has only one daughter, but ſhe is not ſo beautiful as is reported: and if I ſaid I was don Henry's ſon, it was to recommend myſelf the better to you; for I am not ſo, but the ſon of don Sancho's ſteward, who has ſerved him many years, and I was born in his houſe, and having angered my father, I took a ſum of money, and reſolved to go for Italy, as I told you, and take to the army, which, as I have ſeen, raiſes many mean perſons to renown.

Theodorus obſerved all his words, and his manner of delivering them, which confirmed him in his ſuſpicion. Supper being over, whilſt don Raphael undreſs'd, his ſiſter told him what ſhe ſuſpected; and, with his approbation, ſtepped aſide with the youth to a large balcony-window, which looked into the ſtreet; and both of them leaning over it, I could wiſh, ſaid he, Senor Franciſco, (which the youth ſaid was his name) that I had obliged you ſo far, that you could not refuſe any thing I ſhould aſk of you; but the ſhort time we have been acquainted has not given me an opportunity. Perhaps hereafter you may be ſenſible of my good inclinations; and in caſe you ſhall not think fit to anſwer my preſent expectation, I ſhall not be the leſs your ſervant; but before I explain my-

ſelf farther, I muſt acquaint you that though I am as young as you, I know more of the world than my age ſeems to promiſe, and by that knowledge I have found cauſe to ſuſpect that you are not a man, as you ſeem to be by your habit, but a woman, and well born, as your beauty teſtifies; and perhaps as unfortunate as the change of your dreſs ſeems to intimate; for changes of this kind are never for the better. If what I ſuſpect be true, confeſs it; for I ſwear by the faith of a gentleman, as I profeſs myſelf to be, that I will aſſiſt you to my utmoſt. You will never perſuade me you are not a woman, for the ring-holes in your ears diſcover it, and you were over-ſeen in not ſtopping them up with wax; for ſome other perſon, no leſs curious than myſelf, and perhaps not ſo honeſt, may obſerve them, and make the ſame concluſion. Do not ſcruple, I beſeech you, to tell me who you are, ſince I promiſe you my aſſiſtance, and aſſure you of as much ſecrecy as you can deſire.

The youth attended to what Theodorus ſaid, and perceiving he had done, before he anſwered a word, he catched up both his hands, and putting them to his mouth, kiſs'd them by force, at the ſame time bathing them with tears, which fell plentifully from his beautiful eyes; this ſtrange commotion wrought ſo on Theodorus, that he could not forbear weeping with him; for women well born have a tenderneſs of temper, and are naturally moved at the ſorrows and troubles of others. Having with ſome difficulty made the youth releaſe his hands, he waited to hear what he would anſwer; when fetching a deep groan, attended with many ſighs, I neither can, nor will, ſaid he, deny, that what you have ſuſpected is true: I am a woman, and the moſt unfortunate that ever was born; and ſince the favours I have received, and the offers you make me, oblige me to obey all your commands, I will tell you who I am, if it be not tireſome to you to hear the misfortunes of others. May I ever labour under them, replied Theodorus, if the ſatisfaction of being informed of them will not be equal to my

my concern at your having ſuſtained them; for I begin to feel them as if they were my own. Then embracing her again, and repeating his ſincere aſſurances of friendſhip, the youth being ſomething more compoſed, delivered himſelf in this manner.

As to my place of birth, I have already told you the truth, but not in relation to my parents, for don Henry is not my father, but my uncle, and his brother don Sancho is my father; and I am his unhappy daughter, who your brother ſays is ſo much celebrated for her beauty, which they who ſee how ſlender a ſhare I have of it, will diſcover to be a miſtake. My name is Leocadia; and the occaſion of my changing my habit is this: Two leagues from our town ſtands another, which is one of the richeſt in Andaluzia, where lives a gentleman of quality, deſcended from the noble and ancient houſe of the Adornos of Genoa. This gentleman has a ſon, who, if fame is not overlaviſh in his praiſes, as it is in mine, is one of the genteeleſt and moſt graceful that can be ſeen. As the two towns were very near, and he was addicted to hunting, as well as my father, he uſed to come ſometimes to our houſe, and ſtayed there five or ſix days, all the which, and ſome part of the nights, my father and he were wont to ſpend abroad in the fields. This cuſtom gave either my fate, or my love, or my inadvertency, an opportunity to caſt me down from the height of my honourable intentions, to the meanneſs of the condition to which I am reduced. For having viewed, more than became a modeſt virgin, Marc Antonio's mien and diſcretion, and conſidering the worth of his family, and his father's wealth, I thought, if I could make him my huſband, I need deſire no greater happineſs. Upon this I began to obſerve him more narrowly, and perhaps with leſs precaution, ſince he took notice that I had my eyes upon him; and the perfidious man neither wiſhed nor wanted any other declaration to pry into the ſecrets of my heart, and rob me of the prime treaſure of my ſoul. But there is no occaſion to relate all the particulars of my love,

love, it is ſufficient to acquaint you at once, that his aſſiduity prevailed on me ſo far, that having engaged his word and faith to me, under mighty oaths, and ſuch as I thought binding to any Chriſtian, that he would be my huſband, I ſurrendered myſelf to his will. However, not being perfectly ſatisfied with his oaths and proteſtations, for fear they ſhould all vaniſh into air, I obliged him to draw up the engagement in a paper, which he gave me ſigned with his own hand, and expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt terms. Having received this writing, I contrived that he ſhould come one night over a garden-wall, and be admitted into my chamber, where he might, without the leaſt danger, take poſſeſſion of that which was deſigned for him alone. At length the night I had ſo much wiſhed for came——

Theodorus had been ſilent till this moment, liſtening to Leocadia's words, each of which pierced thro' his ſoul, eſpecially at the name of Marc Antonio. He ſaw Leocadia's ſurpriſing beauty, and conſidered the great worth and diſcretion which ſhe ſhewed in the relation of her ſtory. But when ſhe uttered thoſe words, 'The night I had ſo much wiſhed for came,' he was quite out of patience; and not being able to curb himſelf, Well, ſaid he, interrupting her, and when that happy night came, what then? Did he get into your chamber? Did you enjoy him? Did he again confirm the writing? Was he pleaſed that he had obtained that of you, which you ſay was his own? Did your father know it? What was the concluſion of ſuch virtuous and wiſe beginnings? The concluſion, ſaid Leocadia, was the bringing me into the condition you now ſee me in; for he did not come according to his appointment. At theſe words Theodoſia recovered new breath, and her ſinking ſpirits revived from the pangs of jealouſy, which had ſeized her; yet ſhe was not ſo well reſtored, but that ſhe heard with anguiſh the reſt of Leocadia's diſcourſe; who thus proceeded.

He

He never came; he was so far from coming, that within a week after, I was informed for certain, that he had left his town, and carried away from her parents house the daughter of a gentleman of quality, in the same place; her name is Theodosia, a maiden of wonderful beauty and sense. The rape was soon known in our town, and immediately reached my ears; jealousy so fired my soul, that it subdued my honour, ruined my reputation, exhausted my patience, and destroyed my discretion. Alas! miserable woman that I am, I fancied Theodosia more beautiful than the sun, a prodigy of wit, and far more fortunate than myself. I then read over my paper, and found the expressions of it clear and firm, and not to be invalidated; and though I built my hopes on them as on a sacred security, yet when I reflected on the dangerous company Antonio had taken with him, my hopes again fell to the ground. I scratched my face, tore off my hair, and what troubled me most was, that I could not always fly into these frenzies, because of my father's presence. To conclude, that I might be at liberty to indulge my complaints, or put an end to my life, which was most likely, I resolved to quit my father's house. And as opportunity seems to remove all obstacles, when we are to put in execution an ill design, without dreading any inconveniences, I stole our page's cloaths, and a considerable sum of money from my father, and slipping out of the house in a very dark night, travelled some leagues a-foot, till I came to a town called Osura, where hiring a place in a waggon, in two days I arrived at Sevil, which was taking all the security I could not to be found, in case I should be sought after. I bought other cloaths, and a mule, and travelled with some gentlemen who were coming in haste for Barcelona, for fear of missing the gallies that were bound for Italy, till yesterday, as you have heard, I was met by the robbers, who took from me all I had, and among the rest, that inestimable jewel which preserved my health, and eased the burden of

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my troubles, Marc Antonio's paper; which I deſigned to carry over to Italy, and if I could find him out, to produce it as a teſtimony of his perfidiouſneſs, and my conſtancy, thereby to oblige him to perform his promiſe. But at the ſame time I have conſidered, that he will make no difficulty to diſown words written on paper, who has no regard to obligations which ought to be engraven on the ſoul; for it is plain, that if he has the matchleſs Theodoſia with him, he will not look on the unfortunate Leocadia; and yet I am reſolved to periſh, or ſhew myſelf before them both, that the ſight of me may give a check to their ſatisfaction. That enemy of my repoſe muſt not expect to enjoy what is mine ſo cheaply; I will ſeek her, I will find her, and be the death of her, if I can.

Wherein is Theodoſia to blame, ſaid Theodorus, if ſhe was alſo deceived by Antonio as you have been? How can that be, anſwered Leocadia, when he has taken her away with him? What deceit can there be, when two lovers are together? When they are together, they are pleaſed, whether they are in the burning deſerts of Libya, or on the frozen mountains of Scythia. She enjoys him, without doubt, whereſoever it is, and ſhe alone ſhall pay for all I ſhall have endured till I find him. It is poſſible you may be miſtaken, replied Theodoſia; for I am very well acquainted with her you call your enemy, and know ſhe is ſo reſerved and modeſt, that ſhe would never be prevailed on to quit her parents houſe, and run away with Antonio; and in caſe ſhe had done ſo, as ſhe does not know you, nor any thing that was between you two, ſhe has done you no wrong, and where there is no wrong, there is no place for revenge. What ſignifies talking of reſervedneſs, ſaid Leocadia, for I lived as retired, and was as modeſt as any, and yet I did what I have told you. There is no doubt but he went away with her; yet I own ſhe has not wronged me, when I reflect on it without prejudice; but my jealouſy brings her into my mind,

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and ſhe is to me like a ſword through my bowels; and it is no wonder, that ſince ſhe cauſes me ſo much pain, I ſhould hate her mortally. Prudence bids us remove thoſe things that hurt us, and it is natural to hate thoſe who do us a prejudice, and obſtruct our advantage. Let it be as you ſay, madam, replied Theodorus; for ſince the emotion you labour under will not permit you to make more judicious reflections, this is no time to offer you wholeſome advice. I only ſay, as I told you before, that I will aſſiſt you in all that is juſt, as far as I am able; and I promiſe the ſame for my brother, whoſe natural inclinations and generous birth will not ſuffer him to do otherwiſe. We deſign for Italy, and if you pleaſe you may go with us; you underſtand now what ſort of perſons we are pretty well; all I deſire of you is, that you will give me leave to acquaint my brother with what I know of your affairs, that he may treat you with that civility and reſpect which are due to you. But I think you ought to continue the diſguiſe of a man's habit; and if there is any conveniency for cloathing you in this place, in the morning I will buy you the beſt ſuit I can get; as for your other pretenſions, leave them to time, which is able to produce a remedy in the moſt deſperate caſes. Leocadia thanked Theodorus for his courteous offers, and allowed him to tell his brother what he pleaſed, beſeeching him not to abandon her, ſince he was ſenſible of the many dangers ſhe muſt run, if ſhe were known to be a woman.

Thus they parted, and went to bed; Theodoſia in her brother's room, and Leocadia in another cloſe by it. Don Raphael was not yet aſleep, but expected his ſiſter's coming, to know what had paſſed between her and the perſon ſhe took to be a woman. She gave him an exact account of all that Leocadia had told her, as whoſe daughter ſhe was, her love-intrigue, the writing Antonio had given her, and what ſhe deſigned: don Raphael was amazed. If ſhe is the ſame that ſhe pretends to be, I muſt tell you, ſiſter,

ſiſter, ſaid he, that ſhe is one of the firſt ladies in that town, and of the nobleſt in all Andaluzia. Her father is well known to ours, and the fame of her beauty is agreeable to what we ſaw in her countenance. My opinion is, that we muſt take care to prevent her ſpeaking with Antonio before us, for I am in pain about the paper ſhe ſays he gave her, though ſhe has loſt it; but ſet your heart at reſt, and go to bed, for there is a remedy for every thing. Theodoſia did as her brother ordered, as to going to bed; but as to ſetting her heart at reſt, ſhe could not obey him, for the rage of jealouſy had inflamed her ſoul. How did ſhe in her fancy magnify Leocadia's and Antonio's perfidiouſneſs, beyond what in truth it was! How often did ſhe read, or ſeem to read, the engagements he had given her! How many words and ſentences did ſhe add to it, to render it valid, and indiſſoluble! How often did ſhe ſuppoſe Leocadia had not loſt it; and perſuade herſelf that Antonio would make good his promiſe even without it; never once reflecting on the obligation he lay under to herſelf. Theſe thoughts employed her the greateſt part of the night, without ſleeping one wink. Nor did her brother don Raphael reſt better; for as ſoon as he heard who Leocadia was, his heart was fired with love, as much as if he had long converſed with her. Such is the power of beauty, that in a moment it attracts the deſires of thoſe who behold it; and if there appears the leaſt poſſibility of gaining it, kindles the heart into a flame as immediately as dry powder takes fire with the ſmalleſt ſpark that falls upon it. He beheld her in his imagination, not as tied to the tree in the ragged apparel of a man, but as in her own attire, and in her father's family, which was equal to his own. He would not ſuffer his thoughts to conſider the ſad occaſion which had brought her to his knowledge; but wiſhed for day, that he might proceed on his journey, and ſeek out Marc Antonio, not ſo much to make him his brother-in-law, as to prevent his being huſband to Leocadia; for his tranſport was ſo great,

great, that he could have been ſatisfied to have reſigned the juſtice which was due to his ſiſter, and which he had undertaken to procure her, and to have ſeen Antonio dead, on condition he might not deſpair of obtaining Leocadia. And he began to flatter himſelf with ſucceſs in his enterprize, either by force, or by courteſy, both of which he now ſeemed to have an opportunity to employ.

With theſe pleaſing notions, he compoſed himſelf a little; but day ſoon coming on, they left their beds. Don Raphael then calling the landlord, aſked him whether they could get cloaths in the town for a page who had been ſtripped by the robbers. The hoſt told him he had a good ſuit to ſell; and fetching it to them, it fitted Leocadia. Don Raphael paid for it; ſhe put it on, and buckled on a ſword and dagger with ſo good a grace, that in even that habit ſhe ſurpriſed don Raphael, and raiſed freſh jealouſy in Theodoſia. Calveſe ſaddled the mules, and they ſet out at eight in the morning for Barcelona, without viſiting the famous monaſtery of Montſerrate, deferring it till Providence ſhould be pleaſed to bring them back to their native country with greater peace of mind.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the thoughts of don Raphael and Theodoſia at that time, or with what different minds they both looked on Leocadia; Theodoſia wiſhing her death, and don Raphael her life; each of them being poſſeſſed with jealouſy and love. Theodoſia contrived to find ſome blemiſhes in her, to ſupport her own hopes; while don Raphael admired thoſe perfections which every moment enereaſed his affection. However, they purſued their journey ſo heartily, that they arrived at Barcelona a little before ſun-ſetting. They admired the beautiful ſituation of the town, and concluded it to be the flower of all cities, the honour of Spain, the terror of neighbouring and remote enemies, the delight of its inhabitants, the refuge of ſtrangers, the ſchool of gentility, the pattern of loyalty; and fully anſwering all

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that the moſt polite and curious can expect in a great, famous, opulent, and well ſeated city. As they enter'd, they heard a mighty noiſe, and ſaw a crowd of people running in the utmoſt confuſion; and enquiring into the cauſe, were told, that the people who belong'd to the gallies which were at anchor in the road, were fallen together by the ears with the citizens. Don Raphael hearing this, woud needs go ſee how the matter went; Calveſe advis'd him not to do it, becauſe it was madneſs to run himſelf into manifeſt danger; for he very well knew how ſcurvily they came off, who thruſt themſelves into ſuch quarrels, which were uſual in that city upon the arrival of the gallies.

Calveſe's good counſel did not prevail with don Raphael to deſiſt, and therefore they all follow'd him. When they came to the ſhore, they beheld a great many ſwords drawn, and a whole multitude hacking and hewing one another without mercy. They drew ſo near, without alighting, that they could diſtinguiſh the faces of thoſe that fought, for the ſun was not yet quite down. An infinite number of people flock'd from the city, and others landed from the gallies, notwithſtanding don Peter Vique, the admiral, who was a gentleman of Valencia, ſtanding on the poop of his galley, threatened thoſe that were got into the boats, to go to the aſſiſtance of their comrades. But perceiving all he cou'd ſay was to no purpoſe, he caus'd the heads of the gallies to be brought about towards the city, and fir'd a gun with powder only, as a ſignal that the next ſhould be with ball, if they did not give over. Don Raphael in the mean time was looking upon the fray, and obſerv'd that among thoſe who ſignaliz'd themſelves of the party belonging to the gallies, none behav'd himſelf better than a youth of about twenty-two years of age, clad in green, with a hat of the ſame colour, about which was a rich hatband, which ſeem'd to be of diamonds. His gallant behaviour, and the gayneſs of his habit, drew the eyes of all the ſpectators; and Theodoſia and Leocadia

gaz'd on him ſo earneſtly, that they both cry'd out at once, Heavens! either my eyes are not my own, or he in the green is Marc Antonio. They had no ſooner utter'd theſe words, than they both threw themſelves off their mules, and drawing their ſwords and daggers, puſh'd into the midſt of the throng without the leaſt concern, and plac'd themſelves on each ſide of Antonio, who, as they ſaid, was the youth in green. Fear nothing, Antonio, ſaid Leocadia as ſoon as ſhe came up to him, for you have one by your ſide, who will cover your body with his own to ſave yours. Who queſtions that, cry'd Theodoſia, when I am here? Don Raphael, who ſaw and heard the whole, follow'd them, and join'd in the ſuccour. Marc Antonio being intent on defending himſelf, took no notice of what they ſaid, but did wonders in the fight. However, the number of the citizens encreaſing every moment, thoſe of the gallies were oblig'd to give ground till they were driven into the water. Antonio retir'd very unwillingly, and his two brave female champions retir'd equally with him.

In this inſtant arriv'd a Catalonian gentleman of the renown'd family of Cordona, mounted on a ſtately horſe, and riding in between the two parties, made the citizens retire; for as ſoon as they knew him, they all paid him the higheſt reſpect. But ſome ſtanding aloof, threw ſtones, one of which, as ill luck wou'd have it, ſtruck Marc Antonio on the temple with ſuch force, that he dropp'd down into the water, which was then up to his knees. As ſoon as Leocadia ſaw him fall, ſhe ran to him, and bore him up in her arms, and Theodoſia did the like. Don Raphael was at a ſmall diſtance, defending himſelf againſt the ſhower of ſtones which flew about him; and being about to go to the aſſiſtance of his miſtreſs and of his ſiſter, the Catalonian gentleman ſtopp'd him. Give over, Sir, ſaid he, as you are a ſoldier, and keep cloſe by me, and I will reſcue you from the inſolence of this unruly multitude. Let me paſs, Sir, anſwer'd don Raphael, for I ſee thoſe I love beſt in this world in

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great danger. The gentleman permitted him to go; but he came ſo late, that Marc Antonio and Leocadia, (for ſhe never let him go out of her arms) were already put into the admiral's boat; and Theodoſia thinking to have got into the boat with them, her ſtrength fail'd her, either from her concern at Antonio's being wounded, or at her ſeeing him carry'd away with her greateſt enemy; and ſhe was not able to get into the boat, and had certainly fainted away in the water, had not her brother come up to ſupport her. He was troubled no leſs than his ſiſter, to ſee Leocadia carry'd away with Marc Antonio, for by that time he alſo knew him. The Catalonian gentleman being charm'd with don Raphael's fine preſence, and no leſs with his ſiſter, whom he took for a man, call'd to them from the ſhore, and deſir'd they wou'd go along with him; they comply'd with neceſſity, and fearing leſt the people, who were not yet quell'd, ſhou'd do them ſome injury, accepted the offer. The gentleman alighted, and with his naked ſword made way thro' the middle of the rabble, deſiring them to go quietly home; and at his intreaty they diſperſed. Don Raphael look'd all about for Calveſe and the mules, but cou'd not ſee him; for when they firſt alighted, he withdrew, and went away to an inn he commonly us'd.

The Catalonian gentleman being come to his houſe, which was one of the fineſt in the city, aſk'd don Raphael, which of the gallies he came in; who anſwer'd, In none, for he arriv'd at the city the very moment the fray began, and being acquainted with the gentleman who was carry'd off in the boat wounded with the ſtone, he had run himſelf into that danger to aſſiſt him, and begg'd he wou'd procure that the wounded gentleman might be brought aſhore; for his life and all that was dear to him in this world depended on it. That I will do very readily, reply'd the gentleman; and I know the admiral, who is a man of quality, and my relation, will make no ſcruple of putting him into my hands. At this he went back immediately to the galley, where he found them dreſſing Marc

Antonio, whoſe wound was dangerous, as being on his left temple, and, according to the ſurgeon's report, very deep. He prevail'd with the admiral to let him remove him to be cur'd on ſhore, whither he was carefully carried in the boat. Leocadia, who wou'd never ſtir from him, as being her only hope, bore him company. Being landed, the gentleman caus'd him to be convey'd to his houſe in a chair. In the mean time don Raphael had ſent to look out for Calveſe, who was at the inn, very anxious to know what was become of his maſters, and hearing they were ſafe, was overjoy'd, and came away to don Raphael. By this time the gentleman of the houſe was return'd with Marc Antonio and Leocadia, and lodg'd all his new gueſts with much affection and magnificence. He preſently ſent for a famous city ſurgeon to dreſs Antonio again. He came, but refus'd to dreſs him till the next day, alledging that the ſurgeons of navies and armies were men of experience, as having variety of caſes always under their care, and therefore it was not proper to open the wound till the morning. He only order'd that he ſhou'd be kept warm, and left to take ſome reſt: the ſurgeon of the gallies was call'd in at the ſame time, and gave the other an account of the nature of the wound, of what he had done to it, and of the danger he thought the patient was in; they both agreed in opinion, and declar'd Antonio was in conſiderable hazard.

Leocadia and Theodoſia heard it with as much concern as if ſentence of death had been pronounc'd againſt them, but curb'd themſelves for fear of diſcovering their grief. Leocadia reſolv'd to do what ſhou'd be moſt convenient to retrieve her honour, and therefore as ſoon as the ſurgeons were gone, ſhe went into Antonio's chamber, and in the preſence of the gentleman of the houſe, don Raphael, Theodoſia, and others, going up to the head of the bed, and taking him by the hand, This is no time, Marc Antonio, ſaid ſhe, to diſturb you with much talk, and therefore I ſhall only deſire you to hear a few words, which, if they will

will not avail towards the health of your body, will conduce to that of your ſoul; but you muſt firſt grant me your leave, and inform me whether you are in a condition to hear me; for it wou'd not be reaſonable that I who, from the firſt minute I knew you, have endeavour'd to do nothing that might diſpleaſe you, ſhou'd give you trouble at this, which I look upon as your laſt hour. At theſe words Antonio open'd his eyes, and look'd earneſtly on Leocadia, and having almoſt known her rather by her voice than by his ſight, with a feeble tone, Sir, anſwer'd he, ſay what you pleaſe; for I am not ſo near my end but I can hear you, nor is your voice ſo diſagreeable as that it ſhou'd be diſpleaſing to me. Theodoſia liſten'd attentively to this diſcourſe, and every word Leocadia ſpoke pierc'd her, and don Raphael, who alſo gave ear, to the heart.

If the wound you have receiv'd in your head, ſaid Leocadia proceeding, and which has had no leſs effect on my ſoul, has not blotted out of your memory the idea of her whom you once us'd to call your life and your angel, you cannot but remember who Leocadia was, and the promiſe you made her under your hand in writing; nor can you forget the worth of her parents, her perfect modeſty and virtue, and what you owe her for having comply'd with your will in all you cou'd deſire. If you have not forgot theſe particulars, tho' you ſee me in this different ſort of habit, you will eaſily know that I am Leocadia, who fearing to be robb'd of what is my due by ſome unexpected accident, as ſoon as I underſtood you had left your town, ſurmounted all difficulties, and reſolv'd to follow you in this dreſs, and ſearch all parts of the univerſe till I cou'd find you; you will not be ſurpris'd at this, if you ever knew the power of true love, and the rage of an injur'd woman. I have endur'd ſome hardſhips in this enterpriſe, which I eſteem a pleaſure, ſince I have now the recompence of ſeeing you; for tho' you are in ſuch a condition, if it ſhall pleaſe God to put an end to your life, I ſhall think myſelf happy, provided you

perform the obligations you are under before you leave the world; and I promiſe you after your death to lead ſuch a life as that it ſhall not be long before I follow you in this inevitable journey. I therefore beg of you in the firſt place, for God's ſake, to whom all my deſigns and intentions are directed; next, for your own ſake, who owe much to your birth and quality; and, laſtly, for my ſake, to whom you owe more than to any other perſon in the world, that you here immediately take me for your lawful wife, without conſtraining juſtice to force that from you, which reaſon ought to prevail on you to do.

Leocadia ſaid no more; and all who were preſent ſtood in a deep ſilence whilſt ſhe ſpoke, and in the ſame manner waited for Marc Antonio's anſwer, which was this: Madam, I cannot deny that I know you, for your voice and your face will not permit me to do ſo: nor can I deny the obligations I owe you, the worth of your parents, or your incomparable modeſty; nor do I, or ſhall I ever value you the leſs for what you have done, in wand'ring abroad to ſeek me in an habit ſo different from your own; on the contrary, I eſteem you for it beyond expreſſion. But ſince my hard fate has reduc'd me to ſuch a condition, that I believe myſelf near the end of my life, which is the time which extorts truth from the heart, I will tell you one, which, if it be not acceptable to you now, may perhaps be of uſe hereafter. I own, beautiful Leocadia, that I lov'd you, and you lov'd me; I confeſs alſo, that the paper I gave you was rather to ſatisfy you, than myſelf; becauſe long before the ſigning of it, I had ſurrender'd up my affections and my ſoul to another maid in my own town, whom you well know, and whoſe name is Theodoſia, as well born as yourſelf; and tho' I gave you a writing under my hand, I had firſt given her my hand before ſuch witneſſes, and ratify'd by ſuch actions, that it was no longer in my power to engage myſelf to another. I made love to you only for paſtime, without reaping any other benefit, you know, than an innocent diverſion, which neither did nor can injure you. What paſs'd between me

me and Theodoſia was of another nature; I receiv'd from her all that ſhe cou'd give and I deſire, upon a ſolemn promiſe, that I wou'd be her huſband, and ſuch I am. And if I left both her and you at once, you aſtoniſh'd and deceiv'd, and her in a conſternation, and, in her opinion, robb'd of her honour; I did it without reflection, and like a raſh young man as I am, who look'd upon all thoſe things as trifles, which I might act without ſcruple. Theſe, and ſuch like idle fancies, which then came into my head, prevail'd on me to do what I was inclin'd to, which was to go away for Italy, there to ſpend ſome of my gayer years, and then return to ſee how Providence had diſpos'd of you and of my lawful wife. But Heav'n, I am convinc'd, has had compaſſion on me, and permitted me to be brought into this condition, that by confeſſing theſe truths (the product of my many offences) I may in this world pay the debt I owe, and you may be left undeceiv'd, and at liberty to diſpoſe of yourſelf as you ſhall think fit. And if Theodoſia ſhall ever happen to hear of my death, ſhe may be inform'd by you, and the reſt here preſent, that at my death I perform'd the promiſe I made her living. If during the ſhort time I have to live, I can be capable of ſerving you, Leocadia, in any thing, except admitting you to be my wife, which it is impoſſible, let me know it, and I will do it gladly.

Whilſt Antonio ſpoke theſe words, he had rais'd himſelf upon his elbow, and, the moment he had done, his arm ſlipp'd from under him, and he ſeem'd to faint away. Don Raphael ſtepp'd to him, and embracing him cloſely, Chear up, dear Sir, ſaid he, and embrace your friend and brother, ſince you will make him ſo; know your comrade don Raphael, who will be the true witneſs of your will, and of the favour you deſign his ſiſter, in receiving her for your wife. Marc Antonio came to himſelf, and immediately knew don Raphael, and embracing him and kiſſing him, Certainly, dear don Raphael, and brother, cry'd he, the extraordinary joy I have in ſeeing you muſt be follow'd by ſome ſevere ſorrow,

according to the uſual obſervation, That after mirth comes ſadneſs; but I ſhall not repine at any affliction that ſhall befal me, ſince I have had this ſatisfaction. I will add to your ſatisfaction, replied don Raphael, by preſenting you with this ineſtimable jewel, your beloved ſpouſe; and looking for Theodoſia, he found her weeping behind the company, in a ſtrange confuſion, between joy and ſorrow for what ſhe heard. Her brother took her by the hand, and ſhe ſuffer'd him to lead her, without any reſiſtance, to Marc Antonio, who knew and embrac'd her, the tears of tender love trickling from both their eyes. The company were amaz'd and look'd upon one another, without ſpeaking a word, expecting the event. But the rejected unfortunate Leocadia, obſerving what Marc Antonio did, and beholding the perſon ſhe had taken for don Raphael's brother, in the arms of him whom ſhe look'd upon as her huſband, and perceiving her deſign was ruin'd, and all her hopes deſtroy'd, ſhe ſlipp'd away privately out of the room, while every one was gazing to ſee what the wounded man did with the young page he had in his arms; and ſtealing down into the ſtreet, reſolv'd to range wildly about the world, or bury herſelf in ſome unknown retreat.

The moment ſhe got into the ſtreet, don Raphael miſs'd her, and as if he had loſt his deareſt treaſure, enquir'd for her; but no one knowing any thing of her, without ſaying any more, he flew away to look for her; he repair'd firſt to the place where he was told Calveſe inn'd, thinking ſhe might be gone thither, to procure a mule to make her eſcape; but not meeting with her there, he ran up and down the ſtreets after her like a madman, and imagining ſhe might perhaps be return'd to the gallies, he haſten'd down to the ſhore, and at a diſtance heard one loudly calling out for the boat of the admiral's galley, and perceiv'd that the perſon who call'd was the beautiful Leocadia: when ſhe heard ſomebody behind her, ſhe drew her ſword to prevent any accident, and in that poſture waited the coming up of don Raphael, whom ſhe preſently knew, and was ſorry he had found her, and

eſpecially

eſpecially in ſuch a loneſome place; by ſome ſigns don Raphael made, ſhe perceiv'd he deſign'd her no ill; but on the contrary teſtify'd ſuch an affection, that ſhe cou'd have wiſh'd Marc Antonio had ſhewn her as much.

How ſhall I expreſs what don Raphael ſaid to Leocadia, when he diſclos'd to her all his heart! ſo inimitably tender and delicate were his words; but I ſhall endeavour to repreſent it as I am able. Beautiful Leocadia, ſaid he, if a reſolution to declare to you the ſecrets of my ſoul fail'd me with my fortune, the moſt paſſionate and chaſte affection that ever roſe or can ariſe in an enamour'd breaſt wou'd be bury'd in perpetual oblivion. But that I may not ſo much wrong my honourable intention, (let what will be the iſſue) conſider, I beſeech you, madam, if the violent agitation of your ſpirits will give leave, that Marc Antonio is not ſuperior to me in any thing, unleſs in the happineſs of being belov'd by you. My deſcent is as good as his; in the goods of fortune, as they are call'd, he does not much exceed me; and as for thoſe of nature, it is not proper for me to commend my ſelf, eſpecially if they are of no value in your eyes. I ſay this, madam, that you may embrace the relief which is offer'd you in your diſtreſs. You are ſenſible that Marc Antonio cannot be yours, becauſe heav'n has made him my ſiſter's; and heaven, which has this day depriv'd you of Marc Antonio, provides you an amends in me, who deſire no greater happineſs in this life, than that you will accept me to be your huſband. Conſider, the misfortunes, which have hitherto attended you, may now be happily concluded; and do not imagine, that the liberty you have taken in following Marc Antonio, thus in this diſguiſe, will influence me not to value and eſteem you as much as if you had never done it: for the moment that I ſhall make you mine, (gladly chuſing you to be my miſtreſs for ever) that very moment I forget, and have already forgot, all I have known and ſeen of this affair; for the ſame powers which have induc'd me to reſolve ſo abruptly

and abſolutely to admire you, and vow myſelf yours, have driven you to the condition you are in; ſo that there is no need to contrive excuſes, where there has been no fault.

Leocadia was ſilent all the while don Raphael ſpoke, only ſighing now and then from the bottom of her breaſt. Don Raphael ventur'd to take her by the hand, and ſhe had not the power to hinder him; and pouring a thouſand kiſſes on it: Reſolve, lady of my ſoul, ſaid he, to take full poſſeſſion of me, in the preſence of the ſtarry Heav'n which is over us, of this calm ſea which liſtens to us, and theſe watery ſands we ſtand on. Grant me your conſent, which your reputation requires as much as my repoſe. I aſſure you again, I am a gentleman, as you well know, and wealthy, and that I love you, which is what you ought moſt to value; and that whereas you are here alone, in an habit ill agreeing with your honour, far from your father's houſe, and from your kindred, without any one to ſupply your wants, and without the leaſt hopes of attaining what you ſought after; you may return to your native country in your own decent and proper attire, accompany'd with a ſpouſe as good as he whom you had made choice of, wealthy, contented, reſpected and ſerv'd, and even commended by all who ſhall happen to hear your adventures. If the caſe be ſuch, as it really is, at what can you heſitate? Reſolve, I ſay again, to raiſe me from the depth of my miſery, to the happineſs of poſſeſſing you, by which you will procure your own advantage, and will act according to the rules of civility and gratitude, and approve your ſelf, at the ſame time, generous and diſcreet. Well, ſaid the wavering Leocadia at length, ſince heav'n has order'd it ſo, and it is not in my power, nor in that of any creature, to oppoſe what it has decreed; heav'n's will and yours, Sir, be done! Heav'n knows with how much ſhame I comply with your deſire; not that I am inſenſible how much it is my intereſt to gratify you, but becauſe I fear, that when I have once anſwer'd your wiſh, you will look upon

upon me with other eyes than perhaps you have hitherto done; for as yet your ſight has deceiv'd you. But be that as it will, I cannot loſe the name of lawful wife to don Raphael de Villavidano, and that title alone will be ſufficient to make my life happy. And if my behaviour, after I am yours, ſhall prevail on you to have any eſteem for me, I ſhall bleſs heav'n, for having conducted me thro' ſo many intricate paths, and ſuch calamities, to the felicity of becoming yours. Don Raphael, give me your hand in token that you will be mine, and here I give you mine in teſtimony that I will be yours; and let thoſe you have mention'd, the heav'ns, the ſea, and the ſands, and this ſilence, interrupted only by my ſighs and your intreaties, be witneſſes.

Having ſaid this, ſhe permitted him to embrace her, and gave him her hand, and don Raphael gave her his; their tears, which in ſpite of paſt ſorrows flow'd from their eyes for joy, celebrating the new nocturnal eſpouſals. They immediately return'd to the gentleman's houſe, who was extremely uneaſy for want of their company, as were Marc Antonio and Theodoſia, who had been marry'd by a prieſt; the gentleman of the houſe having ſent for one at the requeſt of Theodoſia, who was apprehenſive leſt ſome unlucky accident ſhou'd ariſe to interrupt her happineſs; and when don Raphael and Leocadia came in, and related all that had paſs'd between them, the family rejoic'd as much as if they had been their neareſt relations; for it is natural to the gentry of Catalonia to be faithful friends, and kind to ſtrangers in need. The prieſt, who was preſent, order'd Leocadia to change her habit, and put on ſuch as was proper to her ſex, which the gentleman comply'd with, dreſſing both the ladies in very rich cloaths of his wife, who was a perſon of quality of the family of the Granolleques, an antient and illuſtrious houſe in that kingdom. Somebody who pity'd the wounded man, giving the ſurgeon notice that he talk'd much, and was never without company, he order'd, as before, that he

ſhou'd not be diſturb'd. But heaven, who had ſo decreed, and uſes means which are above our comprehenſion, when it deſigns to accompliſh any of its wonders in our ſight, ſo order'd it, that Marc Antonio's joy, and his talking, contributed to his recovery; ſo that when he was dreſs'd the next day he appear'd to be out of danger, and in a fortnight after he was ſo well, as to venture to travel without any hazard.

It muſt be obſerv'd, that during the time Marc Antonio kept his bed, he made a vow, that in caſe it ſhou'd pleaſe God to reſtore him to his health, he wou'd go on foot in pilgrimage to St. Jago in Galicia; in executing which vow don Raphael, Leocadia, and Theodoſia, bore him company, as did Calveſe the muleteer, an action men of that ſort are ſeldom guilty of; but don Raphael's goodneſs and frank temper, which he was well acquainted with, were inducements not to leave him till he returned into his own country; and as they were to go on foot, he ſent away the mules to Salamanca, (for which there were opportunities enough) with don Raphael's baggage. The day on which they were to ſet out being come, and having put on the habit of pilgrims, and provided all neceſſaries, they took leave of the generous gentleman who had befriended and entertained them ſo generouſly, whoſe name was don Sancho de Cardona, nobly deſcended, and perſonally renown'd. They all promiſed that they would not only themſelves ever preſerve a grateful remembrance of the favours they had receiv'd, but would tranſmit them to their poſterity; that they might at leaſt be always thankful, if it was not in their power to make ſuitable returns. Don Sancho embraced them all, telling them, it was his natural inclination to do the like, or any kindneſs, to all whom he knew or believ'd to be gentlemen of Caſtile. They again repeated their embraces, taking their leaves with a mixture of joy and ſadneſs; and travelling as agreed with the tenderneſs of the two new female pilgrims, in three days they reach'd Monſerrate; and having ſtay'd there as long in performing the duties of good Catho-

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lic Chriſtians, they proceeded in the ſame leiſurely manner on their journey, and happily arriv'd at St. Jago, without any croſs or diſaſter, having fulfilled their vow, with the greateſt devotion they were able, they wou'd not quit their habit of pilgrims till they came to their own homes, where they arrived at their eaſe, and well-pleaſed.

Juſt as they diſcover'd Leocadia's town, which, as was ſaid, was a league from Theodoſia's, they diſcern'd either village from a riſing ground, and were not able to refrain ſhedding tears, which proceeded from their joy at the ſight; at leaſt it was thus with the two brides, who then recall'd paſs'd accidents to mind. From the place where they ſtood there was a proſpect over a ſpacious vale, which parted the two towns; in the valley they ſaw a graceful gentleman under the ſhade of an olive-tree, well mounted, having a milk-white buckler on his left arm, and a ſturdy long lance couch'd in his right hand Looking earneſtly at him, they perceived that two other gentlemen, arm'd with the ſame weapons, were coming on between the olive-trees, being as graceful and comely, and ſoon after they ſaw them all meet. When they had been a ſhort while together, they ſeparated, and one of the laſt comers went apart with him that was at firſt under the olive-tree; and clapping ſpurs to their horſes, they ran fiercely at one another, like mortal enemies, puſhing furiouſly with their lances, ſometimes avoiding the ſtrokes, and ſometimes receiving them on their bucklers, with ſo much dexterity, that they ſhewed themſelves to be able maſters at the exerciſe. The third ſtood looking on, without ſtirring from the place. Don Raphael not being able to behold ſuch a furious combat at a diſtance, ran down the hill as faſt as he cou'd, his ſiſter and his ſpouſe and Marc Antonio following him. He ſoon came up to the two combatants, juſt as they both receiv'd ſome wounds. One of them having dropp'd his hat, and with it a ſteel-cap, when he turn'd his face, don Raphael knew him to be his father, as did Marc Antonio the

the other to be his. Leocadia, who had cloſely view'd him who was not engag'd, diſcover'd him to be her father, at which ſight they were all four ſurpris'd, aſtoniſh'd, and beſide themſelves; but reaſon at length diſſipating the ſurpriſe, the two brothers-in-law ran in between the two who fought, crying out, Give over, gentlemen, give over, your own ſons beg it of you. Father, cry'd Antonio, I am your ſon; he for whoſe ſake thoſe venerable gray hairs are engag'd in this action: appeaſe your anger, and throw away your ſpear, or turn it on ſome other enemy than him that ſtands before you, who from this time forward is to be your brother. Don Raphael ſpoke much to the ſame effect to his father.

Their words reſtrain'd the aged gentlemen, who gaz'd on thoſe that utter'd them; and looking about, obſerv'd that don Henry, Leocadia's father, had alighted, and was embracing one of the ſeeming pilgrims For Leocadia had gone up to him, and making herſelf known, begg'd him to part them that were engag'd, telling him in few words, that don Raphael was her huſband, and Marc Antonio was huſband to Theodoſia. Her father having heard it, diſmounted, and held her in his arms, and then quitting her, went to part the fray, tho' it was too late; for the two combatants having diſcover'd their ſons, were on foot embracing them, all the company ſhedding tears for joy. They all came up, and look'd upon their children with aſtoniſhment; and touch'd them with their hands, to be ſatisfy'd whether they were not ſome phantomes, their unexpected arrival making them doubtful of what they ſaw; but being convinc'd, they again let fall tears and embrac'd. By this time a great number of arm'd men, both horſe and foot, appear'd in the valley, who were coming to defend the gentlemen of their town. But ſeeing them embracing the pilgrims, they alighted and ſtood aſtoniſh'd till don Henry briefly repeated to them what his daughter Leocadia had told him. They all haſted to embrace the pilgrims, with tokens of joy not to be expreſs'd.

Don

Don Raphael, with as much brevity as the time and place requir'd, related to them the whole proceſs of his love, and that he was marry'd to Leocadia, and his ſiſter Theodoſia to Marc Antonio, which was a renewing of their gladneſs. They took five horſes of the people who came out to part the gentlemen, for the five pilgrims, and agreed to go to Marc Antonio's town, his father offering to give the wedding entertainment for them all. They ſet forward accordingly, and ſome that were preſent haſted before to get a reward for carrying the good news to the kindred and friends of the brides and bridegrooms. By the way don Raphael and Marc Antonio were inform'd of the occaſion of that encounter; which was, that the fathers of Theodoſia and Leocadia had challeng'd Antonio's father, as being privy to his ſon's treacheries; and finding him alone, wou'd not fight with odds, but man to man, like gentlemen; which quarrel muſt have ended in the death of one or two of them, if the others had not arriv'd as they did. The four pilgrims bleſs'd God for their good fortune, and Marc Antonio's father caus'd the ſolemnity of the weddings of his ſon and Theodoſia, and don Raphael and donna Leocadia, to be kept with the greateſt ſplendor and magnificence.

They enjoy'd one another happily many years, leaving behind them an honourable poſterity, which continues to this day in both thoſe towns, which are ſome of the beſt in Andaluzia. We do not name them in reſpect to the two ladies, whom perhaps ill tongues, or ſome over-ſcrupulous perſons may blame for lightneſs of behaviour, and their ſudden changing of their habit. But I intreat ſuch perſons not to be over-buſy in cenſuring ſuch exceſſes, till they have look'd at home, and examin'd if they ever felt the irreſiſtible force of love, which brings the reaſon to the bent of inclination. Calveſe the muleteer had don Raphael's mule he had ſent to Salamanca given him, beſides ſeveral other preſents from both the bridegrooms. And the poets of that time had a noble ſubject

ject to employ their pens in celebrating the beauty, and the adventures of thoſe daring and modeſt maidens, who have been the chief ſubject of this ſurpriſing relation.

The HISTORY of CLEODON.

I Was born of parents rich and noble; my grandfather left two ſons his heirs, Agenor and Timante, brothers more firmly allied by the bands of friendſhip, than the nearneſs of their blood; the conformity of their notions, and the parity of their humours, fix'd them in a reſolution not to part houſes, and, as they thought their fortunes ſufficient to maintain them plentifully, they entertain'd no thoughts of entering into affairs which might increaſe their ſubſtance. Both of them were extremely fond of pleaſure and expence; and becauſe Agenor had a great diſpoſition to the ſtudy of curioſities, that, and his complaiſance for Timante, who was that way addicted, put him on many philoſophical experiments, which inſenſibly decay'd his fortune.

Regardleſs, however, of approaching misfortunes, they continued dividing their whole time between diverſions, and the ſearch of that which is not in nature to be found. Their lands were every day made ſale of, their income diminiſh'd apace: and Agenor, who had married merely through inclination, found himſelf, in five or ſix years, the father of a large family, and but little to provide for them.——His love of the ſciences, and his deſires after pleaſure, now vaniſh'd; philoſophy could give his troubled thoughts but little eaſe, and he abandon'd himſelf wholly to melancholy. Juſt at that time I was born, and in ſpite of his misfortunes, having before had only daughters, he rejoiced to ſee a ſon who might ſupport his name. Their

" as I look on them, the moſt poignant ſorrow. The
" thoughts of their approaching miſery is more than
" I can bear—— I am no father, but I have all the
" care, the grief, the tenderneſs of him that is ſo.
" ——The birth of Cleodon, which, if we had preſerv'd our patrimony, had given me the utmoſt pleaſure, I now reflect on with an adequate concern.
" —— Heir of our name alone, what ſhall maintain
" the dignity that ſhould accompany it?—— More
" wretched is the knowlege that he was born to happineſs, yet doom'd to wretchedneſs and ſlaviſh want!
" —— I muſt leave you, therefore, my deareſt brother!
" I can no longer be a paſſive, tame beholder of the
" misfortunes I have contributed to bring on you and
" yours; I muſt go ſeek in ſome other climate to repair
" that fortune which my imprudence has deſtroy'd.
" ——That ſmall proportion of land which is remaining, I ſhall convert into money, one half of which
" ſhall ſupply me with merchandizes proper for the
" place where I deſign; the other I ſhall leave with
" you to be ſome ſmall ſupport to your unhappy fa-
" mily, till you ſee me again, or hear that I am no
" more."

Agenor could not hear this diſcourſe of Timante, without being touch'd with the moſt lively ſorrow. He made uſe of his utmoſt efforts to diſſuade him from this deſign; and when he found that all he could ſay was ineffectual, intreated that he would permit him to ſhare the dangers he was going to encounter: but for many reaſons Timante would never be brought to conſent; and his meaſures being taken accordingly, and every thing provided for his voyage, he bid adieu to my father, and went to take leave of my mother.

The motive of his departure had ſomething in it ſo generous and affectionate, that it was a thouſand times more cruel to Agenor and his ſpouſe, than if he had been taken from them by the hand of death: nothing certainly was ever ſo tender and ſo moving as this ſeparation. He was accompanied by the whole family to

Their change of ſtate, however, diminiſh'd nothing of the tenderneſs between theſe two brothers. Never did they reproach, never did they impute to each other the cauſe of their common misfortune; but Timante, who was without any engagement beſide the love he had to my father, took a reſolution for the ſake of both, either to die in a foreign climate, or retrieve that fortune which their exceſſive expences had deprived them of.——One day, when Agenor was in his cloſet, ſeeking in ſolitude and contemplation that conſolation which no company could now afford him, Timante came to ſeek him: as the deſign he had formed had made ſome alteration in his countenance, the other ſoon perceived it, and doubted not but that the tidings of ſome new misfortune had arrived. Timante, who gueſſed at his thoughts,—— "There is nothing "(ſaid he, tenderly embracing him) my dear Agenor! "for you to apprehend——would to God I could not "ſay that our ill fortune is at the higheſt point, and "therein nothing more to fear——but, my dear bro- "ther (continued he), it is now time to endeavour, "at leaſt, to put an end to the calamities we both la- "bour under: the friendſhip you have had for me, "has helped to ruin you; it is but juſt I ſhould at- "tempt ſomething in return.—You have married a "wife, whoſe piety and virtue ſhines in adverſity; "watchful only to give you pleaſure, ſhe ſcarce allows "time to lament the misfortunes of thoſe children "who are dear to her, more becauſe you are their fa- "ther, than that they are her own. She loves you "to that degree, that in ſpite of all ſhe ſuffers, ſhe "thinks nothing a misfortune but when you complain. "—Inconſiderate and blinded as ſhe is, with her ex- "ceſſive paſſion for you, ſhe is dear, and ought, even "for that very blindneſs, to be ſo.—I have obſerved "her marks of friendſhip and tenderneſs to me, be- "cauſe you loved me; concealing from me as much as "poſſible, the neceſſities which preſs'd her, leſt they "ſhould give me an addition of diſquiet—Thoſe tender "pledges alſo of your mutual loves, give me, as often

"as

to Port Lewis, where he embark'd in a ſhip bound for the Indies; and after the ſpreading ſails depriv'd this afflicted brother of all ſight of him, he appear'd in a condition too diſconſolate to admit relief. Nothing of his large poſſeſſions being now remaining, but a country-houſe, he retired thither, indulging his diſcontent, and refuſed to hear the voice of comfort.

But not all the diſtractions of his mind had the power of preventing him from taking all neceſſary care of my education. He inſtructed me in the uſeful part of philoſophy, that which teaches us to bear afflictions with patience and reſignation; and I have often with pleaſure heard him ſay, that the advantage I made of his inſtructions diſſipated great part of his chagrin.

Fifteen years in this manner were elapſed without any news of Timante, in all which time Agenor was continually entertaining me with the generoſity of that noble brother, and the obligations which I in particular had to him, who forſook his native country, his relations, his friends, all that was dear to him, to ſearch in foreign climes, and amidſt ten thouſand dangers, wherein to make me happy.

He omitted nothing which he thought might inſpire me with a tenderneſs for him. Timante (ſaid he) might have liv'd at home in tranquility and ſafety; he had yet remaining ſufficient to have ſupported him with decency, tho' not grandeur. He was not married, had no family, and had embezzled rather leſs of his eſtate than I have done, who have ſo numerous a one: but notwithſtanding, the love he had to my children has made him forget all theſe conſiderations, and venture every thing to preſerve them from want, and the moſt dreadful evil of it, contempt.

Theſe ſort of converſations gave me at length the moſt vehement impatience to behold an uncle to whom I owed ſo much, and who before he knew whether I ſhould be of a diſpoſition grateful enough to acknowledge his favours, had heap'd on me ſo many. I communicated my deſires of going in ſearch of him to my father, who tho' he applauded an inclination ſo agree-

able

able to his own, yet the fulfilling it was abſolutely impoſſible to be granted; not only becauſe I was then in the ſtudy of all thoſe accompliſhments befitting a youth of my age and condition, from which it had been pity to have taken me, but alſo, that by no enquiry we could yet be informed what part of the Indies it was that Timante had choſen for his reſidence, or if he were yet living.

I had juſt touch'd on my ſixteenth year, fifteen of which Timante had been abſent, when Agenor received news of a veſſel arrived from India, and now riding in Port Lewis. The hope of hearing ſomething of that worthy brother, made him take poſt immediately, and go to the port, where he found his expectations anſwer'd: the captain of the ſhip was a friend of Timante's, who was commiſſion'd to bring letters from him to my father, and alſo very conſiderable effects.

Judge the various tranſports of Agenor, when he knew that the man he ſo tenderly eſteem'd, and had ſo much reaſon for doing it, was ſettled on the coaſt of Coromandel; that he was in perfect health, and in a year after his arrival, had married an Engliſh lady, of extraordinary beauty and accompliſhments; and having amaſſed vaſt ſums of treaſure, had form'd a deſign of returning with his family and effects to France, but that the lovely partner of his bed being big with child, he was deſirous ſhe ſhould be deliver'd of it at the houſe of Agenor; and not being able to ſettle his affairs in ſuch a manner as to render it convenient to leave Coromandel ſo ſoon, he had put her about twelve years ſince, with the greateſt part of his effects, on board a veſſel bound for France, when a ſudden ſtorm ariſing, before they could make to any port, the ſhip was loſt, and none eſcaped the fury of the waves but one mariner, who on ſome planks of the wreck had preſerv'd himſelf to bring the fatal tidings.

It would be but vain for me to endeavour a repreſentation of that ſorrow with which we all were overwhelm'd at an account ſo dreadful, ſo alarming! Agenor,

nor, who was ſenſible of the tender emotions of a huſband and a father, felt all the woe he knew Timante's ſoul muſt endure, when this diſcovery ſhould reach his ears. My mother wept inceſſantly: and the ſight of their affliction added to that which I could not avoid being ſeiz'd with, at the recital of this ſad adventure. I appear'd touch'd with it in ſo lively a manner, that Agenor took a reſolution to deny no longer the repeated entreaties I had made for his permiſſion to go in ſearch of Timante.

It is now my ſon (ſaid he), a fit time for you to viſit this dear uncle; your preſence may diſſipate ſome part of the grief ſo terrible a misfortune muſt draw on him. It is for my ſake he has hazarded all that was valuable to him, and I no longer will refuſe to hazard for his what is moſt precious to me.———Prepare with all poſſible expedition for your departure to Coromandel, the veſſel, which brought the letters and preſents from thence, has not yet left the port: you ſhall embark in it; and as 'tis probable you will be the firſt who brings him the news of his misfortune, bring alſo what relief is in your power.———Repair in ſome part, the loſs he has ſuſtain'd.———Do by him all the tender offices of a ſon; love and revere him as a father; comfort him as a friend, and ſupply the place of Agenor.——I hope the heavens will be favourable to my juſt intentions, and you will ſafely arrive, and alſo in ſuch a manner with him, that he may think he has not erred in that early affection he entertain'd for you.

I proteſt to you, madam, that my gratitude for the obligations I had to Timante, the pity I had for his ſufferings, and the curioſity of ſeeing a man ſo deſerving the eſteem of all the world, made me look on my ſeparation from the beſt of parents as a trifling misfortune.—I fell at the feet of Agenor, and embraced his knees with an ardency which teſtified how ſincerely I was ſatisfied with this commiſſion.

I will not ſpin out my narration to a length beyond what I can avoid, nor detain your attention with the tender

tender griefs it gave my mother, to think of parting with me; it ſhall ſuffice to ſay, that being wholly obedient to the will of her huſband, ſhe offer'd not to oppoſe my going; and my father having commenced the ſtricteſt amity with the captain of the ſhip, he recommended me to his care; and the winds being propitious, in a very few days after this reſolution was taken, we ſet ſail for Coromandel.

Nothing happening in this long voyage worthy your attention, I ſhall let ſlip the particulars of it, and only ſay, that during the time of it, I had made it my buſineſs to improve myſelf as much as poſſible in thoſe ſciences I had begun to comprehend. At our arrival we found Timante had, by ſome other means, learned the news of his misfortune; but his piety enabling him to reſign every thing to the Divine decree, he had enough to overcome the affliction, as to receive me with all the demonſtrations of joy I could expect from a man of his character.—What, (cry'd he, taking me in his arms) is it Cleodon that I am permitted to embrace?———Is it the ſon of my dear Agenor!———I will no more complain of the ſeverity of my fate. I now have ample reparation for all that the cruelty of the ſeas have robb'd me of. Theſe words were accompany'd with tears of mingled grief and joy, for the remembrance of the loſs he had ſuſtain'd, and the pleaſure of holding to his breaſt the ſon of a brother he ſo tenderly lov'd. For me, I felt a ſatisfaction which no words can repreſent, in finding myſelf in the arms of an uncle, whoſe character had inſpir'd me with ſo much admiration.——— I return'd his tranſports with all the demonſtrations I could give of that love and duty, which I had been enjoin'd by Agenor to transfer to him.——— The firſt emotions of our mutual joy being over, he began to examine me with the utmoſt attention; and my good fortune ordain'd it ſo, that he found ſomething in me which intereſted him as much in my favour as before the being the ſon of Agenor had engag'd him to do; he conceiv'd for me, as to my own part, a tenderneſs which nothing has

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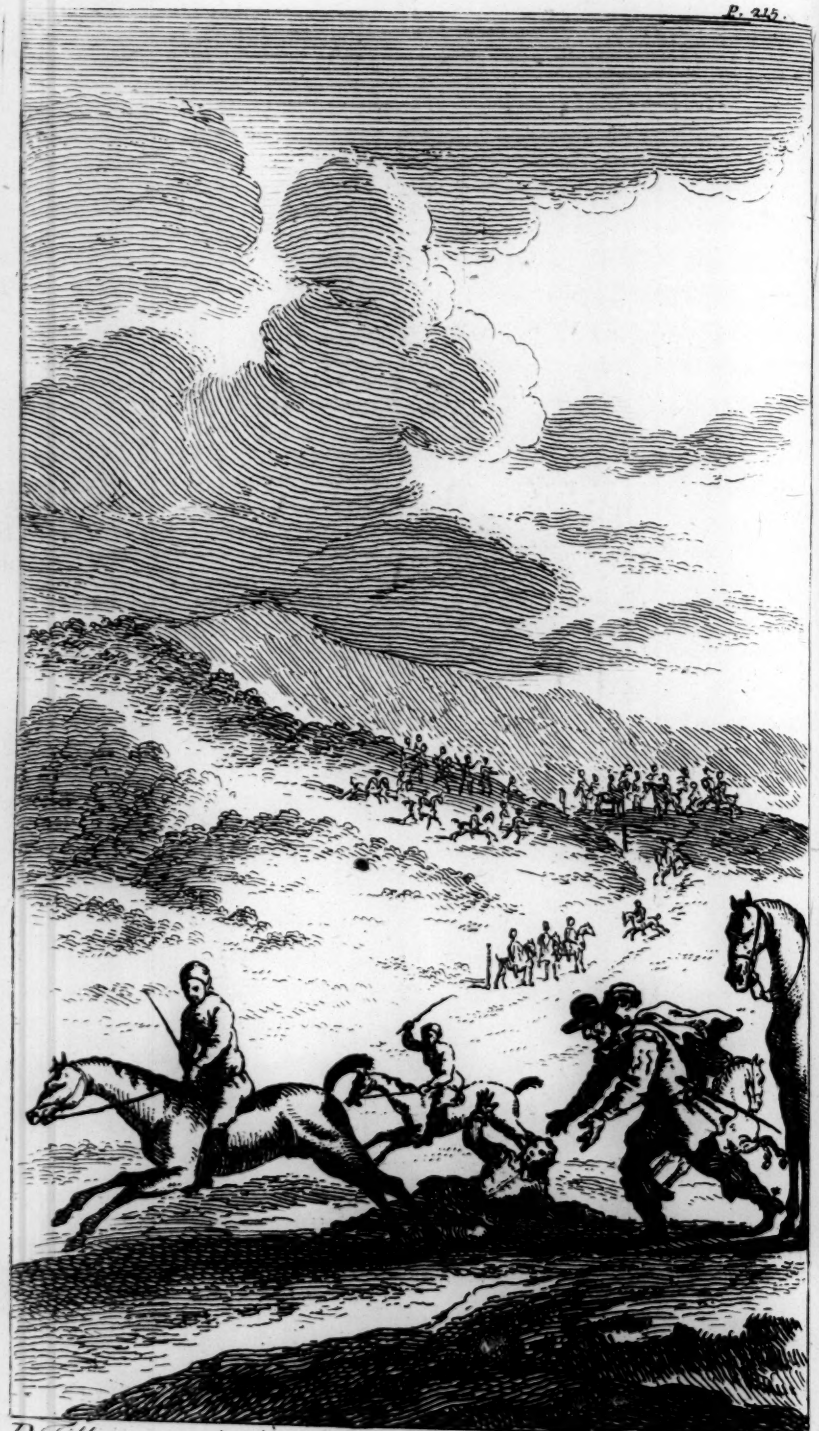

P. Tillemans inv.t

G. V.dr Gucht sculp.

has been able to eraſe, and which makes this day the happineſs of my life.

There was nothing he did not do to convince me that he indeed lov'd me as a ſon, and eſteem'd me as a friend. He made me the abſolute maſter of all the effects he had remaining from the fury of the ſeas, reſerving to himſelf only ſo much as would carry on his commerce; and fearful that I ſhould loſe the fruits of my education, he found among the French who were ſettled at Coromandel, ſome perſons capable of putting the finiſhing ſtroke to that which I was before acquainted with.

As the loſs of the greateſt part of his treaſure had made him continue ſome time longer in that country than he deſign'd, in hope to repair by trade his loſſes, my preſence detain'd him there much longer ——He was fired with the ambition of making a great fortune for me, and alſo of adding to that he had already ſent to Agenor; but having at the end of three years his expectations anſwer'd in as full a manner as he could wiſh, he began to renew his inclinations of returning, which 'tis eaſy to believe was not a little pleaſing to me to obſerve.——I exhorted him to it by all the adjurations I was capable of making, and he at laſt conſented.——Every thing being got ready for our voyage, he agreed with two ſhips, the one to convey his effects, and the other for our paſſage, ſaying, he would not hazard our riches and our lives in one bottom. ——If the treaſure ſhould be loſt, (cry'd he) our preſence will be a ſufficient conſolation to Agenor: and if we periſh, the ſafe arrival of that will put him in a condition to endure the other misfortune with more moderation.

This reſolution being put in practice, we embarked, and for the firſt two months of our voyage, had weather ſo very favourable, that we did not doubt arriving ſafely at our deſired port; but all on a ſudden we beheld a dreadful alteration; the winds became contrary and high; the mariners had never ſeen ſo furious a tempeſt; the heavens and ſeas ſeemed united for our

deſtruction; and all the pilot's art was render'd vain. ——No ſails could be made uſe of, no compaſs taken.——For three days, and the ſame number of nights, were we toſs'd up and down at pleaſure of the waves; and on the morning of the enſuing fourth, our veſſel broke, and ſplitting in a thouſand pieces, depoſited in the ocean all that it contain'd.——— It is impoſſible to make you ſenſible what, in this dreadful moment, were the apprehenſions which Timane had for me and I for him; each forgot all thoughts of his own danger, and trembled for the other.—— I believe that friendſhip was never carried to a greater height than in this exigence. Having in the burſting of the ſhip both leap'd from off the rending deck, and committed ourſelves to the mercy of the ſea, both ſent our eyes in ſearch of ſomething which might preſerve what was moſt dear; and my hands having in the waves catch'd hold of a piece of the broken veſſel, I puſh'd it with my utmoſt force to Timante, who at that inſtant was approaching me, driving a plank before him with the ſame deſign. This was a proof of mutual tenderneſs which cannot be deſcribed by words, nor can I ſince be ſenſible even of what I thought on this occaſion; ſatisfied, however, to ſhare the fate ordain'd for us together, we ſwam ſide by ſide on our little ſupporters, and at length with unſpeakable fatigue and pain, gain'd the foot of a rock which lay high above the ſea, and form'd a kind of couch for us to reſt on, more happily than we had dared to hope: we had no ſooner climb'd it, than we embrac'd, contented with our ill fate, ſince not divided in it.

Our ſhipwreck ſeem'd to have appeas'd the ſea; the winds grew calm, the ſkies reſum'd their azure beauties; the ſun, long obſcured, broke out more bright than ever; and the waves ſinking by degrees I perceiv'd that the rock we were upon, was of a vaſt extent as well as height, and ſeem'd to me to run to the main land. As ſoon as my returning ſtrength would give me leave, I went about examining it, and found

found a hollow, which having certain ſpaces, form'd a kind of a ladder, by which I propos'd to Timante to get up to the top of this precipice, in order to ſee if we could diſcover any thing which could render us leſs unhappy.

In fine, we attempted, and at length reach'd this ſtupendous precipice: but, madam, what was our ſurprize, to ſee this point enlarge itſelf on the other ſide, and ſpread into a gradual ſloping, which we with eaſe deſcended, and came into a valley which ſeem'd inchanted ground, till looking back on the rock we had come down, it appear'd of that prodigious height and largeneſs, as might very well conceal from us the ſight of land.

In ſpite of our curioſity, we were too much fatigued to attempt any further diſcoveries till the next day. There were many fine woods and groves, which inviting us to repoſe beneath their ſhades, afterwards ſuſtain'd nature with ſome fruits which grew there in great abundance, which we ventur'd to take; and in effect had ſlumbers more ſweet and tranquil than could be imagin'd, conſidering our condition, and the incertitude what might befal us.

We awoke not till broad day, and you may believe were then ſollicitous enough to find out, if we could, ſome better place of accommodation; but, alas! wild beaſts, (from which ſometimes we found it as much as we could do to defend ourſelves) trees, fountains, and little rocks, were all the objects that preſented themſelves to view.

Timante regarded all theſe things with a profound ſilence, which my aſtoniſhment prevented me from interrupting; he at length bethought him of a compaſs, and ſome other things proper for travelling, which he had about him; and examining by thoſe rules what lengths we had gain'd in ſwimming, he on a ſudden lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, imploring ſuccour from the Divine power. — "My dear Cleodon " (ſaid he) the hopes with which we laſt night flatter'd " ourſelves of ſafety, are but vain; we are certainly in " a part of that land which is called Auſtralis, and is

" a place which according to all appearance is uninhabitable.——— We muſt here prepare to end our " days. However, let us follow the laws of religion " and of nature, and do every thing neceſſary for the " preſervation of our lives as long as poſſible; never " ceaſing to give thanks to Providence, who hath " ſpared us from the ſeas, and given us time for re- " flection and for prayer."

After this pious exhortation, we began to conſider in what manner we ſhould defend ourſelves both from the weather, in caſe it ſhould alter, and the fury of the wild beaſts. In ſearching, we found ſtones which were exceeding ſharp, and with theſe we made a ſhift to cut down the arms of trees, and having flint and ſteel, kept a conſtant fire: the bark we ſcraped a good quantity of, and made two little beds, which we cover'd with moſs, and ſpread them under the umbrage of the larg ſt trees we could find. We had no ſooner form'd this ruſtick lodging, than we betook ourſelves to making bows and arrows, to the intent to make war againſt thoſe little animals of the air which were needful for the ſupport of lives, which had not been accuſtom'd to ſubſiſt wholly on fruits. See how ingenious is invention in an occaſion ſuch as ours! Then we took twigs of trees which we found ſtrong enough for the purpoſe, and with thoſe ſharp ſtones I before mention'd, faſhion'd out our arrows; of the ſame we alſo made bows; and the long hairs of our now uſeleſs perukes, ſerv'd us for bow-ſtrings. Theſe kind of weapons did us at firſt but little ſervice; but as all experiments ripen by degrees to more perfection, we grew by frequent uſe to render them as effectual as any that are ſold in the Pariſian toy-ſhops.——— Thus being provided of lodging, fire, and fowl, our greateſt want was bread, which we ſupply'd as well as we could with herbs, and a ſort of fruit very much reſembling coco: our liquor was from the little rivers, which afforded water of an excellent taſte and clearneſs; and by our living in this manner ſo long a time, we proved how very little is requir'd by nature, and how vain man

deceives

deceives himſelf, when, to excuſe his indulgence to every craving appetite, he makes that a neceſſity which is but choice.

It was near three months that we were in this country, without believing there was in it any thing of human ſpecies but ourſelves: but as I was out one day, purſuing my game, I fell into a deep muſing, and before I was aware ſtray'd a much greater diſtance from the place we had made our habitation, than ever I had done before. At my return of thought, I found myſelf in a large meadow, which was altogether new to me; it appear'd much more agreeable than any thing I had ſeen in that country; and if it had ſomething of a more wild and irregular air than ours in France, it was not for that reaſon the leſs pleaſing.—— I was taken up ſome time with admiring the beauty of the proſpect, when on a ſudden an object preſented itſelf to me, which gave no room for other contemplations: I ſaw come out of a cave under a little rock, of which that place is full, a young and moſt beautiful virgin; ſhe had on a robe of white cotton, adorn'd with feathers of different colours. The left ſide of her garments were tuck'd up to her knee: her arms, which ſeem'd whiter than ſnow, were intirely bare; and her long black hair fell in careleſs ringlets over her ſhoulders; ſhe had a quiver at her back, and an unbent bow in her hand.

If the ſurprize I was in had allowed me any time for reflection, I ſhould at a diſtance have admired her beauties; but I declare, that in that hurry of my thoughts, I look'd on her as ſomething ſupernatural, there was a kind of terror mingled with my adoration; and as ſhe approach'd the place where I was ſtanding, I fell on my knees before her, attending what ſhe would ſay to me.

When ſhe arrived within about ſix paces from me, I perceived ſhe regarded me with an extreme attention; and having ſeveral times look'd behind her, ſhe approach'd me nearer, and put the point of her arrow to the ground in teſtimony of peace. I ſoon underſtood

the meaning of that ſign, and bowing to the earth, by that endeavour'd to make her ſenſible of the reſpect with which I conſider'd her; and at the ſame time cry'd out, "What adventure can have depoſited in this ſavage place all that heaven ever form'd ſo perfect!" —— I was going on with acclamations of much the ſame nature, when ſhe open'd her mouth, and interrupted me with the ſound of a voice harmonious to a wonder, but whoſe accents I could no way comprehend, ſhe ſpeaking a language to which I was altogether a ſtranger. I perceived alſo that ſhe was the ſame to mine; and I proteſt I felt that moment a kind of pleaſure, in having it in my power to ſpeak the dictates of a paſſion I was juſt then beginning to be inſpir'd with, without conſtraint, or the fear of being repuls'd. I ſaid a thouſand tender things to her, while ſhe regarded me with eyes obliging enough to have encouraged my addreſſes, had ſhe known the nature of them; but her incapacity of underſtanding what I meant by my words, made her lay her hand on my mouth in token I ſhould ſay no more.

From another this had paſs'd for a favour; but I ſaw too well her intention and innocence, to flatter myſelf with believing it ſo. I would not ſuffer her, however, to defend herſelf from the advantage I reap'd from it. I kiſs'd that lovely hand which ſilenc'd me, with an ardour at which ſhe ſeem'd ſurpriz'd, tho' without any marks of anger. —— She took my bow and arrows out of my hand, and could not help laughing at the faſhion of them: then taking off her quiver, ſhe placed it on my ſhoulder, and put her own bow into my hand, taking mine in exchange. After this ceremony, which I could have wiſh'd might have for ever laſted, ſhe raiſed me from the poſture I had all this time been in, and looking on me from head to foot, ſeem'd I thought to anſwer the language of my eyes, tho' ſhe could not that of my tongue; and all her glances ſeem'd full of tenderneſs and joy.

Some moments being paſſed in this mute entertainment, ſhe made a ſign that I ſhould leave her. I teſtified

ſtified by my actions the deſire I had to accompany her; but ſhe ſeem'd frighted; and putting the point of her arrow to her breaſt, ſeem'd to let me know the conſequence would be fatal.

I was obliged to obey, believing there might be ſome ſecret reaſon for this baniſhment: and as I was taking my leave, ſhe lifted one hand up to heaven, and with the other pointed to the place from whence ſhe came out, in token that I might ſome time or other ſee her there; all ſhe did being accompanied with a thouſand charms, which none without ſeeing her in that place, and in that manner, can conceive. After I had teſtified that I ſhould come again in ſearch of her, I took the path which led to our habitation, but not without looking back at almoſt every ſtep, as I perceived ſhe did, till both were out of ſight.

At my return, I found Timante in all the concern imaginable for my long abſence; but in ſpite of all the reſpect and tenderneſs I had for him, I concealed from him my adventure, fearing he ſhould not permit me to reviſit the lovely ſavage; and excuſed my ſelf by ſaying, that the eagerneſs with which I purſued the chace of ſome little beaſts I thought would be good food, had carried me farther than I deſign'd.

This deceit would have been preſently diſcover'd, if he had ſeen the change of my quiver and bow; but he was too much taken up with the joy of ſeeing me return'd in ſafety, to take notice of any thing elſe. When we went to bed, he entertain'd me with his accuſtomed reflections on the care of Providence, and the crime it was to give way to deſpair, even in the moſt terrible events; but, alas, the new emotions I had entertain'd, would not ſuffer me to liſten to him with that attention I uſed to pay to what he ſaid, and much leſs to taſte any of the ſweets of ſleep. The young ſavage, with all her attractions, was never a moment from my thoughts; I endeavour'd to penetrate into the cauſe of her living in that deſart, by what ſtrange means ſhe had been bred there, and for what reaſon ſhe had appear'd ſo much diſorder'd and affright-

ed at my offering to follow her to the cavern whence she had issued.

I resolved to be satisfied of all these things at our next interview; but when I remember'd that she neither understood me, nor I her, that moment's pleasure, which the first thought had given me, was converted into as extreme a sorrow. I pass'd the night in cogitations most tumultuous, and as soon as the dawn appear'd, quitted Timante, without giving him the opportunity of examining my new weapons. Since we had been in this place, I had taken a little bird, the feathers of which and colour extremely pleased me; by use I had made it so familiar with me, that it frequently went abroad with me, and would fly about me without any attempt to leave me: I had also taught it many little tricks, such as you have seen at Paris, and the pretty creat re learn'd every thing with an incredible facility. I fancied this would be an agreeable present to my beautiful savage, and took it out with a design to give it her.

I had not quite arriv'd at the cavern, where she by signs had directed me to come, when I saw the charming maid sitting at the foot of a tree; she no sooner perceiv'd me, than rising hastily, she gave me her hand, and led me back towards the place of our habitation, testifying by some gestures, that the other was not so safe to remain in; she made a motion that I should sit down by her on a little bank of turf, which she had made choice of: which I had no sooner done, than I observ'd she took notice of my little bird, which kept fluttering about me; and uttering some words which I did not understand, held out her hand as if she would be glad to take it. I immediately gave it to her, with an action which testified that if she was pleased to accept it, I would receive it no more; at which she appear'd infinitely satisfied, and put her hand to her heart in token of thanks. All her actions discover'd an uncommon share of wit and vivacity, which giving me hopes that I might be able by degrees to instruct her in our language, was a prodigious pleasure to me.

It

It was about half an hour that I enjoy'd the pleaſure of her company; moſt of which time was employ'd in viewing the little actions and ſeveral motions of the bird, at which ſhe ſeem'd very much diverted, and teſtified it with the moſt obliging and becoming ſmiles. As ſhe had conducted me pretty near our habitation, I made a ſign of intreaty that ſhe would accompany me thither. She aroſe ſeveral times, as if ſhe deſign'd to grant my requeſt; but then looking upon the ſun, and ſhaking her head, gave me to underſtand that ſhe could not at that time; but by other motions aſſur'd me that ſhe would the next day. Then, after kiſſing the bird which I had given her, ſhe put one hand on my mouth, and with the other pointing to me to retire, ſhe withdrew from me with a precipitation which ſhew'd that ſhe had ſtaid the utmoſt time. The moment of her leaving me, ſeem'd like the ſeparation of the ſoul and body, and thoſe which I had paſs'd with her, as the happieſt of my life. I had forgot my country, my ſhipwreck, Timante, and my father; but when I parted from her, a thouſand ſad and melancholy thoughts all at once aſſail'd me; and when I met Timante, who was coming in ſearch of me, the air of perplexity which appear'd about me, the quiver and bow which he now took notice of, and the bird being gone, all together gave him ſome ſuſpicions that ſome extraordinary adventure had happen'd, tho' what, it was impoſſible for him to gueſs.

"Whence come you, Cleodon (ſaid he to me in a grave accent) what arrows are theſe? And wherefore have you not your bird?"——Theſe words, and the manner in which they were deliver'd, covered me with ſuch a confuſion, that I was unable to make any reply; which he obſerving, "Ah, my ſon, (reſumed he) what am I to believe of all theſe things?——You have not ſlept all night, and at the break of day went from me with an unuſual concern in your behaviour.——You took with you a little animal, in which you were very much delighted, yet you return without him, and bring with you weapons which I cannot

gueſs by what means you could acquire.—— Speak, I conjure you, my dear Cleodon, explain this adventure, and put an end to the inquietudes with which I am agitated."

Touch'd with this diſcourſe, I no longer had the power of concealing what he deſir'd to know. "That which paſſes in my heart, (ſaid I) is dangerous only to myſelf. Know, ſir, (continued I) that this place is inhabited, but by what people, I am ignorant.—One beautiful virgin is all that I have ſeen of human kind, beſide ourſelves; but certain nothing ever was ſo lovely: ſhe has in her all the different graces which adorn the whole ſex of womankind———Nay, I think that one may add yet more, and ſay that there is ſomething like divinity about her.—— It was from her that I received theſe arrows, and this bow; it was to her that I preſented my little bird; and it is to her that I have devoted my ſelf for the remainder of my life."

The aſtoniſhment which Timante was in at hearing me ſpeak in this manner, had the ſame effect on him, as my confuſion had lately had on me, to prevent him from making any reply to what I ſaid in a conſiderable time, which gave me the opportunity of relating at full the ſtory of this adventure, by what means I firſt got ſight of this adorable incognita, and in what manner we were beginning to improve our acquaintance; all which I could not repeat without, at the ſame time, teſtifying the greatneſs of my paſſion for her, by a thouſand amorous exclamations.

When I had done ſpeaking, my uncle having by this time a little recover'd himſelf from the amazement he had been in, anſwer'd me in this manner: "I ſee well (cry'd he, with a deep ſigh) that no circumſtances are of force againſt love;———ſince neither this place, nor the juſt ſenſibility you have of our common misfortunes, could defend your heart againſt beauties, which however dignified by nature, muſt yet be ſavage and unimprov'd by any of thoſe noble endowments which render ſociety agreeable.———I tremble to think you have ſo ſuddenly engaged your ſelf in a paſſion

paſſion which may not only be dangerous to your repoſe, but alſo to your life.—— However, (continued he) I deſire that you will let me have a ſight of theſe deſtructive charms which have had the power to make you forget all that was dear to you, and to think death a trifle."

I aſſur'd him that in my next day's viſit his curioſity ſhould be gratified, and till that time arriv'd, we talk'd of nothing elſe. He was not able to comprehend, that ſince the place was inhabited, we ſaw not any of the people, where they could conceal themſelves, or for what reaſon; and join'd with me in his ſurprize, when I acquainted him with the fright which the fair ſavage expreſs'd in her countenance, when I diſcover'd my deſire of attending her to her cavern. I was, however, not without hope that when he ſaw her, his experience and penetration might make diſcoveries of which I was incapable: and as he was perfectly acquainted with many of the Eaſtern languages, might probably have ſome notion of that ſhe ſpoke, than which nothing could have been a greater bleſſing to me.

This tedious day and the enſuing night being paſt in the utmoſt impatience, early the next morning we proſecuted our deſign. We had not gone above a furlong before the lovely object of my deſires appear'd; but ſeeing me with another, ſhe ſtopp'd at a good diſtance from us, and by her actions expreſs'd a very great ſurprize. I begg'd Timante not to approach till I had firſt diſſipated the fear ſhe was in, which he complying with, I went alone to the place where ſhe ſtood, and putting one knee to the ground, gave her to underſtand, in as intelligible a manner as I could, that the perſon with me would pay her the ſame homage.

Either aſſur'd by the belief ſhe had in me, or through the force of her own reſolution, ſhe no longer appear'd reluctant, but with a chearful air giving me her hand, ſuffer'd me to lead her towards Timante, who ſeeing what had paſs'd between us, approach'd to meet us. When they came near each other, prepar'd

as he was by my deſcription, and the unfailing guard of his own reaſon, I ſaw an aſtoniſhment in his face which I could not then comprehend the meaning of. As for her, the age of Timante, his venerable aſpect, and the majeſty of his air, inſpired her with a reſpect, which ſhe teſtify'd by throwing herſelf on her knees before him.— This action, and ſome ſecret emotions, which he himſelf was ignorant of the meaning of at that time, made the tears ſtart from his eyes in great abundance, as he raiſed her from that poſture, and embraced her with a tenderneſs which I could not help being alarm'd at.

The young ſavage receiv'd his careſſes with an innocence and freedom which occaſion'd him to renew them. I thought he would never have ſuffer'd her from his arms, nor ſhe endeavour'd to get looſe —— never ſhall I forget the horrors which in this terrible moment took poſſeſſion of my ſoul. I forgot that he was Timante, or that ſhe was perfectly ignorant of thoſe decorums which are preſcrib'd to perſons of her ſex, ——— the effects of my jealouſy were equal with thoſe of my love.—— And not being able to offer any injury to perſons who were of themſelves ſo dear to me, I catch'd up one of the arrows ſhe had given me, and was about to plunge it into my breaſt, when Timante, who happen'd that moment to caſt his eyes on me, ſet forth a cry, which obliging the fair ſavage to look that way, ſhe ran to me, and ſnatching from my hand the weapon, turn'd the point of it to her own boſom, expreſſing to me by that action, that if I proceeded in my intention, ſhe would alſo die with me.——

"What mean you, Cleodon? (ſaid Timante to me) what unworthy ſuſpicion has taken poſſeſſion of your mind? Recover your ſelf, my ſon; remember what I am, and reſt aſſured I can have no ſentiments that will be prejudicial to yours."—Aſham'd of the tranſports of my unſeaſonable deſpair, I threw my ſelf at his feet, demanding his forgiveneſs; and then turning to the charming ſavage, made ſigns to her that ſhe had the abſolute

abſolute diſpoſal of my life or death. My behaviour having diſturb'd the freedom of the entertainment that day, and ſhe never daring to be long abſent from her cave, we were obliged to loſe the pleaſure of ſeeing her: but ſhe parted not from us till ſhe had aſſured us by ſigns, that ſhe would come the next morning to the ſame place. Juſt as ſhe went away, ſhe preſented me with a table-book, made in a very ingenious manner out of the rind of a tree: there appear'd on it ſome cyphers, which ſeem'd to have been engrav'd with a bodkin. All that came from that dear hand was precious to me, and I receiv'd it with the moſt tender gratitude. After this, ſhe embrac'd Timante with an humble reſpect; and giving me her hand, permitted me to kiſs it; then turn'd away, and left the place with an incredible ſwiftneſs.

When we had loſt ſight of her, we return'd to our leafy cabin, where Timante looking attentively on me, "Can it be, my dear Cleodon (ſaid he) that you ſhould imagine me your rival? know Timante better, his heart has a defence againſt impreſſions of which yours is but too ſuceptible—— I do not deny but that the object of your wiſhes has excited in my ſoul emotions which are very extraordinary.——Her youth, her innocence, her beauty, and the ſubmiſſion with which I found my ſelf accoſted by her, raiſed in me ſomething like a paternal tenderneſs.—— I love her, Cleodon, but I love her as a child; and the good wiſhes I have for her ſhould rather be pleaſing to you than the contrary, ſince you may reſt ſatisfied they will never be diſadvantageous to the paſſion you are inſpired with.— She is dear to both of us, tho' in a different way.——— But what proofs (continued he) ſhall we be able to give her of our friendſhip in this place, or how deliver her or our ſelves from it?"

This reflection was accompanied with tears: to diſſipate therefore the melancholy into which I perceiv'd he was falling, I preſented him with the table ſhe had given me; he took it out of my hand, and perceiving in the cyphers on the top of it, ſomething which he

thought had the reſemblance of his own name, he open'd it with the greateſt ſurprize. It had many leaves in it made of the rinds of trees, but ſo fine, that it ſeem'd like paper, but for the difference of colour. The characters on the inſide were perfectly legible; and no words can repreſent with what diſorder he was ſeiz'd, when he found it was Engliſh, a language which he was perfectly vers'd in. He began to read with an unequall'd aſtoniſhment the following words:

"Tho' what I ſpeak is dedicated to the rocks, and will, according to all likelihood, be buried among them, yet as I am in the company of ſavages, I hazard the loſs of my miſerable life by a yet more miſerable death, ſhould this writing be found intelligible to any of them.

"But wonderful are the events of Providence; ſome wretch, like me, may, perhaps, be driven to the ſame extremities, and find conſolation in the knowledge that their misfortunes are not ſingular.—If any ſuch arrives, and that theſe tablets fall into their hands, I inform them that I am called Leonida, and that the name of my huſband is Timante."

Oh, heavens! what is it that I read? (cried out Timante, burſting into tears) liſten, my dear Cleodon, with your utmoſt attention, while I unriddle a myſtery ſo neceſſary for the repoſe of both of us. He had little need to have demanded it of me, names ſo well known, written in a book given me by my adored ſavage, collected all my ſoul into my ears; and it was with an agitation which with more eaſe may be conceived than repreſented, that I heard him purſue the contents, which were in this manner ſet down.

——— "This dear huſband (continued he to read) made me embark from the coaſt of Coromandel with a deſign for France, but a moſt dreadful tempeſt ariſing, our veſſel periſh'd in it. I know not what happen'd, nor by what wonderful means I was preſerved; but after a long time of inſenſibility, I found my ſelf among women of a ſtrange figure and behaviour, and whoſe language

language was altogether unknown to me. The ſuccour they afforded me was applied in ſuch a manner, that I had no cauſe to doubt but that I was fallen into hoſpitable hands; but I had no ſooner recover'd from my weakneſs, than diſcover'd I had to do only with barbarians, and thoſe too of the moſt ſavage and inhuman kind. The place they had convey'd me to, was a cavern under the earth, which are all the dwellings this dreadful place affords.

"With all the kindneſs, however, that theſe ſavages are capable of, they led me to ſeveral of theſe horrid habitations, and at length brought me to one where there were a great number of men of much the ſame appearance as the women who conducted me among them. I eſpied two men habited like Chriſtians, and which I immediately remembered to be ſome of the mariners belonging to our veſſel: the ſight of them gave me ſome pleaſure, till advancing towards them, I perceived they were bound hand and foot, and had the terror of approaching death viſibly painted in their faces. As I was certain the ſavages did not underſtand my language, I demanded of theſe men for what cauſe they were ſo treated, and in what place we were.

"They told me, that after the loſs of the ſhip, their whole care was my ſafety; and that it having been ſplit on a rock near that coaſt, they with eaſe brought me to the ſhore; that hoping to get ſome habitation to place me in, they had carried me in their arms till they met a great company of men and women, who took me from them; that they were bound in the manner I ſaw them immediately after their coming into the cavern; and that by their ſkill in navigation, they knew that we were fallen into the hands of a people wholly barbarous and ſavage; and that they made a practice of killing all the men that were ſtrangers, and afterwards eating them; which fate they expected, and was inevitable.

"This diſcourſe filled me with a moſt terrible fear, which the ſavages by my trembling and my tears perceiving,

ceiving, fell down upon their knees, teſtifying by that and many other geſtures, which I then comprehended not the meaning of, that they meant no hurt to me; but my terror ſtill continuing, the women, who had brought me there, conducted me back to the cavern they had firſt allotted for me.

"But I had not long indulg'd my griefs, before ſeveral of them returning to me, took me by the arms, and led me to a vaſt plain, in the middle of which were two great trees, to which the unfortunate mariners were bound, and a prodigious concourſe of ſavages gather'd round about them. A profound ſilence was for a while obſerved, but at a certain ſignal given, both the men and women ſet up a cry of joy; then he among them, who ſeemed to be the chief, drew his bow, and ſhot an arrow into the boſom of one of the miſerable mariners; and after him, all the reſt doing the ſame, the mangled body was in a moment all cover'd over with blood and wounds.

"At this horrible ceremony I fell into a ſwoon, which ſpared me the affright of ſeeing the other ſerved in the ſame manner: I expected no better fate; but in this I was deceiv'd, and never met with any thing from them but tokens of the moſt fervent reſpect and homage. Their behaviour after what I had ſeen, very much amazed me; but I had not been many days among them, before I was informed of the reaſon. An unhappy woman, preſerv'd as I had been from the fury of the ſeas, and had lingered out ſome years in thoſe diſmal abodes, told me a great many of their cuſtoms: and that one of them was to ſacrifice all the men whom the cruelty of fortune threw on their coaſts, but to treat the women with all poſſible care and kindneſs. Being great with child, when I arrived among theſe barbarians, I was in a little time deliver'd of a daughter, whom, as ſoon as born, the ſavages adorn'd with flowers and feathers, teſtifying their joy that my child was of a ſex which preſerv'd it from deſtruction. The chriſtian woman, whom I mention'd, died ſoon after. I have now liv'd with them a whole year; how long I ſhall drag

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on this load of misery, I know not. I am forced to nourish my dear infant in the manner of the savages; heaven send her a better fate, than to live or die among them, as her wretched mother expects soon to do."

Thus ended this wonderful naration; but Timante seeing there were more leaves in the book, searching carefully, found in one of them these words:

"After a year, and almost the half of another, I resign my breath to the divine power which gave it me.——O Master of the universe! sovereign ordainer of all human affairs, whom I have never ceas'd one moment to adore, take into thy care the innocent Felidia."

On the same leaf with this prayer, there were cyphers of the time of Felidia's birth, which exactly agreeing with the age of my fair savage, left us no room to doubt but she was the Felidia which Leonida had been delivered of, and the daughter of Timante; the mutual sympathy which appear'd between them at first sight, gave a probability of this truth, and the writing confirm'd it past suspicion.

I felt a joy at this discovery, which I am no more able to utter than I was then to conceal——— I embraced the knees of my now more than ever dear uncle, call'd him a thousand times my father, conjured him to be favourable to my passion; and since the heart of the adorable Felidia seem'd influenc'd by the same sentiments with mine, that he would not delay the happiness of us both. It was with an air more austere than ever I had seen him assume, that he endeavour'd to convince me of the error of such a proposition, and how unfit a place and time it was to think of joy, when we were encompass'd round with creatures little inferior in brutality to the beasts of the forest, and every moment in danger of losing that life which but with incessant toil and care we had so long supported. He concluded, however with assuring me, that if we should ever be so happy as to see other climates, he should think it would be his own satisfaction to see us united.

Discoursing

Diſcourſing of this adventure employ'd us till the next day, when, at the uſual time, we did not fail of going to meet Felidia. We found her at the appointed place, and at ſight of her the tranſported father could not with-hold his tears; but running to her to take her in his arms, that ſweet innocence gently repulſed him, pointing to me, and making ſigns that ſhe was afraid of diſobliging me. I approach'd her, and teſtified by my actions, that it would now be a pleaſure, not a pain, to ſee her in his arms; on which ſhe turn'd to Timante, receiving his careſſes in a manner that would have made any one believe ſhe was ſenſible how near he was to her; and that all the humble tenderneſs ſhe could expreſs, was no more than duty.

We conducted her to our cabin, which ſhe examin'd with a good deal of aſtoniſhment —— In this viſit Timante made her ſit down, and having provided himſelf with the rind of a tree, ſuch us her unhappy mother had made uſe of, he took one of her own arrows, and with the point of it writ ſome letters of the alphabet, and then pronouncing them with a loud voice, ſoon made her comprehend that he wiſh'd ſhe ſhould underſtand them; and it was ſurpriſing to hear the readineſs with which in a little time ſhe ſounded every one of them after him.

She continued coming to us conſtantly every day, and in taking the leſſons which Timante gave her, diſcover'd a wit, a ſpirit, and apprehenſion, which amazed even him. It was not fifteen or ſixteen days before ſhe had ſo well profited by his inſtructions, that by the help of a few ſigns joined to our expreſſions, ſhe not only underſtood what we ſaid, but could reply to us in an intelligible manner. As by degrees ſhe arrived at a better underſtanding of language, ſhe diſcover'd ſo charming a diſpoſition, and ſuch a natural tendency to virtue, that Timante thought he could not any longer, without being guilty of injuſtice, refuſe her the knowledge of herſelf, and who it was that had taken this pains with her: he recited to her the melancholy contents of the table-book ſhe had given me,

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and drew a ſtream of tears from her fair eyes, in the repetition of her mother's fate. She however teſtified the extremeſt joy to find Timante was her father; and tho' ſhe could not expreſs herſelf in terms ſo proper nor ſo elegant as ſhe has now the power of, the few words ſhe utter'd had charms which are not to be imagin'd.

As every day ſhe grew more able to reply, we began to queſtion her concerning the laws, or rather cuſtoms of this barbarous place; and wherefore they ſacrificed the men, and reſpected the women who came among them —— She told us that ſhe had but little knowlege of theſe affairs; ſhe only heard that it was occaſion'd by an ancient tradition, which reported, that ſome troops of men, altogether unknown to them, had formerly made a deſcent into their country, the ſavages being at that time employ'd in calling their grand council, and electing a chief; which ceremony being always perform'd in a vaſt plain, a great diſtance from their caverns, there were none left to make oppoſition to theſe new invaders but the women, who were never admitted on theſe great occaſions.

Being however inſtructed in the uſe of bows and arrows, they had made ſo vigorous a defence againſt thoſe that came againſt them, that there ſeem'd to be no want of men; and if it had not been for a ſtrange ſort of arms they had brought with them, had certainly been repuls'd by the female ſavages; (theſe ſtrange arms we underſtood to be guns:) but that by the help of thoſe extraordinary weapons, great ſlaughter had been made among them; on which they ran with a great cry to the place where the grand council was held, imploring aſſiſtance of their fathers and huſbands, and relating all that had paſs'd.

At this news they all came down immediately with ſtakes, ſtones, and arrows; and as they were a prodigious number, in compariſon with their enemies, they ſoon overcame and maſſacred them; which having done, out of revenge and cruelty, they roaſted, and after eat them. Since this attempt made on them, they ſacri-

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ficed all ſtrangers, as a terror to prevent all other invaſions of the like nature; but the women having made ſo reſolute a defence, they decreed in honour to the ſex, that whenever any of them ſhould happen to come on their coaſts, they ſhould be treated with all imaginable kindneſs and reſpect.

This ſhe told us was the reaſon that ſhe would not permit me to follow her toward the cavern, fearing I ſhould be ſeen, and expoſed to this barbarous fate. And ſhe now reiterated her prayers, that we would both avoid thoſe dangerous ſituations, and not run the hazard of becoming ſpectacles, the very idea of which was capable of killing her. Timante and myſelf join'd in aſſuring her, that we would attend the will of heaven for delivering us from the danger, but never run in ſearch of a death which would have more in it of temerity than valour.

When we had paſs'd ſome days in this faſhion, Felidia trembling for fear leſt the ſavages ſhould diſcover the place of our abode, acquainted us that there was ſuddenly to be a great hunting-match among them; and that the valley where we were, affording great ſtore of game, there was a probability they might come in ſearch of it that way.——— Full of the extremeſt terror, ſhe entreated we would demoliſh our little cabin, leaving no marks behind us that any perſons had been there, and ſuffer her to conduct us to a place ſacred among the ſavages, and which they trembled to approach; imagining that it was from thence the mighty winds aroſe, which ſometimes ſhook their whole continent, and the waters iſſued in inundations, to the extreme terror of theſe ignorant wretches.

Theſe diſcourſes appear'd to have too much reaſon in them, not to be complied with: we immediately ſet about pulling down our cabin; and Felidia coming the next morning more early than uſual, led us to the place ſhe had before ſpoken of. It was a valley, through which there ran a river, which had its courſe into the ſea between two mountains of an incredible height

height and largeneſs, but whoſe bending ſummits leaning toward each other, form'd a kind of arch, through which the winds roaring with a hollow murmur, gave occaſion to theſe ſavages ſuperſtition.—We found ſeveral caverns at the foot of them, one of which ſerved Timante and myſelf for a lodging.———The charming Felidia, ſatisfied that ſhe had put us in a place of ſecurity, appear'd perfectly tranquil, and regularly every day made happy our retreat.——But, alas! I had diſcontents of a new kind, which Timante himſelf had brought upon me: in the rules he had ſet down for Felidia to follow, he had above all things recommended to her a ſtrict modeſty and reſerve; and that ſhe ſhould above all things defend herſelf from the too near approaches of an amorous addreſs; made her but too ſenſible of the falſhood and inconſtancy of mankind in general; and that a familiarity between the two ſexes, was of dangerous conſequence, not only to the ruin of reputation, but alſo to the tenderneſs of the favourite lover, who ſeldom preſerv'd either the ſame eſteem or affection as he had before he knew himſelf beloved—He inſtructed her in all the little decorums of her ſex, and ſtrictly charged her never to deviate from them in the minuteſt circumſtance; and ſo obedient was ſhe in the obſervation of theſe precepts, that as if forgetful, or aſhamed of all the freedoms ſhe bleſs'd me with, in thoſe more happy days of ignorance, when firſt we were acquainted, ſne now treated me with a diſtance which was very near driving me to deſpair.——I durſt not complain to Timante; but one day when he happen'd to be abroad, I threw myſelf at the feet of Felidia, and looking on her with a countenance wholly compoſed of melancholy, "How comes it, lovely Felidia (ſaid I) that you treat me with this unaccuſtom'd coldneſs? Has the ſcience which you have been acquiring, made you forget I was the firſt of your adorers?——Or, has it diſcover'd to you faults in my perſon or converſation, which render me unworthy of that tenderneſs you teſtified

fied by ſigns before you knew the manner of explaining it any other way."

"Alas! (anſwer'd ſhe, with an inchanting ſweetneſs) how can I be guilty of reproaches ſuch as theſe?—The firſt thing I learned was to love you; and Timante is every day telling me, that the firſt impreſſions ought never to be eraſed; judge then, if what was inſpired by nature, and in which the heart takes part, can be deſtroyed: ſo far from being altered by the improvements I have made, that my knowlege only ſerves me to diſcover millions of good qualities in you, which before I was not capable of diſtinguiſhing, and which will keep me yours all the days of my life. But in knowing what is moſt valuable in you, I have learned alſo what is ſo in myſelf; that which might paſs for innocent in Felidia the ſavage, might juſtly be accounted criminal in the Felidia I now am.—The names of modeſty, glory, and virtue, have open'd my eyes to ſee the danger of expreſſing my ſentiments in too free a manner, and taught me to maintain the decorum of my ſex, without diminiſhing my love.

Tho' it was with a good deal of difficulty Felidia uttered this, yet the harmony of her voice, and the graces which accompanied her ſpeech, rendered it infinitely more charming than the moſt practiſed fluency of expreſſion. I thank'd her in terms full of gratitude and reſpect for the declaration ſhe had made me, that I was ſtill as agreeable to her as I once had ſeemed; and kiſſing her hand, Think you, (ſaid I) moſt adorable Felidia, that the man who took no other advantage of the innocent freedoms you were pleaſed to ſhew him, than to expreſs his ſenſe of them at an humble diſtance, can ever fail in that awe which is the ſureſt teſtimony of a ſincere affection? Fear nothing, then, (continued I) my dear Felidia, the man who loves you moſt, will always reſpect you moſt.—I had time to add no more, Timante was juſt then entering; but his amiable daughter quitted me not without an aſſurance of an inviolable tenderneſs.

We had been juſt now ſix months in this diſmal ſolitude,

litude, and Timante was beginning to have no other thought but that of dying in it, when one day, having climbed up a good height on one of the mountains which overlooks the ſea, I thought I ſaw a ſhip at a diſtance, the heavens being ſerene, and free from driving clouds, ſo that one might diſtinguiſh any thing eaſily. I found my hope had not deceived me, and that it was really the object we had ſo long and ſo ardently wiſh'd to ſee. I preſently tore down ſome branches of trees, and waving them with the moſt forcible motion I could, at laſt was taken notice of by thoſe on deck, who full of humanity preſently detached their long-boat, which when I ſaw approaching, I loſt no time: hope, love, and joy, contributed to wing my feet; I rather flew, than ran to the cavern where I had left Timante giving his uſual inſtructions to his beautiful daughter; giving them an account of what I had diſcovered, and the ſucceſs of it, gave them not the time to anſwer; but taking the hands of both, conducted them to the bank of that river which ſeparated the two mountains, where we no ſooner came than we perceived the long-boat.—We made ſigns to them that we were there, and they anſwered by others, that they ſaw us. They got in with eaſe into a little creek, and we delayed not a moment going on board. The civility with which the men who had the care of the boat, received us, ſeemed an omen of good; and the joy of turning our backs on that terrible place where we had endured and feared ſo much, gave ſo great and immediate an alteration to our looks, as is not to be imagined. We ſoon reached the veſſel; and when we were near enough to be obſerved, all thoſe on deck were ſurprized at the appearance of Felidia: her youth, her beauty, and the uncommon faſhion of her garments, attracted their eyes with ſo fixed an attention, that they ſcarce looked on us. Timante was the firſt that entered; I following with his charming daughter, was not a little aſtoniſhed, when I heard a perſon in advancing to us, cry out, Good heavens! what is this that I ſee? Timante! Cleodon!——The ſound of a voice well known and dear to me, making me

me look upon him that ſpoke, (being before engaged in helping Felidia into the ſhip) at once I ſaw and found myſelf in the arms of Agenor.—— Never was ſurprize equal to ours, nor was tenderneſs ever expreſſed with the like tranſports—— The whole veſſel, nay the very air echoed the names of brother, ſon, and father; and without being able for a long time to pronounce any other words, we teſtified our ſatisfaction by them, and by our actions.

The firſt emotions of this tranſport being over, Agenor made us go into his cabin: he there embraced us again: and having now time to remark Felidia, he deſired Timante to acquaint him by what extraordinary adventure he had met with that lovely maid. That generous brother immediately related to him all that had paſſed; and when he had ſufficiently excited his admiration, concluded his narration with telling him, that the beautiful object which had ſo much attracted the eyes of every body, was no other than the daughter of Timante. This was an addition of joy to Agenor; he took her in his arms, and tenderly embracing her, gave thanks to heaven for reſtoring to their family ſo admirable a perſon.

The curioſity of Agenor being ſatisfied; "For me, (ſaid he) my dear Timante, it is wholly owing to the entire friendſhip my ſoul has never ceaſed to feel for you, to which you owe your preſent redemption from the land of ſavages; and, oh! that I could do more to teſtify the gratitude and love I have for a brother ſo deſerving. The ſecond veſſel in which you committed your effects, arrived ſafe at port Lewis; and being informed by the captain of it, that I might expect you ſoon, I watched the coming in of every veſſel from the Indies: but neither ſeeing you, nor hearing any thing of you I fell into ſo exceſſive a grief, that but to hear of comfort was offenſive to me. I now was concerned that I had ſent Cleodon, condemning myſelf as the murderer of my dear child; for nothing now would enter my head, but that you both were periſhed.----By day, my reſtleſs thoughts hindered me from buſineſs, or ſociety; by night, your ideas were ever in my mind.

In

-----In fine, my life became a burthen to me, and I was reſolved to ſpend the remainder in ſearch of you. To this end I hired a veſſel, which bringing me ſafely to Coromandel, I there heard the afflicting news that you had left it immediately after the departure of the other ſhip, and that it was believed your ſhip periſhed in a great ſtorm which happened before you could finiſh your voyage.——I know not what impulſe it was, but certainly it muſt be inſpired by Providence, that I could not think of returning home; but neglecting my dear wife, and tender infants, I determined to range the ſeas in ſearch of thoſe, who, in all probability, were no more.— We ſailed backwards and forwards three whole months, without any deſign, or calling at any place whatſoever. Happening in this marine ramble, to paſs by this coaſt about ſome four days ſince, I took notice of thoſe tremendous mountains, and found an inclination in myſelf to put in there, in order to make ſome diſcovery of a place which ſeemed well worthy of remark; but the ſeamen telling me that it was a country inhabited only by ſavages, whoſe deſperate cruelty rendered it fatal to all who came aſhore there, with repeated prayers prevented me. The ſame ſecret emotion, however, which had kept me from returning home, made me alſo ſtill linger here; and being ſcarce ever from the deck myſelf, I ſaw ſomething like a man on the top of one of thoſe mountains; approaching nearer, I found he made ſigns of diſtreſs, on which I ſent immediately my long-boat. —You know the reſt, (continued he) my deareſt brother; this happy curioſity conducted me to ſave the lives of thoſe I have moſt reaſon to eſteem on earth, and to render to you ſome part of the teſtimonies of eſteem and love your friendſhip has conferred on me."—Agenor here ceaſed to ſpeak, and renewed his endearments in his actions.

The charming Felidia perceiving that my father was the brother of Timante, demonſtrated the joy of her ſoul, by a thouſand emotions, all engaging, all exciting the tenderneſs and admiration of every one who

was

was witneſs of them. Some time being allowed to this felicitous entertainment, the winds being fair, and the ſea calm, Agenor commanded the mariners to ſpread their ſails, and ſteer their courſe for France: but, alas! theſe orders had not been given above the ſpace of an hour, when we heard a general cry from the whole ſhip's crew, which gave us to know that our toils had not yet an end, and that ſome imminent danger was at hand.

We all forſook the cabin, and ran up immediately on deck, where we beheld a corſair of Arabia making towards us with full ſails. There was no poſſibility of avoiding the danger, we muſt reſolve to fight it.—— But judge what Agenor, Timante, and myſelf, felt in this ſudden turn of affars.—Never, I believe, were minds ſo reſolute, ſo unconquerable as ours: love, friendſhip, duty, gratitude, concurred to inſpire us with ſomething more than mortal courage.—Agenor would have much ſooner choſe to periſh himſelf, than loſe what he ſo lately had recovered; Timante would have ſacrificed millions of lives for that of his dear brother, and to preſerve his daughter from ſlavery; and the danger of three perſons ſo dear to me, and to whom I had ſuch obligations, poſſeſſed me with a fury which carried me beyond what valour of itſelf could have effected; and I believe, without an injury to modeſty, I may venture to ſay, that according to the preſent diſpoſition of our hearts, we were capable of encountering a whole army.

Agenor and Timante having given the neceſſary orders, we attended the enemy with an aſſurance, which made thoſe aboard the corſair imagine the work they were going upon not ſo eaſy to be accompliſhed as they had at firſt believed. The noiſe of cannons and muſquets proclaimed the combat; but they being better ſtored with ammunition of that kind, they caſt their grappling-irons, in ſpite of all that we could do to prevent them. The captain, who was the firſt that endeavoured to board us fell to my ſhare to attack; and indeed he fought with a courage that teſtified he had

had been uſed to conquer; but he fought not then with a ſon, a nephew, a lover, who had the ſafety of a father, uncle, and miſtreſs to defend. My zeal for them it was which enabled me to get the better of this bold invader: and though he was backed by his lieutenant and two others, I gave him ſome wounds, which entirely diſabled him, he fell off the verge he had been ſo bold to climb, dying the ſea with his blood. Thoſe that followed him, ſhared the ſame fate: and fluſhed with this ſucceſs, I reſolved to ſet no limits to my conqueſt, but leaping into the other veſſel, as he had aimed to do in mine, I made havock of all that oppoſed my paſſage. I was followed by Agenor, Timante, and ſeveral others, who gave deaths which way ſoever they turned. In ſhort, the loſs of their captain loſt them all they had aſſumed, and we eaſily made victims of all who oppoſed us, till the beſt part of them being wounded, the reſt fell on their knees, intreating mercy, and begging us, as we were chriſtians, and men whom the hope of gain had not led to combats of this nature, that we would afford it them. A ſpectacle of this kind could not chuſe but diſarm our utmoſt indignation; we gave them life and liberty, the latter of which we alſo rejoiced in having it in our power to reſtore to ſome ſlaves which the corſair had taken, and was now going to diſpoſe of when he met us.

In examining the ſhip, we found it ſtored with very rich booty; the one-half of which we diſtributed among the chriſtian captives whom we found aboard, and the other to the people of our own veſſel, giving the others the liberty to ſteer their courſe which way they would. Every thing being thus ſettled, we returned to our ſhip, where I found Felidia held by ſome of the ſailors, as ſhe had been by main force, during all the time: at our approach they looſed her hands, and acquainted us with the caſe of this ſeeming rudeneſs. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me——" Ah! my dear Cleodon (ſaid ſhe) is it poſſible you could ſuffer Felidia to be ſhut up from a ſhare in the danger and

the honour you have been acquiring? Have Agenor and Timante ſo mean an opinion of my courage, as to believe I durſt not engage in the defence of their lives, and yours? And theſe arrows, which have ſo often done execution on the wild beaſts in that ſavage country where I received my birth, might they not have done ſome little ſervice in an occaſion where all my force had been exerted?"

She uttered this with ſo much vehemence, that I could not interrupt her; and the pleaſure it gave me to diſcover, even in this little anger, ſuch tokens of her tenderneſs, joined to the paſſion with which I was inſpired, cauſed ſo ſudden an emotion in me, that the wounds which I had received in the fight, guſhed out in ſtreams of blood ſo faſt, ſo ſtrong, that I fell immediately in a ſwoon at her feet. Agenor and Timante, with the ſurgeon, applying proper means for my recovery, I was ſoon brought to myſelf; and the latter having ſearched my wounds, and finding them not mortal, I had the ſatisfaction to obſerve an exquiſite joy viſibly painted in every face: I would not leave the room, however, till Felidia was informed of the ſucceſs of the fight, and made ſenſible that it was only our tenderneſs of her which had prevented us from ſuffering her to be expoſed.

The care and affectionate expreſſions of this young beauty aſſiſted the ſurgeon's endeavours ſo well, that I was perfectly recovered in a few days; and the reſt of our voyage was all one ſcene of pleaſure, uninterrupted by the leaſt croſs accident whatever. We arrived at Rochelle in about three months, where after repoſing ourſelves ſome days, we took coach, and went home, reſtoring to my mother that tranquility which my abſence and the departure of Agenor had for a long time deprived her of.

The ſight of Felidia made on her heart thoſe impreſſions which it was ordinary for her to give: ſhe was highly ſatisfied with the choice I had made; and the lovely maid being baptized according to the ceremony of the church, I never left ſolliciting my father

and Timante for their conſent to conſummate my happineſs; which neither of them wiſhing to delay, I became the moſt bleſſed of mankind, in the intire poſſeſſion of my dear Felidia, whoſe charms are every hour improving, as ſhe has more knowledge of the world, and I doubt not but will continue ſo to my life's end.

A kind of tender diſpute aroſe between the two brothers: Agenor would compel Timante to receive all that he had ſent in the two ſhips to Port-Lewis, and the other would accept no more than a ſmall part, which he gave Felidia by way of dowry; deſiring no more than to continue the remainder of his days with us, and obliging Agenor to keep the reſt of his effects for the uſe of his family. The buſineſs was at laſt decided, the generoſity of Timante got the victory, and the whole family ſpent their days in œconomical plenty.

THE GAMESTER.

AT Tunbridge, in the year 1715, a gentleman, whoſe name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they beſtowed all that affection which they could ſpare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor ſeemed to have the leaſt paſſion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bett at the tables for trifling ſums, and his ſoul took fire at the proſpect of immediate gain; he was ſoon ſurrounded with ſharpers, who with calmneſs lay in ambuſh for his fortune, and cooly took advantage of the precipitancy of his paſſions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at firſt, without being able to form any ſcheme to prevent it. She adviſed with her brother,

who at that time was poſſeſſed of a ſmall fellowſhip in Cambridge. It was eaſily ſeen, that whatever paſſion took the lead in her huſband's mind, ſeemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined therefore, to let him purſue fortune, but previouſly take meaſures, to prevent the purſuit's being fatal.

Accordingly every night this gentleman was a conſtant attender of the hazard tables; he underſtood neither the arts of ſharpers, nor even the allowed ſtrokes of a connoiſſeur, yet ſtill he played. The conſequence is obvious; he loſt his eſtate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occaſion was inexpreſſible; he was even mean enough to aſk a gentleman, who ſat near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gameſter, who plainly ſaw there were no expectations of being repaid, refuſed to lend a farthing, alledging a former reſolution againſt lending. Hedges was at laſt furious with the continuance of ill-ſucceſs, and pulling out his watch, aſked if any perſon in company, would ſet him ſixty guineas upon it: the company were ſilent; he then demanded fifty; ſtill no anſwer; he ſunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company ſtill without anſwering, he cried out, By G—d it ſhall never go for leſs, and daſhed it againſt the floor; at the ſame time, attempting to daſh out his brains againſt the marble chimney-piece.

This laſt act of deſperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they inſtantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his paſſion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with ſullen diſcontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, ſhe received him with her uſual tenderneſs and ſatisfaction; while he anſwered her careſſes with contempt and ſeverity; his diſpoſition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But my dear Jemmy, ſays his wife, perhaps you do not know the news I have to tell; My mamma's

mamma's old uncle is dead, the meſſenger is now in the houſe, and you know his eſtate is ſettled upon you." This account ſeemed only to encreaſe his agony, and looking angrily at her, cried, There you lye, my dear, his eſtate is not ſettled upon me. "I beg your pardon, ſays ſhe, I really thought it was, at leaſt you have always told me ſo." No, returned he, as ſure as you and I are to be miſerable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have ſold the reverſion of it this day, and have loſt every farthing I got for it at the hazard table. "What all," replied the lady. Yes, every farthing, returned he, and I owe a thouſand pounds more than I have to pay. Thus ſpeaking, he took a few frantic ſteps acroſs the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity—"No, my dear, cried ſhe, you have loſt but a trifle, and you owe nothing; our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your raſhneſs, and are actually the perſons who have won your fortune; we employed proper perſons for this purpoſe, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my poſſeſſion, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjuſtly taken. I only aſk permiſſion to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greateſt jewel, from ſuch dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect, he ever after retained a ſenſe of his former follies, and never played for the ſmalleſt ſums, even for amuſement.

STORY of the Earl of St. ALBANS.

THE late earl of St. Albans, ſecretary to queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himſelf at the Reſtoration but in an indifferent condition. Happening one day to make a party at pleaſure with his majeſty, where all diſtinctions were laid aſide, a ſtranger came with an importunate ſuit for an

employment, juſt vacant, of great value. The king ordered him to be admitted, and the earl to perſonate his majeſty. The gentleman made his addreſſes accordingly, enumerated his ſervices to the royal family, and hoped ſuch a place would not be thought too great a reward for them. "By no means, replied the earl, and I am extremely concerned, that, as ſoon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the earl of St. Albans, pointing to the king, who has conſtantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myſelf, and has hitherto only enjoyed my favour in return: but when any thing of this kind happens again, worthy your acceptance, pray let me ſee you." The gentleman withdrew. The king ſmiled at the jeſt, and confirmed the grant. Thus the earl owed that to chance and quickneſs of thought, which the moſt faithful ſervices could never procure him.

OBIDAH and the HERMIT.

An Eastern Story.

OBidah, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills: and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter

daughter of the ſpring; all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw on his right hand a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade: and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold of every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that

rolled among trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly, he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquility, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſart were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills,

> Work'd into ſudden rage by wint'ry ſhowers,
> Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
> The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſt he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his

his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld thro' the brambles the glimmering of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me, ſaid the hermit, by what chance thou haſt been brought hither: I have now been twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son, ſaid the hermit, let the errors and follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the ſtraight road of piety, towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to approach what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of Eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of Security. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of Pleaſure. We approach them with ſcuple and heſitation; we enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of Virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to which we purpoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence,

and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconſtancy till the darkneſs of old age begins to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways of Virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores ſtrength and courage from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty giving way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe, commit thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

The ABSURDITY of EXTREMES.

'Tis Education forms the youthful Mind;
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd. POPE.

I Am an humble couſin to two ſiſters, who though they are good-humoured, good ſort of people, and, all things conſidered, behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and diſpoſitions are ſo extremely oppoſite, that the taſk of pleaſing them is rendered very difficult and troubleſome. The elder of my couſins is a very jolly free hearted girl, and ſo great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you ſeldom ſee her with ſo much as a pin in her gown; while the younger, who thinks in her heart that her ſiſter is no better than a

ſlattern,

ſlattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is in every thing ſhe does an abſolute fidfad. She takes up almoſt as much time to put on her gown as her ſiſter does to dirty one. The elder is too thoughtleſs to remember what ſhe is to do, and the younger is ſo tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapſed in which it was neceſſary to be done. If you lend any thing to the elder, you are ſure to have it loſt; or if you would borrow any thing of the younger, it is odds but ſhe refuſes it, from an opinion that you will be leſs careful of it than herſelf. Whatſoever work is done by one ſiſter, is too ſlight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finiſhed.

As they are conſtantly bed-fellows, the firſt ſleep of the elder is ſure to be broken by the younger, whoſe uſual time of undreſſing and folding up her clothes, is at leaſt an hour and an half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occaſioned by her eldeſt ſiſter's things, which lie ſcattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, I know exactly how it would be: the elder would loſe her's by ſaying yes too ſoon, and the younger by ſaying no too often. If they were wives, the one would be too haſty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleaſing: or were they mothers, the daughters of the elder would be playing at taw with the boys, and the ſons of the younger dreſſing dolls with the miſſes.

I wiſh, ſir, you would be ſo kind to theſe couſins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have ſaid already that they are both good-humoured; and if you could prevail upon the elder to borrow from the younger a little thought and neatneſs; and upon the younger to add to her exactneſs a little of the careleſs freedom of the elder; you would make them very amiable women, and me the happieſt of all humble couſins.

On BEAUTY and FLATTERY.

Beauties like princes from their very youth,
Are perfect ſtrangers to the voice of truth. POPE.

A Friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greateſt beauties of the age in which ſhe lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her perſon. Upon this one circumſtance of their outward form, the good and ill of their lives ſeem to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing elſe but commendations of her features and complection, by which means ſhe is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outſide. The conſciouſneſs of her charms has rendered her inſupportably vain and inſolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almoſt twenty before one civil thing had ever been ſaid to her, found herſelf obliged to acquire ſome accompliſhments to make up for the want of thoſe attractions which ſhe ſaw in her ſiſter. Poor Daphne was ſeldom ſubmitted to in a debate wherein ſhe was concerned; her diſcourſe had nothing to recommend it but the good ſenſe of it, and ſhe was always under a neceſſity to have very well conſidered what ſhe was to ſay before ſhe uttered it; while Lætitia was liſtened to with partiality, and approbation ſat in the countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed with, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. Theſe cauſes have produced ſuitable effects, and Lætitia is as inſipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has ſtudied no arts to pleaſe; Daphne, deſpairing of any inclination towards her perſon, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always ſomething in her air that is ſullen, grave, and diſconſolate; Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman ſaw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became

her captive. His fortune was ſuch, that he wanted very little introduction to ſpeak his ſentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmoſt freedom into the family, where a conſtrained behaviour, ſevere looks, and diſtant civilities, were the higheſt favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne uſed him with the good-humour, familiarity, and innocence of a ſiſter: inſomuch that he would often ſay to her, 'Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handſome as Lætitia!'——She received ſuch language with that ingenuous and pleaſing mirth, which is natural to a woman without deſign. He ſtill ſighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable converſation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated inſtances of good humour he had obſerved in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with.——'Faith Daphne, continued he, I am in love with thee, and deſpiſe thy ſiſter ſincerely.' The manner of his declaring himſelf gave his miſtreſs occaſion for a very hearty laughter.——'Nay, ſays he, I knew you would laugh at me, but I will aſk your father.' He did ſo; the father received his intelligence with no leſs joy than ſurprize, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leiſure. I do not know any thing that has pleaſed me ſo much a great while, as this conqueſt of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditated murderer her ſiſter. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worſe of ourſelves for the imperfections of our perſons, it is equally below us to value ourſelves upon the advantages of them. The female world ſeem to be almoſt incorrigibly gone aſtray in this particular; for which reaſon, I ſhall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the profeſſed beauties, who are a people almoſt as unſufferable as the profeſſed wits.

'Mon-

'Monſieur St. Evremont has concluded one of his eſſays with affirming, that the laſt ſighs of a handſome woman are not ſo much for the loſs of her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is purſued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that a woman's ſtrongeſt paſſion is for her own beauty, and that ſhe values it as her favourite diſtinction. From hence it is that all arts, which pretend to improve or preſerve it, meet with ſo general a reception among the ſex. To ſay nothing of many falſe helps, and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden-gentlewoman, of a good family in any county of South-Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May dew, or is unfurniſhed with ſome receipt or other in favour of her complection; and I have known a phyſician of learning and ſenſe, after eight years ſtudy in the univerſity, and a courſe of travels into moſt countries of Europe, owe the firſt raiſing of his fortune to a coſmetic waſh.

'This has given me occaſion to conſider how ſo univerſal a diſpoſition in womankind, which ſprings from a laudable motive, the deſire of pleaſing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundleſs, that nature helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable ſervice to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their impoſing upon themſelves, by diſcovering to them the true ſecret and art of improving beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be neceſſary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

'That no woman can be handſome by the force of features alone, any more than ſhe can be witty only by the help of ſpeech.

'That pride deſtroys all ſymmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the ſmall-pox.

'That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not capable of being falſe.

'And, that what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a miſtreſs.

'From theſe few principles, thus laid down, it will be eaſy to prove, that the true art of aſſiſting beauty, conſiſts in embelliſhing the whole perſon by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that thoſe who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expreſſes it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: and thoſe who ſeem to have been neglected by it, like models wrought in haſte, are capable, in a great meaſure, of finiſhing what it has left imperfect.'

On INCITEMENT to Enterprize and Emulation. Story of the admirable CRICHTON.

He who deſpairing in dull languor lies,
To glorious deeds will never, never riſe;
Like a dull weed he vegetates and dies. R.

I Have ſometimes heard it diſputed in converſation, whether it be more laudable or deſirable, that a man ſhould think too highly or too meanly of himſelf: it is on all hands agreed to be beſt, that he ſhould think rightly; but ſince a fallible being will always make ſome deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly uſeleſs to enquire towards which ſide it is ſafer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind ſeem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is conſidered as a modeſt and harmleſs member of ſociety, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after ſuch ſplendor of reputation as may dim the luſtre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themſelves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The

The opinion which a man entertains of himſelf ought to be diſtinguiſhed, in order to an accurate diſcuſſion of this queſtion as it relates to perſons or to things. To think highly of ourſelves in compariſon with others, to aſſume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, muſt be always invidious and offenſive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourſelves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in poſſeſſion of the ſame abilities, cannot with equal juſtice provoke cenſure.

It muſt be confeſſed, that ſelf love may diſpoſe us to decide too haſtily in our own favour; but who is hurt by the miſtake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour and ours is the diſgrace.

But he that dares think well of himſelf, will not always prove to be miſtaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he ſhould not fully complete his deſign, he will at leaſt advance it ſo far as to leave an eaſier taſk for him that ſucceeds him; and even though he ſhould wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the oppoſite error, from torpid deſpondency can come no advantage; it is the froſt of the ſoul which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual ſterility. He that has no hopes of ſucceſs, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man ſhould, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himſelf a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are, perhaps, in every man greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their poſſeſſor preſumes to believe. There is ſcarce any man but has found himſelf able at the inſtigation of neceſſity, to do what in a ſtate of leiſure and deliberation he would have concluded impoſſible; and ſome of our ſpecies have ſignalized themſelves by ſuch atchieve-

atchievements, as prove that there are but few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preſerve, by ſome public monuments, the memory of thoſe who have ſerved their country by great exploits; there is the ſame reaſon for continuing or reviving the names of thoſe, whoſe extenſive abilities have dignified humanity. An honeſt emulation may be alike excited; and the philoſopher's curioſity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themiſtocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of Nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none ſeems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the admirable Crichton; of whoſe hiſtory, whatever we may ſuppreſs as ſurpaſſing credibility, yet we ſhall upon inconteſtible authority relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

Virtue, ſays Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleaſing form: the perſon of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was conſiſtent with ſuch activity and ſtrength, that in fencing he would ſpring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagoniſt; and he uſed the ſword in either hand with ſuch force and dexterity, that ſcarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having ſtudied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-firſt year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that univerſity, to diſpute with them on a certain day; offering to his opponents, whoever they ſhould be, the choice of ten languages and of all the faculties and ſciences. On the day appointed three thouſand auditors aſſembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty maſters appeared againſt him; and one of his antagoniſts confeſſes, that the doctors were

were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years, paſſed without food or ſleep, would not be ſufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a diſputation of nine hours, he was preſented by the preſident and profeſſors with a diamond and purſe of gold, and diſmiſſed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the ſame challenge, and had, in the preſence of the pope and cardinals, the ſame ſucceſs. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; then viſited Padua, where he engaged in another public diſputation, beginning his performance with an extempore poem in praiſe of the city and the aſſembly then preſent, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards publiſhed another challenge, in which he declared himſelf ready to detect the errors of Ariſtotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagoniſts ſhould propoſe of a hundred different kinds of verſe.

Theſe acquiſitions of learning, however ſtupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleaſure which youth generally indulges, or by the omiſſion of any accompliſhment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practiſed in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and inſtrumental muſic, he danced with uncommon gracefulneſs, and on the day after his diſputation at Paris, exhibited his ſkill in horſemanſhip before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewiſe in domeſtic games of leſs dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and diſputation at Paris, he ſpent ſo much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lam-

oon

poon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing thoſe who would ſee this monſter of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extenſive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy compoſed by himſelf, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is ſaid to have perſonated fifteen different characters; in all which he might ſucceed without great difficulty, ſince he had ſuch power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the ſpeaker through all his variety of tone and geſticulation.

Nor was his ſkill in arms leſs than in learning, or his courage inferior to his ſkill: There was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous cuſtom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the moſt celebrated maſters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then reſided, had killed three that appeared againſt him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his ſanguinary ſucceſs with indignation, offered to ſtake fifteen hundred piſtoles, and mount the ſtage againſt him. The duke, with ſome reluctance, conſented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon ſeems to have been ſingle rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceneſs, and Crichton contented himſelf calmly to ward his paſſes, and ſuffered him to exhauſt his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the aſſailant; and preſſed upon him with ſuch force and agility, that he thruſt him thrice through the body, and ſaw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won, among the widows whoſe huſbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I ſhould be willing to conceal; did I not know that every reader will enquire curiouſly after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however diſtinguiſhed from each other by nature or fortune.

The

The duke of Mantua having received ſo many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his ſon Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of looſe manners and turbulent diſpoſition. On this occaſion it was, that he compoſed the comedy in which he exhibited ſo many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of ſhort continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the ſtreets, with his guitar in his hands, he was attacked by ſix men maſked. Neither his courage nor ſkill in this exigence deſerted him; he oppoſed them with ſuch activity and ſpirit, that he ſoon diſperſed them, and diſarmed their leader, who throwing off his maſk, diſcovered himſelf to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own ſword by the point and preſented it to the prince, who immediately ſeized it, and inſtigated as ſome ſay by jealouſy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal reſentment, thruſt him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that ſtate, in which he could excel the meaneſt of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua teſtified their eſteem by a public mourning, the cotemporary wits were profuſe of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, repreſenting him on horſeback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

ADVICE to BELINDA.

THE counſels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear;
Unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.
Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know;
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere,
But greater your's ſincerity to bear.

Hard

Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find no real friends:
All who approach them, their own ends purſue,
Lovers and miniſters are never true.
Hence oft' from reaſon heedleſs beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When moſt you've tyranniz'd, you're moſt abus'd.

What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition? To be fair.
For this the toilet ev'ry thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule;
And yet how few have learn'd, when this is giv'n,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of heav'n;
How few with all their pride of form can move?
How few are lovely nature fram'd for love?
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind, as well as dreſs?
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful nature's unaffected eaſe.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble women to ſuſtain;
Of thoſe who claim it, more than half have none,
And half of thoſe who have it are undone.

Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts;
For you the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule;
A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool.

Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame;
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.

Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene,
Without all beauty, and all peace within:

The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form:
Fiercely it ſtands defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat;
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth ſtill ſhuns too ſtrong a light.

To rougher man ambition's taſk reſign;
'Tis ours in ſenates or in courts to ſhine.
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of envy and be great:
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhou'd move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love;
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.

Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
Love not at all, or elſe be fondly kind;
In this, extremes alone can truly bleſs,
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain;
Short is the period of inſulting pow'r;
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
Soon will reſume the empire which he gave,
And ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.

Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul entire by him ſhe loves' poſſeſt;
Feels ev'ry vanity in fondneſs loſt,
And aſks no pow'r but that of pleaſing moſt;
Her's is the bliſs in ſweet return to prove
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembl'd love;
For her inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The taſk were harder to ſecure my own,
Againſt the pow'r of thoſe already known;

For

For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind,
With gentle force the captivated mind;
Skill'd ev'ry ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy:
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

The EXPERIMENT. A TALE.

VIRTUE and VICE, two mighty powers
Who rule this motley world of ours,
Diſputed once which govern'd beſt,
And whoſe dependents moſt were bleſt;
They reaſon'd, rally'd, crack'd their jokes,
Succeeding much like other folks;
Their logic waſted, and their wit,
Nor one nor t'other wou'd ſubmit;
But both the doubtful point conſent
To clear by fair Experiment:
For this ſome mortal, they declare,
By turns ſhall both their bounty ſhare;
And, either's pow'r to bleſs him try'd,
Shall then the long diſpute decide.

On Hodge they fix, a country boor,
As yet rough, ign'rant, careleſs, poor:
Vice firſt exerts her pow'r to bleſs,
And gives him Riches to exceſs;
With gold ſhe taught him to ſupply
Each riſing wiſh of Luxury;
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
And liv'd like miniſter of ſtate;
He ſwore with grace, got nobly drunk,
And kept in pomp his twentieth punk.

One morning, as in eaſy chair
Hodge ſat with ruminating air,
Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was heard to ſay:

(Behind

(Behind her, Virtue, all the while
Stood ſlily liſt'ning with a ſmile)
" Know, favour'd mortal, know, that I
The pleaſures of thy life ſupply;
I rais'd thee from the clay-built cell,
Where want, contempt, and ſlav'ry dwell;
And (as each joy on earth is ſold)
To purchaſe all, I gave thee gold;
This made the charms of beauty thine,
This bleſs'd thee with the joys of wine;
This gave thee, in the rich repaſt,
Whate'er can pleaſe the tutor'd taſte.
Confeſs the bleſſings I beſtow,
And pay the grateful thanks you owe;
My name is Vice."—— Cry'd Hodge, and leer'd,
" Long be your mighty name rever'd!
Forbid it, heav'n! thus bleſs'd by you,
That I ſhould rob you of your due;
To wealth 'twas you that made me heir,
And gave, for which I thank you, care;
Wealth brought me wine, 'tis paſt a doubt,
And wine (ſee here's a leg!) the gout;
To wealth my French ragout I owe,
Whence ſcurvy, aches, and aſthmas flow;
And now to ſhew how much I prize
The joys which from your bounties riſe,
Each coupl'd with ſo dear a brother,
I'll give you one to take the other.
Avaunt, depart from whence you came,
And thank your ſtars that I am lame."
Enrag'd and griev'd, away ſhe flew,
And all her gifts from Hodge withdrew.

Now in his ſad repentant hour,
Celeſtial Virtue try'd her pow'r;
For wealth content the goddeſs gave,
Th' unenvy'd treaſure of the ſlave!
From wild deſires ſhe ſet him free,
And fill'd his breaſt with charity;

No more loud tumults riot breeds,
And temp'rance gluttony ſucceeds.

Hodge, in his native cot at reſt,
Now Virtue found, and thus addreſs'd:
" Say, for 'tis yours by proof to know,
Can Virtue give thee bliſs below?
Content my gift, and temp'rance mine,
And charity, tho' meek, divine!"

With bluſhing cheeks and kindling eyes,
The man tranſported thus replies:

" My goddeſs! on this favour'd head,
The life of life, thy bleſſings ſhed!
My annual thouſands when I told,
Inſatiate ſtill I ſigh'd for gold;
You gave content, a boundleſs ſtore,
And, rich indeed! I ſigh'd no more.—
With temp'rance came, delightful gueſt!
Health, taſteful food, and balmy reſt;
With charity's ſeraphic flame,
Each gen'rous ſocial pleaſure came;
Pleaſures which in poſſeſſion riſe,
And retroſpective thought ſupplies?
Long to atteſt it may I live,
That all Vice promiſes, you give."

Vice heard, and ſwore that Hodge for hire
Had giv'n his verdict like a liar;
And Virtue turning with diſdain,
Vow'd ne'er to ſpeak to Vice again.

ZULIMA, or the COQUET.

An ORIENTAL TALE.

ZULIMA, the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleaſure, and finiſhed for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and ſtraight as the lofty

pine. Her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her ſmile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was diſcernible in every limb, in every geſture grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared ſhe was fairer than a Houri; and even the daughters of the land confeſſed ſhe was beautiful.

Yet with all her perſonal advantages, Zulima, tho' ſhe exçited admiration, could not attract eſteem. She was thoughtleſs and volatile, fantaſtical and capricious, and ſo giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that ſhe ſpent the greateſt part of her time in changing the poſition of her veſtments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes ſhe braided her jetty treſſes, which were black as the feathers of the raven, and turned them up under a muſlin, bordered with ſilver and gold; ſometimes ſhe ſuffered them to flow careleſly on her ſhoulders, over an azure robe, and placed new-blown roſes on her forehead, which was as ſpacious as a full moon. Sometimes ſhe threw a tranſparent veil over her, but practiſed a thouſand arts to make it riſe and fall, and diſcover to the enamoured gazer, teeth white as the tuſks of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of Ava, cheeks tinged with the bluſhes of the morning, and eyes piercing as thoſe of the eagle.

While ſhe was reclined on a ſofa, one evening, after a ſultry day, under a pavilion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on methods to encreaſe her charms, and extend her conqueſts, ſhe ſaw a thick ſmoak riſe out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and aſcended like a column. While ſhe was earneſtly watching its progreſs, a little old man, with a beard whiter than ſnow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her. "Zulima, ſaid he, liſten to the voice of inſtruction, and let not the accents of reproof be diſregarded. I am the genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know I behold them with concern. I am come from the bottom of the earth, to teach thee wiſ-

dom,

dom, and to ſnatch thee from deſtruction. Follow my advice and be happy. Thou vainly fancieſt, unthinking Zulima, that the fame of thy beauty will be waſted to the pinnacles of Agra by the ſighs of thy adorers, and that their applauſes will be heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean. Thou doſt not conſider, frail child of the duſt, that thou art ſubject to the moſt loathſome diſtempers. Thou doſt not conſider that a leproſy may render thee an object of deteſtation, and that the ſprings of life may be poiſoned by maladies innumerable. If the angel of benevolence ſhould intercede for thee at the throne of the great Alla; if the Governor of the univerſe ſhould command the clouds of ſickneſs never to burſt upon thy head; yet no interceding angel can reſcue thee from the gripe of age, and diſengage thee from the talons of decrepitude. Thy love darting eyes muſt loſe their luſtre, and grow dim with years; thy blooming cheeks muſt be ſhrivelled like autumnal leaves; and thy graceful body muſt be bent like the bow of the hunter. Thy admirers will then ſhun thee with as much caution as they would the mouth of a famiſhed tyger, or the jaws of a hungry crocodile; and ſtart from thee affrighted, as if they had felt the ſting of a ſcorpion, or the puncture of an aſp. Then wilt thou be the unhappieſt of women. Thou adorneſt with too much ſollicitude thy outward form, which will periſh like a garment devoured by the moth, and which will be ſmote by the arrows of death, as graſs is levelled by the ſcythe of the mower, whilſt thy mind, which will endure for ever, reſembles the barren mountain, or the uncultivated deſart. ——Think, therefore, O daughter of pleaſure, 'ere it is too late. Reflect, whilſt thou art capable of reflection. I am come from the bottom of the earth to make thee wiſer, better, and even more lovely.——Watch thy behaviour with the ſtricteſt vigilance, and let not the ſlighteſt ſigns of pride, levity, or ſelf-admiration, be perceptible in thy looks, thy actions, or thy words. Seem not to be conſcious of thy charms, and they will beam forth

with redoubled ſplendor: forget that thou art fairer than other women, and thou wilt be the faireſt among them. Be not over ſtudious to make thy neck ſhine with the gloſſy pearls of Manar, and thy hair glitter with the diamonds of Golconda. Be neat in thy perſon, be plain in thy apparel. Simplicity is beyond magnificence. Lovelineſs wants not the aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the moſt. Do not hang over fountains for the pleaſure of ſeeing thy image reflected in them. —— Such a deſire can only be prompted by vanity, and ought therefore to be ſuppreſſed. Cenſure not thy virgin companions, becauſe they have not the ſame external attractions thou art favoured with, for they may be poſſeſſed of accompliſhments ſuperior to thine, though they are not ſo conſpicuous. Behold this taliſman; view it with attention: it is the taliſman of truth, made with the fineſt cryſtal, and ſo wonderfully conſtructed, that it will not only ſhew thee what thou art, but what thou ſhouldſt be. When thou reſembleſt in every reſpect the character I have drawn for thee, thou wilt appear in the moſt amiable light: but when any irregular paſſion, or any vicious inclination takes poſſeſſion of thy heart, and ſtimulates thee to commit an unbecoming, or an immoral action, thou wilt ſee thyſelf in the moſt odious colours.——— Thou wilt be changed into a monſter of uglineſs. In ſuch circumſtances think on me. Repent, reform, and thou wilt be reſtored to thy priſtine beauty."— When the genius had uttered the laſt word, he put the taliſman into her hand, and inſtantly diſappeared, with the pillar of ſmoke, but left a ſcent behind him grateful as the evening breeze which plays among the Sabæan ſpices, or the fragrant gale which flutters upon the gum diſtilling trees of Arabia.

Zulima's aſtoniſhment at the ſudden appearance of the genius, deprived her of the powers of ſpeech, but the various emotions which ſhe felt during his addreſs were charactered in her countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her perſon, ſhe threw

off

off her veil with exultation: her eyes ſparkled with joy, her boſom panted with ſatisfaction. But when he informed her that ſhe was ſubject to the moſt loathſome diſtempers, ſhe trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror when he talked of the gripe of age, and ſhuddered at the mention of the talons of decrepitude. When he told her ſhe would be deſerted by her admirers, as ſoon as ſhe had no charms to allure them, ſhe was torpid with amazement; but when he afterwards aſſured her ſhe would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with ecſtacy. She was ſomewhat diſconcerted to hear him prefer plainneſs, neatneſs, and ſimplicity, to pomp, grandeur, and magnificence: and to hear ſelf-admiration and cenſoriouſneſs condemned by him with ſeverity. She was convinced, however, ſoon after his departure, that it was neceſſary to follow the rules he had preſcribed; for on ſurveying herſelf in the taliſman, ſhe diſcovered ſuch an alteration in her perſon, that ſhe was ſtruck with fear, and let it fall to the ground; but when ſhe carefully took it up, with a wiſh that it might not be broken, ſhe looked, on a ſecond view, as engaging as ever. From that moment ſhe determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and after having proſtrated herſelf to implore the aſſiſtance of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, ſhe returned to the houſe of her father.

When a few moons had paſſed away, Hamed, a young man of large poſſeſſions, and remarkable integrity, demanded Zulima for a wife. His palace dazzled the eye with its magnificence. His dreſs was purple enriched with gold, and the jewels in his turban glittered like the rays of the ſun. He commanded, by inheritance, an extenſive tract of land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and flocks without number bleated in his paſtures. Yet in the midſt of his riches Hamed was temperate; fifty women only had he in his haram. He had many perſonal perfections, but they were tri-

ſling compared to the beauties of his mind, which reſembled an emerald of ineſtimable value, depoſited in a golden caſket. The firſt view of Zulima's uncommon charms ſtruck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his raviſhed eyes as majeſtic as the cedar of Lebanon, and graceful as the tulip of Candahar. He poured forth his ſoul before her, called her the light of his life, and ſwore ſhe was more lovely than the daughters of paradiſe. Zulima ſoon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and imagining too haſtily that ſhe ſhould increaſe his ſenſibility, by retarding the completion of his wiſhes, and quicken deſire by protracting the moment of poſſeſſion, urged him, by turns, to hope and to deſpair, by every feminine artifice ſhe could think of. But Hamed ſoon diſcovered, that the heart of Zulima was as deceitful as the ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that ſhe was neither charmed by his perſon, nor captivated by his manners. He diſcovered, that the voice of adulation alone was muſic to her ear, and that ſhe was blind to all beauties but her own. At this diſcovery his ſoul was filled with indignation. Reſentment extinguiſhed all emotions of tenderneſs, and drove him abruptly from her preſence.

Zulima, as ſoon as Hamed had left her, haſtened to her taliſman with the rapidity of a roe, to ſee in what light ſhe had appeared to him, and to embelliſh herſelf with new graces againſt the next interview; for as he had not mentioned his intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of love with freſh allurements, made her ſpirits flow with unuſual briſkneſs, and her feet bound with unuſual agility. But how great was her ſurprize, when, inſtead of eyes ſparkling with pleaſure, and cheeks glowing with expectation, ſhe beheld in the poliſhed cryſtal a monſter of uglineſs. Shocked at the unexpected ſight, ſhe gazed at her altered image. She gazed and was aſtoniſhed. Abdaric inſtantaneouſly darted into her mind. She found, on a retroſpect of her conduct, that ſhe had encouraged the addreſſes of Hamed not out of a regard

regard for himſelf; not out of obedience to her father; not from a deſire to be happily married; but to hear the ſighs of fondneſs, to have her ears regaled with the ſoothing ſtrains of eulogy; to be admired and praiſed, to be flattered and adored. Her conſcience ſmote her. She repented, and at the ſame time determined to receive Hamed with more affability, and to liſten to him with more attention; to deſerve his love, and to merit his eſteem. Theſe reſolves had, in ſome meaſure, the wiſhed for effect. She ſaw with ecſtacy her face by degrees recover its accuſtomed bloom; but its bloom, alas! was recovered too late, for Hamed had, during the eclipſe of it, placed his affections on Zelis, the daughter of Nouradin, and friend of Zulima.

Zelis, though not ſo ſtriking a beauty as Zulima, was not leſs engaging. Zulima ſhone like the ſun in its meridian ſplendor: Zelis like the ſky, tinged with its riſing and departing rays. The firſt reſembled a large edifice, full of lofty apartments, decorated with the moſt coſtly ornaments, and blazing with the united luſtre of gems and gold. The laſt might be compared to a ſmall plain building, executed with the utmoſt elegance, and adorned with the utmoſt ſimplicity. Zulima was more admired than Zelis, but Zelis was more beloved than Zulima.

Zelis had an expreſſiveneſs in her countenance, which was, like the magnet, irreſiſtibly attracting. She was modeſt, gentle, affable, and unconſcious of her perfections. Theſe amiable qualities ſoon bound the heart of Hamed in adamantine chains. He was pleaſed with her perſon, but enraptured with her mind, and had ſoon the ſatisfaction to find that Zelis viewed him with equal delight, loved him with equal ardor, and eſteemed him with equal ſincerity. The news of their intended union flew with the ſwiftneſs of lightning to the houſe of Abukazan. Zulima felt a diſorder ſhe had never known before at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that ſhe had loſt her lover was perturbation, but to think that Zelis was in poſſeſſion

of him, diſtraction. Many hours ſhe ſpent in contriving methods to recal her lover, and at laſt fixed on a deſign which ſhe executed immediately with an aſſurance of ſucceſs. She prevailed on Cadige, an old nurſe, who had attended her from her infancy, to make herſelf ſerviceable to Zelis. Zelis was pleaſed with her aſſiduity, and told Zulima ſhe was very happy in poſſeſſing ſo uſeful a ſlave. Zulima, who beheld Zelis with the eyes of a lion when a tender kid lies bleeding at his feet, was ſo delighted to find that ſhe was fallen into the toils which were ſpread for her, that ſhe entreated her to keep Cadige for her own uſe; telling her, with an air of pleaſantry, that ſhe had won her affections, and adding, that ſhe could not therefore offer her with ſo much propriety to any other perſon. Cadige, in a ſhort time, took advantage of the confidence Zelis placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of Hamed, by throwing a veil over her virtues, and to weaken his attachment to her, by inſinuating, with an anxious concern for his happineſs, that the woman he had choſen from the reſt of her ſex, was of all her ſex the moſt unworthy of his eſteem. While Cadige was thus emoloyed, and while Zelis reflected on the coldneſs of her lover with tears and with complainings, Zulima was full of gloomy doubts, and alarming fears. The cauſe of her firſt deviation from rectitude, by attempting to leſſen Hamed's affection for Zelis, gave her many uneaſy throbs; but theſe were agreeable ſenſations, compared to the piercing pangs ſhe felt, when ſhe reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conſcious of the miſchiefs ſhe was perpetrating, ſhe was pre-eminently wretched. Her mind was agitated like the ſand of the deſart by a whirlwind: revenge engroſſed her thoughts, baniſhed every other idea, and eradicated every other paſſion: ſhe vowed to purſue Zelis to deſtruction, becauſe her importance was leſſened by the deſertion of Hamed, though ſhe abhorred at the ſame time the turpitude of her intentions. She forgot to ſurvey herſelf in the taliſman of truth,

and

and Abdaric was no longer remembered by her. One evening, while ſhe was in this torturing ſituation, Cadige informed her, that by perpetually filling the ears of Hamed with the ill-health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of Zelis, ſhe had almoſt perſuaded him to abandon her; and that the anguiſh of diſappointment had greatly diminiſhed the luſtre of her charms. Zulima heard the news with alacrity; and, fluſhed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable rival, began to deck herſelf with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the rainbow glowed on her ſilky veſtments. But her joy was of ſhort duration, for on caſting her eye accidentally on the taliſman, ſhe ſunk down upon her ſofa without motion and without ſenſe. ——While the ſlave flew to procure a reſuſcitating medicine, the earth opened, and Abdaric appeared. Zulima heard the ruſtling of his beard, which founded like the roaring of a cataract, and awaked; but was awe-ſtruck, and endeavoured to ſkreen herſelf from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that ſtratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She reddened with ſhame, and was abaſhed. — When thus the genius—"Thou canſt not conceal thyſelf, O daughter of the duſt, from an all-ſeeing eye. Thou haſt made uſe of the moſt criminal methods to render thyſelf an object of horror. I am now come to entice thee to act right, but to condemn thee for having acted wrong. Thy crimes are of ſo black a dye, they cannot be puniſhed with too much rigour. I warned thee of thy danger, when thou ſtoodſt tottering on the brink of a precipice—why didſt thou not follow my counſel?—Know, inconſiderate Zulima, that a beautiful woman, without innocence and virtue, is like an almond-tree in winter, ſtript of its foliage and its fruit."

When he had uttered theſe words, he ſtruck the unhappy Zulima with his wand. She inſtantly became a ſpotted ſerpent, and crawled upon the earth before him. Abdaric then turned to Cadige, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a plant, which the

ſages of phyſic always adminiſter, when the powers of reaſon are ſuſpended—"Behold, ſaid he, thy wretched child. Seven years ſhall ſhe thus creep upon the ground, a noiſome reptile in the gardens of Hamed, who now revels in his bower, compleatly happy in being united to Zelis, the moſt amiable woman in the Eaſt. When ſhe can take a pleaſure in the felicity of others, ſhe ſhall re-aſſume a human form.—Seven years ſhall ſhe continue in beauty's brighteſt bloom, but without one lover to ſoooth her pride; one admirer to flatter her vanity. If at the expiration of the laſt year, ſhe is convinced of her paſt errors, and can render her mind as faultleſs as her perſon; ſhe may then, even Zulima may then be happy."

At the concluſion of this ſpeech he ſunk into the earth again, which cloſed with a noiſe like the burſting of a cloud impregnated with ſulphur.

The POET and the PATRON.

WHY, Celia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace,
As nature ev'ry morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew, to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;

The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed, averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love;
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
That gave your beauty pow'r to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen,
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And Time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo, and the muſes there;
Through all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the play-houſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpired.
A noble youth, of taſte, and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the poet and my lord!

Each day, deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool beſpoke:
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart,
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts that taught them firſt to riſe.

The FOLLY of PROFANE SWEARING.

I WAS the other day trudging along Fleet-ſtreet, on foot, and an old army friend came up with me. We were both going towards Weſtminſter, and finding the ſtreets were ſo crowded that we could not keep together, we reſolved to club for a coach. This gentleman I knew to be the firſt of the order of the choleric. I muſt confeſs (were there no crime in it) nothing could be more diverting than the impertinence of the high juror: for whether there is remedy or not againſt what offends him, ſtill he is to ſhow he is offended; and he muſt ſure not omit to be

be magnificently paſſionate, by falling on all things in his way. We were ſtopped by a train of coaches at Temple-bar. What the devil! (ſays my companion) cannot you drive on, coachman? D—n you all, for a ſet of ſons of whores, you will ſtop here to be paid by the hour! There is not ſuch a ſet of confounded dogs as the coachmen, unhang'd! But theſe raſcally cits—'Ounds, why ſhould there not be a tax to make theſe dogs widen their gates?——Oh! but the hell-hounds move at laſt. Ay, ſaid I, I knew you wou'd make 'em whip if once they heard you. — No, ſays he, but would it not fret a man to the devil, to pay for being carried ſlower than he can walk.——— Look'e, there is for ever a ſtop at this hole by St. Clement's church. Blood, you dog!—Hark'ee, ſirrah, —Why, and be d—n'd to you, do not you drive over the fellow?—Thunder, furies, and damnation! I'll cut your ears off, you fellow before there.—Come hither, you dog you, and let me wring your head round your ſhoulders. We had a repetition of the ſame eloquence at the Cock-pit, and the turning into Palace-yard.

This gave me a perfect image of the inſignificancy of the creatures who practiſe this enormity; and made me conclude, That it is ever want of ſenſe makes a man guilty in this kind. It was excellently well ſaid, That this folly had no temptation to excuſe it, no man being born of a ſwearing conſtitution. In a word, a few rumbling words and conſonants clapped together without any ſenſe, will make an accompliſhed ſwearer: and it is needleſs to dwell long upon this bluſtering impertinence, which is already baniſhed out of the ſociety of well-bred men, and can be uſeful only to bullies and ill tragic writers, who would have ſound and noiſe paſs for courage and ſenſe.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE the beſt GUIDE. A FABLE.

THE man, who ſeeks to win the fair,
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs which ſhe cannot bear.
A rudeneſs? Yes. I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And ſtill to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend!
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
Truſt me, my dear, with greater eaſe
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe,
And ſimilies in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, ſhould ſhine.
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,

And

And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known,
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth, that virtue can beſtow.
These are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away,
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
You'll frown, and aſk to what intent
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I'd praiſe you, if I lov'd you leſs;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

BENEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther, of majeſtic port,
(The vaineſt female of the court)
With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every boſom with deſire.
Where-e'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
Aſſemblies every week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lies and ſcandal fill'd the place.
Behold the gay, fantaſtic thing,
Encircled by the ſpacious ring.
Low-bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank, the Monkey ſpoke.
"Gad take me, madam, but I ſwear,
"No angel ever look'd ſo fair:
"Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now;
"Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes!
"O, cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"
Nay, gentle pug, for goodneſs huſh,
I vow, and ſwear, you make me bluſh;
I ſhall be angry at this rate;
'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have vaſt pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain,
And play'd ſo cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.
The goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durſt not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs,
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
The hog her neatneſs much admir'd;
The formal aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd;
While all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.
The horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe, by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation ſpoke.
"When flatt'ring monkeys fawn, and prate,
They juſtly raiſe contempt, or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendſhips to betray.
Diſmiſs the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to live by wiſdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely ſhape,
To be the rival of an ape?"
He ſaid; and ſnorting in diſdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and ſought the plain.

FINIS.